BENEATH TWO FLAGS

by

Frank B. Bock

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DIVINITY SCHOOL.

Miss Booth in a Paris Café.

NEW YORK

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BENEATH TWO FLAGS.

BY

MAUD B. BOOTH.

Pax Paritur Bello.

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TO

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH,

THE

MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY,

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY

DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

I REMEMBER as well as if it were yesterday my first sight of the Salvation Army. It was in my childhood's home, a pleasant, shady, country-like place, shut in by great high walls and gates from the noise, dust, and bustle of East London, and on the gravel walk one bright Sunday afternoon knelt a group of poorly-clad people, while in their midst stood a man with hands uplifted in prayer. The crowd was augmented every moment from the crowded street without; poor women, with sickly babies, lads of an unruly type, eying the lilacs and our windows in turn, while even drunken men leaned against the gate and stared in open-mouthed wonder. "Strange people," I thought, "how loud they sing and what funny words," as their voices rose above the din and bustle in the thoroughfare without,

> "O you must be a lover of the Lord,
> Or you can't go to Heaven when you die."

Then I wondered why they knelt upon the hard gravel walk, and why they pleaded until their throats were hoarse with a crowd that sometimes laughed and jeered at them. The pathos in the speaker's voice and the tearful sobs of some of the listeners could not be heard through my window, and the whole seemed disjointed and grotesque compared with my childish experience of Sunday and religion. This was my first introduction to the Salvation Army, then known as the Christian Mission. "Very kind," I had heard it said of my father,

to let them come into our garden when, through the influence of saloon-keepers, the police had stopped them from standing in the street to preach to the passing multitudes. . . .

I saw them many times during the next few years; marching the streets through rain or snow, kneeling upon the hard ground, or sitting crowded together in a poor, broken-down old theatre, with the poorest and lowest of that large East London parish. Yes, I sometimes watched them, as their building stood just opposite our church; and strange the contrast used to seem when we stepped in for a few minutes on Sunday night to listen to the merry, joyful songs. And then I heard them sometimes when the singing sounded muffled through the stained-glass windows of our church, and it could hardly have been said to break the sacred stillness, yet I could catch the oft-repeated words, "O you must be a lover of the Lord," and sometimes they would come to my ears mixed in a strange way with that familiar sentence, "Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners." Ah, little did I know then that these people were sinners forgiven seeking sinners lost!

Again, as I lay at death's door with typhoid fever, I heard the same old song echoing down the chimney, sometimes varied with the refrain, "Will you go, will you go, to the Eden above?"

Many a time after that I would run to the window as they marched past; by degrees I could hear fresh choruses and see larger crowds, until finally there appeared a flag, with a bright star in its red centre and a blue border, fluttering in the wind. I would move from one window to another to keep them in view, but, after all, to me they were only a crowd with a flag and some stirring songs.

Later on my childish thoughts were exchanged for

other people's opinions and criticisms, until as the Army passed, with uniform and with colors flying, I learned to smile with derision, and to not only credit, but repeat tales which had lost the little spark of truth with which they started.

* * * * * * *

I turn from those days to a time when I saw them as rescuers of drunken fishermen in the streets of a little seaport town famed for its wickedness, and learned to know them as godly, earnest people. Yes, it was then that my opinions changed, and I saw them as they were, and learned to love them; for truly they were pure in heart and filled with a love for others and disregard of self which gave them a strange fascination for me.

But I pass at once to days when I learned to look anxiously and lovingly through the Rectory windows for the approach of their blue-bordered flag, until I pause at *the* day when I myself, in an Army hall, saw Jesus my Saviour as I never had seen Him before and gave up my life entirely to God—*my* God, the Army's God, and the drunkard's God. There I received into my heart the love and fire that have sent me forth to do God's will, and to follow the steps of Christ of Calvary. Indeed, I found that day that not only had I been looking at the Army troops, their methods and their work, through a colored, misty glass, but at my God—His will, His love, and His purposes, until they had become so dim, that I had never seen written across His life and sacrifice, "*Go thou and do likewise.*"

Everything looked different the next day. I had a new purpose in life, and the present, ever-present consciousness of my Saviour's nearness. Of course everything looked different then. The Salvationists kneeling in the muddy London streets, associating with drunkards

and sinners, the poor and despised, the singing at the risk of throat and lungs in frosty winter air; ay, even the shouting for joy—all was understood, all was made clear. And then my thoughts travel on through eight years of service—happy years in which I daily have learned to love the Army better, and have seen for myself what a blessed and wonderful power God has made it.

Having at one time myself misunderstood and criticised the Army, I can better understand the position of the critics of to-day who stand off and look coldly upon a movement which, though it has become dearer than life to me, is to them enveloped in a mist of prejudice and misconception. Judging through the opinions of others, incorrect and caricaturing newspaper reports, or through a mere passing glance at some local procession, utterly false ideas have been acquired by thousands to the hindrance of God's work. These very people, could they only see the Army as it really is, would be its warmest sympathizers. It is for such that this book is especially written. We thoroughly realize that the old adage,

> A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still,

can be truly applied to many Army critics, who for reasons best known to themselves either declare themselves enemies or "pass by on the other side." Of course no one can enlighten those who prefer darkness upon any subject, but to those who are honest and anxious to know the truth, the following facts may put an entirely new face upon the matter:

We meet with many who say, with reference to the Salvation Army, "I never speak against them; let them alone and let them do all the good they can." But is this non-committal attitude the proper relation of Chris-

tians to an organization which is bringing forth the fruits that Christ and His Apostles taught were the true test of Christianity? Is it not time that the Salvation Army should receive from all Christians, ay, from all lovers of humanity, more than sufferance, more than the mere absence of persecution? If this book results in breaking down the walls of prejudice and indifference with which so many have fortified themselves against the Salvation Army in their own cities, its aim will have been attained and the results will be seen not only in sympathy with the Army, but in the greater blessing and development of the spiritual life of those who manifest this sympathy. He who stands aloof from his brother man, whatever be his social position, not only fails in his stewardship, but himself loses part of his inheritance. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty" applies to things spiritual as well as temporal.

In the hurry and rush necessary in Salvation Army warfare, it has been impossible to give much continuous time to the writing of this book, especially with public meetings and distant journeys breaking in at most inopportune moments. Therefore the incidents, facts, and history gathered in haste and strung together in this volume are but gleanings of what may be learned by coming into closer contact with the Salvationists' life and warfare.

MAUD B. BOOTH.

"There are who, like the Seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain-side
Is white with many an angel tent!

"Let such, for earth's despairing ones,
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the prophet's prayer:
'Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see!'"

BENEATH TWO FLAGS.

CHAPTER I.

THE HISTORY OF REFORMATIONS.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design."
—*Lowell.*

THE history of reformations affords many reflections, which have doubtless occurred to every thoughtful mind, of the difference between the estimate of reformers by their contemporaries and by succeeding generations. It is the old story of Phidias and the statue. The lines and elements which seemed harsh and crude to those who inspected it closely, viewed at a distance and as a whole, are softened and proportioned, until they command the admiration and reverence of every beholder. It becomes "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and we look back at it and say *not*, "He builded better than he knew," but, "He builded better than *we* knew."

The greatest names on the world's records to-day are the names of men and women who, in the eyes of their

neighbors, were small and of ill reputation. It is, perhaps, not always the case with statesmen and generals, with patriots and men of letters, because the objects for which they strive are those universally recognized as being the summit of earthly ambition; but in so far as every great man keeps as his motive power the overcoming of evil, just so far will he find all the resources of that evil arrayed against him in never-ceasing conflict.

We need go no farther back than the anti-slavery movement, and study no other lives than those of Sumner and Phillips and Garrison, to see what reception a man must expect if he attacks even a monstrous and self-evident evil. If this is true of philanthropy, how much truer it is of the Church of God! The kingdom of God and the kingdom of this world are eternally opposite, and in religious movements where "the world, the flesh, and the devil" are recognized as foes to be fought and defeated, this same world and flesh and devil are not slow to detect and oppose this warfare. It is not necessary to point out Christ, the Saviour of the world, "despised and rejected of men;" "possessed of a devil," and, at last, crucified as a slave; Paul, hunted from city to city; Luther and Huss, Wesley and Whitefield, Fox and Finney, and hosts of others, whose guiding star was the motto, "Rather death than false of faith." There are too many of them, and their lives are too well known—known and honored now, whereas once they were known only to be dishonored.

John Wesley to-day stands before the world the spiritual father of thousands of active and earnest believers, but the halo of sanctity that surrounds him now has little likeness to the buffetings and hustlings, the blows and kicks and curses that were his portion in the open-air work by which his reformation was carried out. For-

bidden to teach or preach within parish limits, he went out in the gray morning, and there on the hill-side, in lonely places, in dens and caves, he met the throngs of the poor and despised, and broke for them the bread of life. When stones and blows did not break up his little open-air, the people of Pensford drove a maddened bull in among them—a procedure that has often been imitated, though modified somewhat by the greater civilization of the nineteenth century. No matter what branch of the Church is affected, no matter what the reform is, whether of vestments or doctrines, resistance is inevitable, and the more vital the reform, the more thoroughly old customs are to be changed, the greater will be the opposition of the world. This opposition presents itself under two forms, because the change made is always twofold :

First. The abolition of the old.

Second. The assumption of the new and unexpected.

It is the first of these changes that arouses the multitude. The Latin adage is true, *Non fit sine pulvere.* Reforms never were and never will be carried out without raising dust. As Ruskin says, in speaking of the parable of the lost piece of silver, "Dust has been accumulating for days, but now it is all stirred up ; every one in the house is choked, and gets out of the way if he can ; if he can't, he gets provoked and scolds about the racket and the dust and the nuisance to everybody else, and very often says that the money isn't worth the trouble, so long as the money isn't his. So everywhere the charge against God's work is that it is turning the world upside down. What an outcry to 'let the world alone!' But the faithful will not let the world alone, nor one soul be lost. It belongs to Christ, and is worth ten thousand worlds. Therefore let everything be stir-

red up, and everybody be tormented with the noise and the outcry, until the work is accomplished." In no plainer language has the first effect of reform ever been described, and never more comfortingly than in comparing notes on reform does the old refrain come back to us, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end," and our hearts, as well as our lips, utter the Amen, so be it, Lord.

It has been so at every epoch of the world's history. The dust of injustice in government, of formalism in religion, of "spiritual wickedness in high places" has slowly accumulated, until some one soul, fired with unquenchable indignation—the "Divine insanity of noble minds"—has thrown off all restraints of custom and society, and has stood out before the world in chosen isolation. It has always been and always will be expedient that one man should die for the people, and he dies daily when, like Paul, or Luther, or Wesley, or General Booth, he conceives a world-wide scheme of reformation, knowing neither rest nor limit while the earth holds one soul who has not been shown the full light of the Sun of Righteousness.

The people who are asleep must be awakened; if not quietly, then noisily; those who have the same fire smouldering in their bosoms (and there are always a hundred of these where you expect to find one) must be taught that "spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues," and that to live below the best that they know is to drag the world and God's work down and backward.

There are always hundreds who feel as you feel, judge as you judge, and long to do what you long to do. Your action means theirs. Your cowardice and inaction means, alas! the hiding of God's light a little longer—long

enough, perhaps, to allow thousands to go out of the world in error and into eternal darkness.

But here we are brought back to our parable again by the question, so often repeated, "Cannot the piece of silver be found quietly, without disturbing anybody?" Yes, it can, sometimes when it is new and bright and shining, and reflects light readily; but not when it is old and weather-stained, and so begrimed with dust that you can see no difference between the silver and the rubbish that it is buried in. Then you have Christ's own command to sweep, and to sweep *diligently*. Raise all the dust you like; turn all the furniture—"the cares and riches and pleasures of this world"—out of doors; open the windows and let in all the pure light of heaven, and when you have done all that—made use of all natural means—take even the lighted candle, use all human expedients, even the lowest and weakest, and search the corners until the lost is found. Mind you, there is nothing said about stopping until the work is done. Christ did not say that the woman was to sweep a reasonable length of time and then let it alone, or that the shepherd might take a stroll on the mountain-side and call once or twice, and then let the sheep take the consequences. No; the work was done before the parable stopped, and this work must be done before the laborer can rest. It has been said before, and will bear saying many times, that if you wait until the unconverted come to you and ask your prayers or your instruction, you will die disappointed. They will never do it. In their indifference they do not want to be saved, and they never will want to be saved until they are on their death-beds. Then they are willing to seek Christ, and talk about "giving up the world," when it is the world that has given up them.

It is not thus that men deal with material interests.

Old and hackneyed as the comparisons are, they are ever true. If the body of man is in danger by fire or by sea or by pestilence, there is no talk of quiet or of moderate measures.

A few weeks ago Christian men and women held mass-meetings and subscribed thousands of dollars for the suffering of Johnstown, when, on that same night, there were more drunken men and boys—yes, and women—in their saloons than the population of Johnstown ever numbered. One little city in Massachusetts sent four thousand dollars, and one of the sixty saloon-keepers of that city contributed five dollars, boasting that his receipts that night would probably be two hundred dollars. Is it any wonder that men reject a profession of Christianity which places the body so far above the soul that it is blind to such inconsistencies as this? What reason can any one give for being surprised at opposition, when interests like these are touched? True, there is not the absolute power of life and death in men's hands that there was in earlier periods of the world's history, but it is probably true that the ratio of suffering is the same. Habits of life were coarser in those days, and persecutions were more violent; but the persecutions of to-day, though refined and modified by the civilization that men do not dare to disregard, are all the more keenly felt by natures trained to fine perceptions.

Nothing is more striking than the parallel lines in which the lives of reformers are found to run. Differ as they may in nationality and surroundings, in time and place and early training, yet the one aim and object of these men is ever the same, though it may be hidden among all these accidents of life, and only traceable by one who possesses some measure of the same spirit. To serve God in the simplicity divinely revealed to them;

to throw off the load of external usages, if necessary, in order to show up the underlying truth and vital meaning; to repel interference with the individual conscience; and last and chiefest of all, not only to carry, but to deliver the message of salvation; not only to invite, but to entreat and compel sinners to come in to the Gospel feast—these were the motives which actuated the men who stand to-day in the front rank of earth's chosen heroes, and, better still, will stand among heaven's chosen heroes on that day of judgment which they believed in, and for which they prepared themselves and aroused others.

So the Salvation Army comes before the world to-day with no new doctrines, but the same Christ and Him crucified that Paul preached; with the same protest against formalism and insincerity that moved Luther; with the same plan of carrying the Gospel to those who will not come to it that Wesley followed; with the same holiness that made Finney a guiding star to thousands of souls. The old problem, so called, of how to reach the masses has been solved by them, not by argument or discussion, but by going and doing it.

They live in the world to-day, regarded by most people as consisting of two classes:

First, those who came originally from what a clergyman once in the writer's hearing called "lower strata," forgetting the geological proverb that "Gold lies deep in the mountain."

And, second, those who, by reason of fanaticism or "religious insanity," have left their proper station in life—a thing which, by the way, was done by every apostle, and has been done since by every man or woman who has followed in the spiritual and practical apostolic succession.

To thousands of men and women God has spoken by the Salvation Army, and has said, "Come, and I will show thee how great things thou must suffer for My name's sake." Some have gone away from the call, sorrowful, perhaps, on account of their great riches; more have been prevented from obeying by those of their own household; others from love of ease or fear of the world; but the majority obey, and, like Abraham, go out, not knowing whither; asking nothing but the indwelling assurance of God's favor and approval.

Nor must the motive power be lost sight of. No man or woman can be a true Salvationist in his own strength. No words of human cunning will make a man powerful on a Salvation Army platform. Brains and address and oratory will not save him from being a failure. His power is the indwelling Spirit, the same that inspired the tinker Bunyan, and placed him forever not only among spiritual leaders, but among classic writers, thereby fulfilling the promise that to those who seek first the kingdom of God, all things else shall be added. This it was that made the despised Puritan a dreaded antagonist in the hall of debate. Court wits might find in their nasal twang and sour severity abundant source for ridicule, but the ridicule soon died away when Cavalier met Roundhead on the field of battle. Theirs were peculiarities far more grotesque and ridiculous than those of Salvationists to-day, but underlying all this was a deep, strong stratum of principle, which is as permanent as wit is evanescent. The existing profanation of Sundays, the levity and profligacy of court manners, the disregard of all right and law, human and Divine, called for a reaction as extreme as the cause, and viewed after the lapse of two centuries, the fanaticism of the Puritans stands out in history as one of the greatest movements that ever took place, not

only in the religious, but in the social and political world.

So the Salvation Army is content to wait for proper recognition, until other times and other men shall arise to judge the work with unprejudiced eyes. They are living like true men of war, aiming not at any temporary or personal triumph, but at the eternal triumph and glory of their Lord. To this end they bend all their energies, and regard all personal considerations as matters of secondary importance; they know no necessities of life but the favor of God and a chance to work for souls; as they sing in one of their choruses,

> "A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
> They're building a palace for me over there."

Society may frown upon them, and the rabble, emulating the frown in their own way, may add injury to insult, but the real Salvationist not only does not retaliate, but takes every opportunity of returning kind words and deeds—a course of treatment so rare in this Christian country that gamins stare open-mouthed, and their elders apparently regard it as an evidence either of mental decay or sinister intentions.

A very neat illustration went the rounds of the London press some time ago, proving that a little impression has already been made. Jack and Bill are two newsboys who, in one of the intervals of trade, are idly gazing at passers-by. Jack's attention is attracted by two ulstered figures, and he inquires of Bill, "Say, Bill, be them Salvation ladies?" and Bill replies concisely, "Dunno; hit 'em in the back and see."

Older and wiser people than Bill have wondered at their disregard of all personal considerations, not knowing that it comes from a deep trust in a God who not

only calls the stars by name, but arranges every detail of every one of their lives. They obey unhesitatingly when a removal is ordered, not from the blind servility or popery, of which the Army is sometimes accused, but because they are a part of a work and organization which they rightly believe to have been born of God, and in which they have traced the guidance and blessing of God manifestly displayed. Multitudes will never have their names recorded in any earthly roll-call of history, but that is of little consequence to those who have the assurance in their own souls that their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. They take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, because they have in heaven a more enduring substance. Finally, they drop by the wayside, prematurely old and enfeebled through overwork, proving that the mainspring of their life is the same as that of their Master. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

> "Not in vain, Confessor old,
> Unto us the tale is told
> Of thy day of trial;
> Every age on him who strays
> From its broad and beaten ways
> Pours its sevenfold vial."
>
> —"*Barclay of Ury,*" *Whittier.*

CHAPTER II.

"NEW TIMES DEMAND NEW MEASURES AND NEW MEN."

"THE men who persecute you would have persecuted the Apostles," said the late John Bright, when the General and Mrs. Booth were attacked by a mob in Sheffield; and he might have added the reason why, which is, that those who suffered the persecution dared to get out of the ruts, and to adopt any measures that accomplished the desired end.

The statement was made in the previous chapter that the change in individual life produced by conversion is twofold—the abolition of the old and the assumption of the new. It is the latter chiefly that arouses opposition. It does not so much matter when one lays aside old habits or practices; suppose, for example, that you are the most exact and punctilious of churchmen; you may gradually drop attendance at special services, or cease to be a Sunday-school teacher, or in any other way begin to leave undone the things that you used to do, and your action, while it may call up remonstrances, will excite among your friends neither controversy nor astonishment. Your withdrawal is inconvenient, perhaps, but not at all blameworthy. But let it once be made known that you are taking up a new line of work (and it must be remembered that we are dealing only with matters of religion), and you at once find yourself in a nest of objectors. Every fresh outbreak of enthusiasm, every fresh evidence of interest is regarded as dangerous, and is the signal for

such a letting loose of tongues as calls for the exercise of much persistence and firmness of will.

Emerson says, in his essay on Heroism, that no sight ever pleased him more than that of a young girl refusing the path that others had marked out for her, and boldly asserting her God-given freedom of action in what concerned herself most nearly. It is quite true that this is heroism, indeed, and that to follow out the dictates of conscience, it is generally necessary to forego human sympathy and "sail with God the seas."

Happy is the man or woman who can, if necessary, live alone with God for the sake of following the line that was mapped out for him at his birth, and who finds himself daily developing and coming nearer to the ideal. To do this, to use measures to arrest evil, to call men's attention to that evil, innovations are and always have been necessary.

It is the old law that we are so familiar with in the physical world—that of action and reaction. "Every sweet has its sour," says the philosopher, and it is only the natural law in the spiritual world that rectifies abuse in one direction by a withdrawal, even beyond the limit that seems just and sensible, in the opposite direction. It was an innovation for Jeremiah to stand in the market-place with a yoke upon his neck, in order to attract the people to listen to his message. John the Baptist's private life and public work were strange and unfamiliar, and aroused the curiosity of the multitudes who followed.

Setting aside the daring innovations in secular history, each of which was instrumental in the advance of civilization and later of Christianity, it is enough to refer the reader to the details of the Reformation, of Puritanism, "the reformed Reformation," as it is so aptly called, of Methodism, to show that if one hesitates at what is new

and strange, there is very little hope of ever making any visible change in the world. In the material world, every invention of human genius is an innovation, and the march of human improvement goes on very often over the dead bodies of its benefactors, unrecognized and unhonored.

From the very outset the Salvation Army has asserted and maintained its right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" like Topsy, it has "growed." At first it was a modified Methodism, and men and women who can recall the Methodists of fifty years ago would have seen very little that was unfamiliar in the dress of these people of the "Christian Mission," as the movement was then called. Some people of to-day seem to have the idea that the Rev. William Booth was Jove, and that the Salvation Army sprang from his brain full-grown and fully armed. Far from it; a boy trained in the Church of England is converted among Wesleyan Methodists, and, believing thoroughly in what he professes, is constrained to feel interested in the salvation of others. He is much moved by some revival services that he hears conducted by the Rev. James Caughey, an American evangelist, and the effect of the straightforward, conversational style of preaching, makes an impression upon him that is never forgotten. Through all the years that follow, among all the scenes of his labors as a Methodist minister, he never forgets that simple, open-air preaching, that pushing home of the truth, with its wonderful results, and year after year only increases the conviction that the masses can only be reached by going to them, and never, never saved by waiting until they come to us.

Years passed away before William Booth and his wife came to the point where they could step out, shake off

traditional methods and means, and begin to carry out evangelistic work on lines forbidden by the churches.

The remark has often been made that had the Church of England been wise enough to give the Wesleys the liberty they desired, the vast body of Methodists to-day would be adherents of the mother-church. This is equally true of the Methodists and William Booth. "Nothing succeeds like success," and when the first results were between three and four thousand souls in four little towns of Cornwall, there was a decided leaning toward them, overpowered, though, at a meeting of the Wesleyan Conference, which promulgated the strange formula that "evangelistic movements are unfavorable to Church order."

However, the work was carried on steadily, until that memorable Sunday on Mile End Waste, East London, from which William Booth consecrated himself to the salvation of the ignorant, and from which he dates all statistics referring to his work as an independent movement in the religious world.

From this time forward, without interrupting in the least the open-air work, one shelter after another was secured and appropriated for mission work, here a tent or an old stable, there a carpenter's shop, until the movement was strong enough to warrant the lease of "The Eastern Star," a notorious beer-house, which was used as book-store, hall, and class-room. From this place, with its name of good hope, hundreds of souls went forth to make the wilderness blossom like the rose, so far as their humble homes were concerned. Sheds, lofts, alleys, tumble-down theatres, well-known places of resort or of refuge were preferred as being familiar to the class of men who were to be reached.

Such was the Salvation Army in its early years, merely

a "mission," with no more idea of development into an "Army," with military rule and nomenclature, than we at the present time have of what may come to us in the next twenty years.

In the ten years from January 1st, 1873, to January 1st, 1883, the Christian Mission, with its seventy-one circuits and twelve evangelists, nearly all working in the East End of London, had developed into the Salvation Army, with four hundred and forty-two corps, with one thousand and sixty-seven officers in thirteen different countries or colonies. The transformation, as we stated before, was gradual. Those who had the privilege of listening to General Booth's lectures and addresses on the occasion of his visit to America will remember the many little incidents that tell far more forcibly than any detailed account the story of prejudices overcome and "greatness thrust upon them."

In the first place, from the very beginning, they had been in the habit of "marching," and on the occasion of a conference, Mr. Booth, who then was known as the Superintendent, announced it as a "War Congress," thereby throwing consternation into the ranks of the conservatives, who nevertheless were familiar with Paul's similes, and could sing glibly enough, "Am I a soldier of the Cross?" or "Onward, Christian Soldiers." At the close of this congress, the movement was recognized as an "Army," and its present title came almost imperceptibly into common use.

The next advance on the same line was the adoption of the name *War Cry*, as the title of the weekly paper that must now necessarily supplant the old monthly magazine; and as an exponent of faith, the *War Cry* stands without rival. To publish a weekly paper which should contain neither fiction nor advertisements, except

such as referred to Army supplies; which should invariably be silent on general or local politics, except in such cases as might call for a protest against vice or a plea for virtue; to neither abuse nor praise, criticise nor comment upon society's doings, one would say would leave a very meagre and uninteresting field to gather from, but, strange as it may seem, by the perseverance of officers and soldiers, the total circulation of the *Cry*, in twenty-six editions in the various countries, is 31,000,000 annually.

Of this valuable agent of the Army we shall speak more fully later on, but it is true beyond question that the Army was forced by circumstances to take its present form and organization. While the General planned to merely get people saved, and then send them to the churches, he was met by difficulties which he sums up concisely, as follows:

First, They would not go when sent;

Second, They were not wanted;

Third, They were needed to help save others on the same lines. In this way, greatly facilitated by Army discipline and orders, the Army has gradually gotten used to the programme evidently laid out for it, and to the new measures which were unavoidable, even if they had been far more extreme than any that are now used.

The General tells many amusing stories of the way in which his own prejudices have been shocked, and his ideas of doing things "decently and in order" have been ruthlessly cast aside. On one occasion he took exception to the use of the music of "Champagne Charlie," as he saw that tune appended to a new song. Some things of that sort, some familiar and secular tunes might be necessary, but the tune "Champagne Charlie" and the name were quite enough to shock the most lenient. The song

was set aside, and not long after, at a big meeting, the General was struck by the swing and vim with which a new chorus was sung again and again by an audience of six thousand people. They seemed so carried away with it that the General asked what tune that was to which the words, "Bless His name, He sets me free," were sung, and received the astonishing reply, "Champagne Charlie." After that experience he never again objected to any music they liked.

In the same way, officers and soldiers think of and carry out numberless little ideas of their own that the leaders or higher officers in the Army never dreamed of, in ways which the General acknowledged would be to him well-nigh impossible. Two lads, who, in a Pennsylvania town, were regarded with derision, and could not by any means secure an audience, finally in sheer despair bought brooms, shouldered them, and marched through the main street singing,

"We are sweeping through the land,"

and thereby not only got their hall filled, but made for themselves and the Army some life-long friends, and saw much work done for souls. No one can deny that this experiment was worth trying, and was far better than deserting their post. Numberless are the instances where new departures, even of this mild character, have been the first means of arresting the attention and bringing men within reach of the Gospel.

If these measures are such as you shrink from, and yet such as are instrumental in saving souls, then there is all the more cause for gratitude that there are those who either do not shrink from them or else have enough of the grace of God to overcome it.

Again, the use of the uneducated is another new and

much-criticised departure, but one which is justified by every page of the Army's records. One of the great drawbacks that every educated man feels when he faces a throng of people poorer than himself is the lack of sympathy that he cannot but be conscious of. He is addressing sufferers, and he knows nothing of their suffering; he is addressing the poor, and he knows nothing about poverty; these men before him were trained from babyhood, almost, to drink and curse and fight, while he has been carefully shielded from all this, and has been taught to live in purity and peace. Jack or Bill listens to him, and says with a growl, "All very well for the likes of him; *he* doesn't know what it is to go half-fed and be turned away time after time when one goes to look for work;" but let Jack or Bill see some of their old comrades on the platform, with clear eyes and shining faces, telling of their happy homes and the joy in their hearts, and you may be sure that salvation takes on a different aspect. They are not sure that God can do for them what he has done for the man who has been to college, but they see a faint hope of something better in store for them, if their old comrade has got it.

So it has come to pass that some of the Army's most successful workers are those who themselves were brought up from the lowest "strata" of humanity. "Little Bill," of Bethnal Green public-houses, alias Drunken Bill, was one day staggering along with drunken companions, following an Army funeral, elbowing those in the procession, cursing the Booths and all their helpers, and barely restrained by force from breaking up the ranks of the mourners. But Bill's wife gets Marshal Booth, then only sixteen years of age, to come and talk to him in his own home, a visit that resulted in Bill's being converted and becoming as valiant for God as he

had been against Him. Bill was afterward the officer against whom the first "Skeleton Army" was organized, to try and stop his preaching, but it is a matter of gratitude that the Queen's Bench thought it more creditable to the country that Bill should lead ex-drunkards about singing hymns than that he should go back to his old habits.

More than one major in America can look back to the time when, by the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, he was rescued, not only from a drunkard's grave, but from a worse than useless life, to be in turn the means used of God to save others.

Miracles, indeed, are these, not of stone, but of flesh and blood, in our opinion far more worthy of study than Egyptian pyramids or antiquities. We are called "cranks," undoubtedly, but so also are members of archæological societies and enthusiasts of every sort. There are those in the ranks of the Army as conservative as the most "churchy" people in the world; there are those who are always "desirous of new things;" there are those who would like every meeting to be a Holiness meeting, and those who like better a "free-and-easy;" there are those who like singing, and those who would rather hear sermons; but whatever they like or dislike, they are united on this point, that no matter how peculiar or how outrageous a measure seems, if it leads up to soul-saving, it shall be done. Whatever desperate measures are resorted to by authorities or by traders of drink, the work of soul-saving must go on.

They can die for Christ's kingdom, but they are also willing to do that which is much harder, and that is *live* for Him. "I like to hear the boys shout 'Salvation' after me in the streets," said a sweet-faced girl this morning, "it only calls people's attention to it, and what is so

often forced upon their notice must sooner or later take root." Many a white-haired Christian has not sounded half the depths of Christian experience that five years in the Salvation Army would give him. "Shame for such girls to kill themselves, and throw their lives away," said a clergyman, shaking his head sadly at two captains whom he met in a parishioner's house, forgetting that verse, "Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

Their lives are far from thrown away, for every man or woman they meet feels better for it; those in trouble go away comforted, and little children offer them the caresses denied to others. They live a life of Christ-like love, and, much as these true souls love and delight in the Army uniform and methods, a call to follow God into new countries or new branches of the work finds them ready even for this sacrifice. The General was once asked why the Army succeeded where everything else had failed, and his reply was characteristic:

"You see we have no reputation to lose; we are not obliged to stop and consider what anybody will say; everybody has settled it that we are fools, if not a great deal worse; and, therefore, we can go into a town and do exactly what we think best without taking the least notice of what anybody may say or wish. We have only to please God and get the people saved, and that is easily done."

CHAPTER III.

ADAPTATION OF MEASURES.

> "Love is master of all arts,
> And puts it into human hearts
> The strangest things to say and do."
>
> —*Longfellow.*

THERE are some facts that are unpleasant to face, and by many people they are daily treated much as the ostrich has been said to treat the hunter when fearing his fatal ball and powder. No hiding the head in the sand, however, can make the hunter a myth, and just so no shutting the eyes to dark and shameful facts can make them any brighter or lessen the difficulty that they present. Refined feeling may be hurt, the prudish may be unpleasantly shocked, still, it is better that existing evils should be viewed as they are than buried away or covered over to spread the secret poison among the unsuspecting of the community.

In reforming the world and bringing religion to bear upon its moral and social needs, we are faced right at the outset with the glaring fact that the very people who most need this reformation have acquired a dread of and abhorrence to anything that savors of religion. Church, the Bible, tracts, or clerical garb, are to them sights to be shunned, and, on being approached through any of these methods, they shrink still further into the darkness, vice, and godlessness of their lives.

The great problem which has presented itself to the

Salvation Army has been how to attract these almost unreachable masses, and the only solution that has been found has been through the working out of the old principle advanced by St. Paul in these words: "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." It has been found impossible to touch and open the heart of the poor and outcast by a patronizing pity which speaks loudly of superiority, hence it has become necessary to come down to the low and the poor and deal with them upon their own level. Throwing aside all preconceived notions, it has been necessary to adopt those measures which have been followed by success, however strange, novel, or grotesque they might appear to those accustomed to the ordinary religious worship and methods of the age. In a word, the aim is the one thing to be considered, and any or every lawful means to reach it should be adopted at all costs and hazards.

Had the Salvation Army been organized to reach the refined and educated classes, its means and measures would most decidedly have been of a very different character. It is therefore utterly impossible to judge from any such standpoint. And it should always be borne in mind that the primary aim is to reach the unsaved by means suited to them.

When this work was first begun, it was found that churches were buildings shunned, and that no amount of inviting would induce people to leave the saloon in exchange for the solemn silence of these consecrated buildings. The theatre, music-hall, saloon, and workshop were familiar to them, hence when such places were hired for religious worship, it seemed quite natural for them to step over the well-known threshold. Organ

music, however classical and melodious, is tedious and uninteresting to a class who are not educated to appreciate it, but the banjo, guitar, cornet, and drum not having been associated with religion in their minds, form a novel and attractive accompaniment. Again, the black coat and white tie or white surplice of the ordained man has been thrown aside, and in exchange a peculiar uniform has been adopted by both men and women.

The command, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in," has been found a very necessary one, and with the two flags at its head the procession of uniformed men and women, accompanied by one or two brass instruments, has proved a successful cure for empty seats and thinly-attended meetings. The plain, unvarnished Gospel of Jesus Christ is sure to accomplish the desired results when lovingly and faithfully brought before the hearts of the people; but first they must be attracted and brought within reach, and the Salvation Army methods have succeeded through their novelty in sweeping up from the thoroughfares crowds of street loungers, and even saloons upon the route of march have often been emptied by the curiosity and interest that have been aroused.

Late upon a Saturday night, after spending his hard-earned wages over the bar of an oft-frequented saloon, a poor, helpless drunkard was thrown out to find his way home as best he could. Arousing himself, he realized that to sleep in a public thoroughfare would be unsafe, and he tried in vain to remember the way to his home, for his drunken brain was too much besotted to think. With the last flickerings of sense he tried to find some sheltered corner in which to sleep off his drunken stupor, but, alas! there are few shelters for the drunkard, and finally upon a vacant lot he had to content himself with

a disused beer-barrel. Creeping in like some rat into its hole, this unfortunate finished article of the liquor trade went fast asleep in his rather appropriate shelter. In the clear sunshine of the next morning crowds of happy citizens passed by with prayer-book and Bible ; the bells began to peal from near and distant church towers, but the drunkard slept on. To him the sound was too familiar to pierce the fog of his stupefied brain.

As time passed on, the sound of brass instruments and the resounding thuds of a big drum approaching roused and startled him. He knocked upon the barrel-side, not knowing where he had got to, but not being able to get out that way he thrust his face through the barrel-head, which had been broken, and presented to the passing crowd the ludicrous and wretched picture of a bloated and unwashed face and matted hair protruding from one end of the barrel, while from the other appeared two bleeding, shoeless feet.

He was just the sort they were seeking, so pulling him rather unceremoniously from his tub—for ceremony in such cases has been thrown aside—he was marched at the head of the procession with a strong, loving arm holding him up at each side. The front seat in the hall was his that morning, for the Salvation Army has done away with pew-rents, and the best seat is reserved for the most needy, and before the day had passed that man had given his heart to God, and from that day has never touched the drink which before bound him as a slave, and he is now a tried and trusted member of the Salvation Army, seeking in his turn to save the wretched slaves of drink.

No ordinary means would have roused this man ; no chime of bells or swell of organ, and one is tempted to say that he would have been sadly out of place in the cushioned pew of a church, and it is more than probable

that he would have slept throughout the interesting and logical sermon. Had the Salvation Army stayed within their building, and not adapted themselves to the need of those without by singing through the streets their salvation songs, no amount of inviting would ever have saved the outcast.

Another attraction which has excited an interest equal to that created by marching has been the announcing of meetings by novel and startling posters. Instead of stating in one of these that a Salvation Army evangelist was about to open revival work in the town, and would preach at certain hours upon such and such subjects in the mission church or chapel, such an announcement as this would be placarded over the city in large and striking type:

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

THE SALVATION ARMY

"BLOOD AND FIRE!"

Will Open the Attack on this City.

CAPT. HAPPY JACK,

Formerly a Prize-fighter, will relate thrilling experiences of the past, and his saved Wife will sing a Solo.

7 A.M., *Knee-Drill.* 10 A.M., *Three Hours with the King.*
3 *and* 8 P.M., *Great Bombardment of the Enemies' Forces.*

ALL ARE WELCOME. ADMISSION FREE.

Undoubtedly such an announcement would horrify and disgust the refined and educated members of the com-

munity who do not understand its use. But to the frequenters of the saloon, prize-ring, and even worse resorts, it would prove intensely interesting and attractive. It does not to them appear religious. Nothing tedious or dull is to be expected, and they come at first out of mere curiosity, but when they are once there, the first point at which the Salvation Army methods aim is gained.

Let me mention one more bill that was circulated broadcast over a great city in the Union announcing some special meetings. In very large black type, so that it would catch the eye, could be read,

"$5000 REWARD,"

and underneath, in smaller letters, the notice was continued by saying that such a reward would be nothing compared with the priceless blessings and wonderful times which were expected at certain meetings, announcements of which followed.

These certainly are novel means, strange, possibly, to many; but of course their not being customary does not prove that they are in any way improper or irreverent, and the Salvationists' answer to objectors is that they gain their end and succeed in filling their large buildings, not only three times on Sunday, but every night in the week. Let their success answer any criticisms upon these measures.

The announcements are not always of this character. Should they wish to reach the people who would be driven from them by any such method, they would certainly adopt one suited to them. During my stay in Sweden I visited the university city of Upsala, and as I went home from my meeting late at night I met troops of young men, many of whom, I am sorry to say, were drunk and singing ribald songs. As I passed the large

saloons I heard glasses clinking on the counters, heard the balls rolling upon the billiard-tables, and looking at the large lighted windows above I was told that those who were in before eleven were allowed to stay in all night. And, further, I heard that these young men were the flower and hope of Sweden; for in that city there were two thousand college students. Upon asking whether any special effort had been made by the churches or any other religious workers to reach these young men, I was told that they had been considered unreachable. We determined that the Salvation Army should make an effort to reach them. To have placarded the city with posters in the Swedish language, inviting these students to our meeting, would have been to have brought them, insulted and disgusted, to break the windows, and probably even to attempt to wreck the building. We therefore published the following bill:

CIVES ACADEMICI!

CRAS, DOMINICA,

HORA IV POST MERIDIANA,

IN "SALVATIONEM"

VOS OMNES VENITE!

"MAUD CHARLESWORTH,"

Britanna illa, quae gloria belli Helvetici floruit, publice loquetur.

NEMO, NISI CIVIS ACADEMICUS, IN "ARCAM"

aditum habebit.

What was the result? That evening the one topic in

the saloons of that city was the Salvation Army's new departure. Swedes looked at the bill in open-mouthed wonder, whereas the students were pleased at the idea of this meeting being exclusively for them, and of the Swedish populace being ignorant of the purport of the invitation.

At three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon—the given time—with a little trembling and fear as to results, I must confess, I stepped upon the platform, to look down upon a sea of faces, for the newspapers estimated that out of the two thousand students, sixteen hundred were present. Nor was this the only meeting, for others as successful and as large were held later, and the interest and change manifested in many of those young men was not only an intense joy to the Salvationists, but was also the comment of the whole religious and secular press of the country.

In our recent work among the educated and refined in New York society, our methods of reaching the people were, of course, utterly different. Nicely printed invitations, such as would be sent out for an "At Home" or a social gathering, were sent individually. Though the method was a very quiet and unobtrusive one, the result was the reaching of several thousand people, who manifested quite as much interest as those who responded to the announcements which I have just mentioned. From one of these meetings on a stormy night one thousand people were turned away, unable to gain admittance.

When the Army halls, through the measures of which I have been speaking, have been crowded by the roughest and most godless of the driftwood of the population, it becomes quite as difficult a matter to hold and interest these crowds as it was to gather them in. Accustomed to constant change and excitement, it is natural that they

should be difficult to interest for two hours at a time. To meet this difficulty, the meetings *must* be of a lively, bright character; no sermon preaching, but short, pointed talks and simple testimonies, interspersed with the singing of choruses with simple words to well-known, popular tunes.

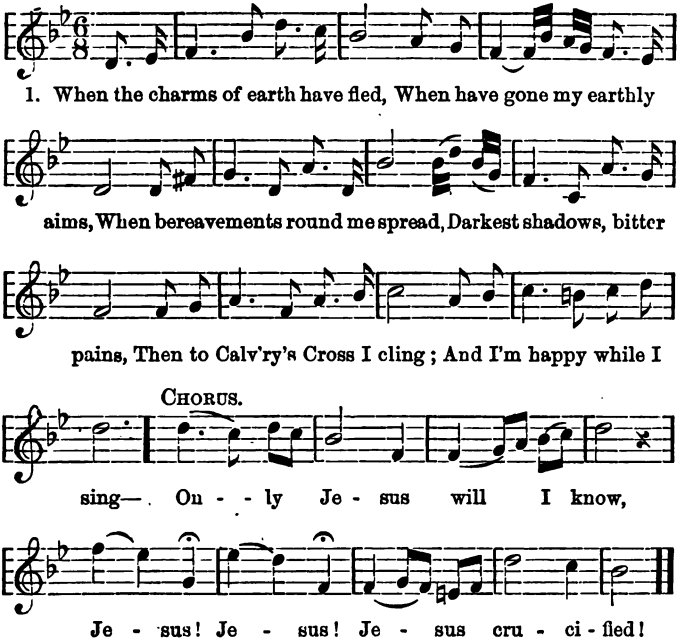
Thus was just such a meeting described by a leading minister in a convention at St. Louis, where he had occasion to speak on revival work: "I stood just within the door of a large building, into which I found crowded a thousand rough, godless young men, such as form the rude and vicious element of our cities. As the meeting commenced, the audience was noisy and inattentive, and I saw two or three men and women dressed in a peculiar dress endeavoring to speak and sing from the platform. They seemed uneducated people, and one of them was playing a banjo. As I listened and watched the jeering crowd I felt indignant. The religion of my Lord was being burlesqued and held up to ridicule. My first impulse was to rush to the platform and to speak to the crowd myself; but, fortunately, I waited, and discretion was the better part of valor.

"Gradually the speakers began to gain ascendency over the crowd. The laughter was silenced; the audience evidently became interested. As the meeting continued the interest deepened, until the people seemed to hang upon the speaker's words, and I could see them visibly moved. I watched that meeting through, and saw for myself the results, and I was convinced that those people accomplished what I could not; for had I, as an educated man, stepped upon that platform to speak, the majority of the audience would have left. Now, if I wanted a revival in my church, I should not send for Mr. ——, nor for ——, but I should invite the Salvation Army. We

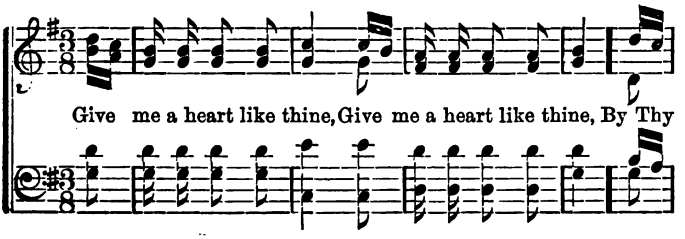
have the money in our church, but I find that we lack the spirit which is possessed by Salvationists."

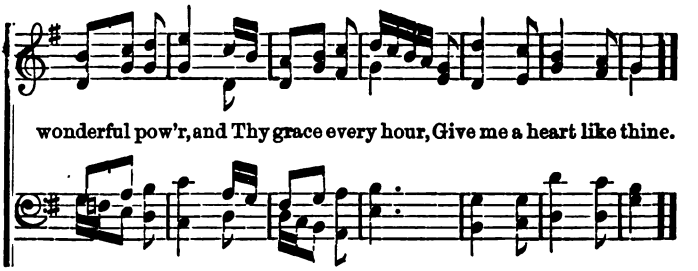
Another of the Army's greatest powers is song. The words are not studied with care as to rhyme and rhythm, nor are they of a very flowery character. The simpler the words and thoughts presented, the more easily are they understood and learned by the audience, and as the Army has no trained choirs or paid singers, they rely entirely upon congregational singing, and cultivate the vocal talents of the audience, which the latter greatly enjoy. Classical, solemn, orthodox tunes are replaced by simple, stirring song melodies, and they have many good composers in their ranks. National airs, songs of war and bloodshed, love-songs, and sea melodies are all taken and adapted to sacred words, and being already popular with the people, they are easily learned and sung. The songs and choruses have from time to time been stigmatized by their critics as profane and irreverent. Certain it is that a tune can have no properties either religious or profane, except through associations that exist in the mind of the hearer; and the words used, though very simple and sometimes even strange, can in no instance be pronounced profane.

It should be borne in mind that the drunken rabble who follow the processions very often improvise words of their own, which are certainly not of a refined or religious character, and more than once the Salvation Army has thus received the credit for songs composed to ridicule them. So much are the Army songs appreciated, that it has been difficult to copyright them in time, and even copyright has failed to secure them, so that they can be found in many books without reference to the Army, compiled by those who are considered far more orthodox than the musicians in this organization. For example:

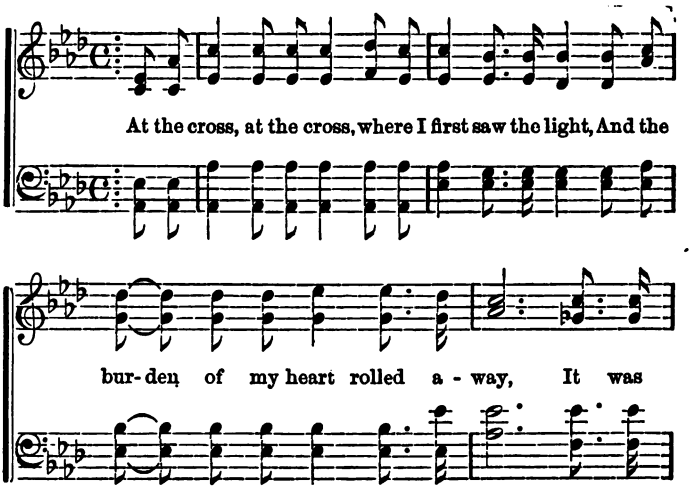


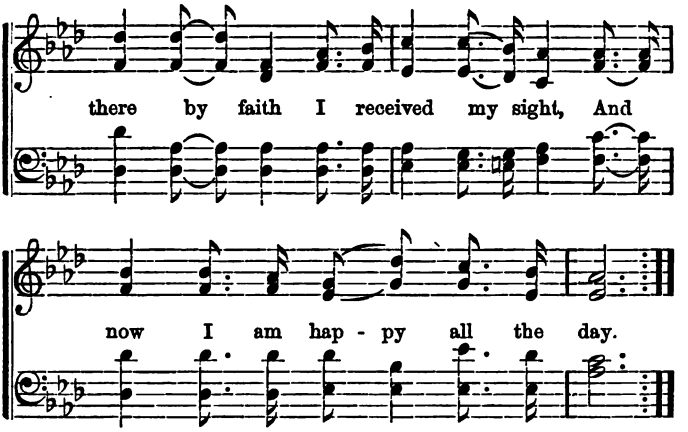
By many a kneeling crowd around the altar in Holiness meeting has the following chorus been sung:



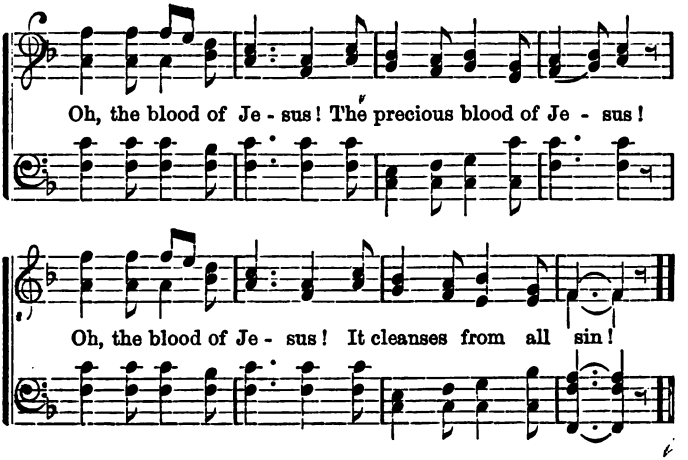


which has brought not only religious influence and solemnity to the heart, but definite blessing and the realization of the actual presence of God. Many poor and almost helpless sinners have clung on with a ray of hope, and realized that their darkness could be turned to light as they have listened to our soldiers singing :





On the dirty floor of some wretched slum garret, when hardly knowing how to touch souls hardened by the privation and crime of years, these dear slum workers have knelt, and while scrubbing the floor, or otherwise helping to make that wretched hovel a home, they have sung into hearts, some of them as hard as adamant, the simple refrain :



One of the first impressions the Salvation Army made on me personally was by their songs. Kneeling in the solemn stillness of my father's church, perched upon a high hassock in our pew, through what to me was rather a weary service, I used sometimes to hear the stillness broken by singing in the streets without of this refrain :

> " Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
> Or you can't go to heaven when you die !"

As we repeated over and over the words, " Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," the realization began to penetrate my heart that the little band of men and women marching through the muddy streets without, in rain and sun, in heat and cold, were literally going out to seek and to save " miserable sinners."

Still there are some who will not listen to Army songs, who are utterly indifferent to the claims of God, and who have never given themselves a chance to be otherwise. These, nevertheless, must also come beneath the list of those for whom the Saviour died, and therefore are as precious in His sight, and must be loved and helped by His representatives. They will not come to us, hence we have to go to them, and fearlessly the Salvation Army women can be seen standing amid a drunken crowd within, not without the saloon, kneeling upon the saw-dust-covered, beer-stained floor, while singing amid breathless silence some sweet, thrilling song calculated to touch the listeners' hearts. Sometimes as they kneel, beer dregs are poured over them, or they are rudely torn from their knees and thrown out upon the sidewalk. Sometimes they are ridiculed, but very often they are listened to with the deepest interest or even with tears, and rude, drunken fellows have instinctively taken off their hats in respect, and looked upon the young Salvation girls as though they were some bright angels of light.

Thousands of saloons have thus been visited by the Army, and it is not an uncommon thing for some of these poor drunken victims to kneel down there and then and pray to God for mercy, and a saloon meeting has been the dawning of a new life. Many of those thus met and prayed with have been seen again in our meetings. It needs courage and real love to thus go down and adapt ourselves to saloon frequenters, and many times it has involved bitter persecution, but the results have been sufficient reward.

Those who weigh these measures should never leave out of consideration the one most important aspect of the subject—namely, do they accomplish their end? are they successful?

Not only have half a million of these people been turned from the ways of evil and become Salvation Army soldiers, willing to carry out in their lives the living example of Jesus Christ and become active workers for Him, but millions have been brought to God, and can be found to-day in good social positions, filling the pews and even pulpits in the different churches of the land.

The question that arises in so many minds is, How are these people kept from returning to their life of sin? One of the greatest blessings to young Christians in this movement has been that no sooner have they themselves made a profession of salvation than they are put to work and kept working.

Too often the moment of consecration to God's service is the end and not the beginning of effort and interest in the welfare of young converts. But in the Salvation Army the moment of entrance into Christian life is but the first step in life-long aggressive usefulness. They are taught that it is not only a privilege but a duty to literally fulfil the command and example of Christ in

seeking the lost, whether it be in public speaking, pleading privately with individuals, wearing an outward sign in uniform, house-to-house visitation, or other means, but above all, in a Christ-like, unselfish, holy life example, not only professed in testimony, but lived out before the world.

Should not those who watch the labors of this military organization, but do not themselves like or endorse some of the Army measures, be just enough to say with Gail Hamilton :

" Blow, bugles, blow! if your blast can pierce the darkness of death. Nuisance, the Salvation Army may be beneath the windows of Fifth Avenue, but not so great a nuisance as the reeking cellars out of sight, where vice and wretchedness brood and breed. If the Salvation Army can purify those purlieus, blow, bugles, blow ! though every ear of Fifth Avenue be deafened by their din."

Surely, philanthropists and Christians should go further and say with the same writer, " Blow, bugles, blow ! set the wild echoes flying, and let every echo bear to heaven our swift acknowledgment that we are our brothers' keepers, and that it is the business of the strong to help the weak into the paths of self-help ; to prevent the ignorant from becoming the prey of his own ignorance. If strikes must be, let it be the strong and the weak striking hands together through the medium of those who understand both, and can wisely apply the good-will of the one to the great need of the other."

" Strange world in sooth ! wild world of joy and sadness !
Unseasoned medley of things good and bad,
Things basely sober, and things cruelly mad,
Yet with sweet soul of method in their madness !
' Salvation Army !' Well, they mean to save,
And in their own rough way they do, no doubt ;
And I would liefer fling wild words about

With them, than slip through life a smooth-lipped slave
  Of reputable forms. *Far better with too much*
Of zeal to swell, and hot aggressive love,
  Than sit in cleanly state, and fear to touch
The clouted sinner lest you soil your glove.
  In this waste field, where rough hands blindly throw
  Good seed, YOU SLEPT, *and taught the weeds to grow.*"

—*Professor J. Stuart Blackie.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRUM.

"'Can these prophets of the streets,' said I, 'cure a woe like mine?
Build again the broken past? recall life's lost sunshine?'
But the drum said, 'Come,
You must try the cure to prove it;'
Said the Army's noisy drum."

—*Haigh Miller.*

If you were to go into a certain city in one of the Eastern States almost any night in the year, you would find presiding at the drum a tall, fine-looking man, who looks at it very much as a boy of twelve would look at a new pony, all his own. This is the second drum that he has handled, and the first, spoiled by the roughs at the expense of the Army, hangs on the wall over his head, bearing on its face the date of its arrest, and the name of the brave lass who went with it to prison for the crime of teaching men to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

But it is the drum and not the lass that is the subject of this chapter, and the drummer's testimony must be given for the benefit of those who object to this classical instrument. We give it in his own words, though necessarily shortened.

"Four years ago I was a drunkard, and had been for twenty years. Night after night I went to the saloon, only varying it with the theatre and the dance-hall, seldom going home until the saloons were closed. It was a warm

summer night when I stood in a saloon in School Street, and all at once heard the sound of a drum. I went to the door and found that it was the Salvation Army—what I called 'cranks'—and although I couldn't quite make out why they should have a drum, somehow or other I wanted to see more of it, maybe because it reminded me of war times; so I followed on to the hall, and sat down to watch them. I always liked singing, and I knew their tunes, so I stayed on into the prayer-meeting until Captain B—— came to me, and asked me if I was saved. I told her that I was, but I never forgot the look she gave me nor the words she spoke, and from that time until the night I got saved—three months after—I was miserable everywhere. Night after night I went to the meeting in spite of myself, until I even went to Providence to get away from them; but it was no use, I had to come back and get saved down here, and I can tell you, friends, I know one place where God will forgive a man's sins and take the burden off his heart, and that is right down here, where He saved me.

"I am a happy man now, and I've a happy home, and if you don't believe it, ask my wife."

The wife, unasked, tells her side of the story privately. "Some of his folks want me to leave the Army and go back to the Methodist Church, but I've no notion of leaving it. I had fifteen years of married life with a drunken husband, and never had any decent clothes or furniture in the house until Jones got saved in the Army; and now we live in a nice place, and have everything nice, and I always know now where he is and when he will come home. Some folks look down on us for belonging to the Army, now that we are getting to be well off; but I ain't forgotten what it was four years ago, and them that would rather have their husband drunk can have it, but

give me a sober man, to say nothing of having such a home as I've got now. Say, would *you* leave the Army ?" and we say most emphatically, "*Never.*"

This is only one of the thousands who stand as examples of the Newark editor's comment, "There is many a wife and family in Newark that have bread now that suffered for want of it before the Army came;" and if you were to learn their personal histories, you would find that the worst cases of all were first attracted to the Army by the drum.

In Lawrence, Mass., playing cards in a saloon, with a glass of beer before him on the table, sat one of the worst drunkards in the city. At home, if home it could be called, sat the wife, working in spite of the aching head and limbs, that were the result of last night's beating, and waiting with no prospect before her but a repetition of the same treatment. Ten o'clock comes, and she hears a step, strangely steady; and the man who enters the room looks at her with a love to which she has been long unaccustomed. Soon after we left him at the card-table he heard the sound of a drum coming up the street. "What's that ?" is his prompt question, and the reply, "Salvation Army" brings him to the door, cards in hand, beer forgotten. "Funny folks," he says, and follows to the hall, curious to see the rest of the show.

Once there, it is the old, old story, uninteresting, perhaps, to those who have never felt it, but to those who know it, the most memorable event of their lives. He hears the testimony of men who were once drunkards and wife-beaters, and they tell of a deliverance from all evil desires; they seem happier than any people that he has ever before known, and when a loving voice urges him to try the same Saviour, he yields, resolves in the strength

of God to forsake his evil habits, and by the honesty of his purpose and faith goes home a saved man.

This man and his wife became officers in the Salvation Army, and by their simple testimonies and sympathetic work were the means of many genuine conversions of similar cases.

Another child of the drum was Comrade R., of Ohio, a man so possessed by the demon of drink that he took the pennies from his little child's bank to spend for it. He went on until his wife and five children were sent to the poorhouse, and he himself was ordered to leave the town. He saved up money then through very shame, but, on his way to the post-office to send the money for his wife, he called in a saloon, and left it, as usual, penniless. He was soon in jail, and came out resolved to end his miserable existence as soon as possible. He started off down the railroad, when he met two Salvation soldiers in full uniform, followed them to the open-air meeting, and was converted with the drum for an altar. Since that day he has never had a desire for drink, and is still a true Salvation soldier.

If John Wesley were living to-day, he would say with the Salvation Army that the devil has no more right to musical instruments than he has to all the good music.

At any rate, the Puritans thought so in the early days of Plymouth Colony. Then they had no bells, and no money to buy them, so a grave and dignified church official stood at the door with a drum, calling the congregation together, and not only that, but horrible as it seems in the ears and eyes of their descendants, marched about the streets lustily beating that then honored but now despised instrument.

Consistency is, indeed, a most rare jewel, least often found where one seems to have most right to expect it.

Many a little "common" or "green" in Massachusetts has seen strange sights, and could tell wonderful stories of what has been done there in the name of religion. Up and down the streets of Boston and Salem, of Plymouth and Taunton, that majestic figure walked, beating the drum with all the solemnity of which a Puritan was capable. As a contemporary poet describes it:

> "New England's Sabbath-day
> Is heaven-like, still, and pure;
> Then Israel walks the way
> Up to the temple's door;
> The time we tell
> When there to come
> By beat of drum
> Or sounding shell."

Now, in the same places, we read of the arrest of God's people for the same work, the only difference being that the Salvationist obeys David's injunction to "make a *cheerful* noise," and the drum is accompanied by such words as "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Rock of Ages," or the more modern, but surely no less orthodox,

> "You must be a lover of the Lord,
> Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

Women in the street might have shocked the early settlers, but the drum, never.

Again, some five years ago, in Bridgeport, Conn., a Christian woman was preaching in the street, just outside a saloon. The saloon-keeper saw others mocking her, and felt an impulse to go out and stand by her side. He resisted the impulse, and was afterward thoroughly wretched, so that he sold out his business and left the place. Two years afterward he was in a saloon in New York

City, when he heard the sound of the big drum. The saloon-keeper kindly explained that they were a lot of fanatics and fools. Nevertheless, the poor drunkard went out to see what they were like. The following Sunday, struggling against the mighty power of God urging him to repentance, he drank deep, but again was drawn into the barracks, went to the penitent form, and rose from his knees saved. His first act on reaching home was to throw his pipe and tobacco into the stove, thereby showing to the astonished household that he, at least, had "suffered a sea-change into something new and strange."

Nor is it in cities alone that the drum is a needed agent. An American soldier spoke the plain truth when he said that villages hold all the sins in existence as well as the cities.

"Loafer Will" was a village fixture, occasionally getting an hour's work at opening oysters, and on what must have been red-letter days in his financial calendar, sometimes driving a hack at a funeral, but invariably spending the money in drink, and depending on that never-failing mother-love for shelter at night. But the patient mother died, and the villagers, in disgust, sent him to jail—thirty days for first offence. The thirty days went by, and Will was free, but the first place he stopped at was a saloon, and he had taken off his coat and pawned it for a bottle of liquor when he heard the sound of a drum. Inquiring what was up, he was told that it was only the Salvation Army.

He followed to the hall, where the whole crowd on seeing him raised a shout, some of ridicule, some of encouragement, at which poor Will was so embarrassed that he began to cast restless looks at the door; but the Captain, keeping her eyes upon him, caught his attention by her first words, and kept it until the close of the

meeting. Again and again men rose and told of deliverance from drink; again and again the Captain started choruses of hope; but alas! the memory of the black past and of his miserable failures was brought up by his enemy the devil, and he had almost fainted in this, his first thought of God, had not the Captain, once more coming to the rescue, held him to his purpose.

He rebelled long and firmly, trying by every means to drive her from him; but seeing that she would not go, he drew the whiskey-bottle from his bosom and poured its contents on the floor, hoping that the smell would drive her away; but no, she knelt down and prayed fervently for his release and victory, until the young fellow broke down, was led out to the penitent form, and got gloriously saved; obtaining at his first experience such a glimpse of Jesus and His power to keep, that he was enabled to conquer the "strong man armed" who had so long kept the palace of his heart. As a soldier and a Captain in the Salvation Army, he has often laid his hand lovingly on the drum and spoken of it as the old friend that first led him "from the gin-mill to Jesus." These and thousands more are trophies of the drum in America in a few years' time.

Should we attempt to give here the examples in any one city, readers would find it monotonous, and might close the book before they got to the moral, which would be very undesirable; but it is sufficient to say that for every one such case who remains in the Army as a soldier, there are two in the churches who owe their conversion to Army work and methods, including the drum. "Papa, why do you tell people that you were a drunkard?" said a twelve-year-old to his father, very much distressed at his public confession. "Nobody would ever think it if you didn't tell it," a statement that was undeniably true,

for the father was one of the leading members of a Congregationalist Church, but the answer given by that father was equally true. "My boy, I was attracted to a Salvation Army meeting by the drum and cornet; I got saved there, though I had been a church-member for years, and now I tell it with the hope that some other poor drunkard may hear it, and come, too."

The cases of conversion through the drum have been thus far purely American, but if we number thousands here, what must be the roll-call of the drum's trophies in other countries? England and Scotland, France and Switzerland, Ireland and Australia, Sweden and Germany, all contribute to this multitude, which will be "numberless as the sands" ere the final trump sounds. Listen to the story of the drum in India. "We took our drum to India, three of us, and our first march was in Bombay, where the police at once withdrew our license. It couldn't have been the drum they were afraid of, for the natives drum everywhere—at weddings, at funerals, at feasts, and at fasts, all night long sometimes. Go into the empty hall and beat a drum ten minutes, and your hall will be full of people. Though all other drums were licensed, we were forbidden to take ours on the streets, and were forced to yield for the time.

Besides, here, as elsewhere, we can't march well without the drum. Take the Masonic orders and lodges, the civic processions, and imagine the effect if they marched without drums or bands of music. Then, again, the drum beats time for the singing and bears up the voices," all which reasons must be acknowledged to be as potent here in America as in Gujarat or Bombay.

If open-air work is acknowledged to be a necessity, then it is also necessary that there should be some means

of keeping time both for voices and feet, or the effect will be ludicrous in the extreme. Besides, all who read this chapter will acknowledge that the Salvation Army is the only place where the use of the drum is condemned. The toy-shops in your city abound with drums of all sorts and sizes, and we venture to assert that few parents consult their neighbors before buying them for their children's use. The drum hangs conspicuous among the branches of every Christmas-tree, either in fact or in picture. "Child's work" you may call it, if you like, but "men are but children of a larger growth," and we are dealing with those who in intellect and culture are mere children except in innocence. Art lectures and Wagner would be to them the concentration of nonsense and stupidity, and an hour of such entertainment would empty the hall and effectually stop all missionary work in that direction.

Nor is it the degraded alone that the sound of the drum seems to attract and interest. The unexpected sound of a drum brings the judge as well as the saloon-keeper to the door or to the window, and even if chained to a desk for propriety's sake, his feet unconsciously keep time with the beat of the drum.

One of the most amusing incidents in a very amusing trial in an old American city was the fact that spectators, jurymen, lawyers, and court officials all poured out of the court-room at the first beat of the drum to see Barnum's circus go by, leaving the prisoner, a Salvation Army lass, arrested for beating a drum, to meditate at her leisure on man's sense of justice and perception of the humorous.

Salvationists in most cities leave the drum in the barracks on Sundays, by request of the authorities, and on their way to the public square are often met by Grand

Army processions or Masonic funerals, headed by a drum, and frequently by a band of music.

Is it really and only because Salvationists use it for the glory of God and not of man? For by that love of the drum which every human soul, high or low, young or old, seems to possess, hundreds of thousands of souls have been led to halls and open-airs to hear the story of Jesus, and to give themselves to Him in loving service.

Men and women who dislike innovations may object to it, but no objections will weigh against the facts of actual soul-winning. A critical reader may think these drum stories monotonous, but they are far from monotonous to the angels in heaven, who "rejoice over one sinner that repents."

What has been already done is but a drop in the ocean of the as yet untouched dark places of the earth. The streets of our cities and the outskirts of our towns are full of vice, the vast army of lost souls marches on to their doom, and human beings with a vulnerable spot somewhere in their hearts are waiting for the beat of the drum that heralds the song of Salvation. Shall they not hear it?

> "Seeking them, His worn feet hasted;
> On the Cross His soul death tasted;
> Let not all His toil be wasted."

CHAPTER V.

THE SINNERS' CATHEDRAL.

"They followed Him out of the synagogues into places where men were."

To go into logical arguments, to prove to the critical that it is not only a perfectly legal proceeding, but also the universal custom of nations of every belief to resort to the open air, in order to attract the masses, is not the purpose of this chapter, nor is it so necessary as it might have been some years ago, before other religious bodies had resumed its use.

We live in times that are unmistakably moving on, and the "Shocking" and "How dreadful" are now chiefly confined to rural districts, or to those whose inherited prejudices have never been supplanted or modified by broader views of life.

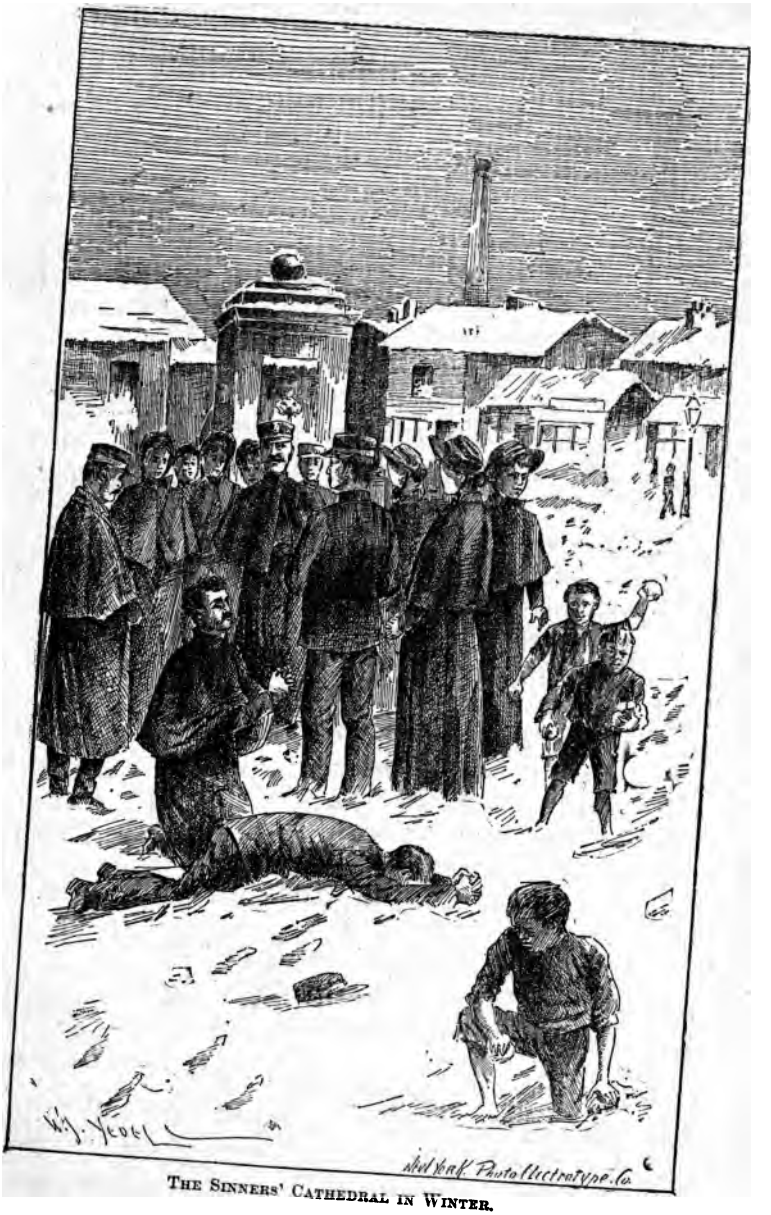
But laying aside all reasoning, and confining ourselves closely to facts, which we mean very shortly to prove, it is as an open-air agency that the Army has been successful where churches found only dissatisfaction and cause for lamentation.

The persistence with which the Army has struggled through illegal prosecutions has been the result of a firm conviction that the question of open-air work involved,

First, The eternal welfare of the people;

Second, The defence of ancient right and tradition;

Third, The very existence of the Army as a spiritual



THE SINNERS' CATHEDRAL IN WINTER.

agency among the people. "Drop the open-airs," any Salvation Army officer will tell you, "and you drop your best tool." What is good for the Army is good for the people, and *vice versa.* Men and women are convicted by what they hear as they pass along the street, intent on their own affairs, and not seldom do we find these same men and women afterward in the front of the battle.

A case in point is that of one of our majors in the West, Irish by birth, who came to this country to take a position in a publishing house in New York City. He missed his church friends and work very much, but one Sunday, however, as he was walking down a certain street, he saw a crowd of people. Pushing his way to the front, he found that it was occasioned by a Salvation Army open-air. Keppel stood and listened to everything, and his heart went out to these true-hearted soldiers of the cross. When they formed into procession to march off, he took a place in the ranks, and with his kid gloves and cane was the observed of all observers!

The afternoon meeting fulfilled his most sanguine expectations, and he could hardly hurry through his supper fast enough to get to the evening meeting.

From that day he was a constant attendant, and from sitting in the back seats, he gradually got nearer and nearer the front. One night the Captain came in from a very rough open-air with her eye bruised and bleeding, and as Keppel looked at her, he thought:

"I wish that girl had some of my strength."

"You've got your strong body, why don't you use it?" something seemed to say, and from that moment he was convicted for the work, and has been ever since in the front of the battle in the West.

Another graphic account of an open-air meeting was given by the Probate Judge of Bristol County, Mass., in

a case which excited great interest in the eastern part of that State. His defence, a speech of great length and power, closed with the following words:

"A few Sabbaths ago I left my house to attend morning service at my church, where a college-bred pastor was to preach a studied sermon from a chosen text. On my way thither, in passing through City Square, I saw a large concourse of people assembled under the beautiful elms which surround Taunton Green. It was a beautiful spring morning. The sun was shining brightly, the fountain playing, the birds singing, and the wind rejoicing with the new-born foliage of the trees. On driving my horse close to the crowd of which I speak, gentlemen of the jury, who and what do you think I saw there? (here the judge turned to Captain Bown, and said) This prisoner! this criminal at the bar! and allow me to ask you one question further, gentlemen of the jury: What do you think Miss Bown was engaged in doing in the midst of that crowd of people, the great majority of which seldom, if ever, enter a place of worship, for such was the true character of the majority of her audience? and I answer you the question by saying that she stood in their midst, inviting, persuading, and beseeching them, in the name of our Heavenly Father, to cease from swearing, lying, and card-playing, to break away from the curse of drink, to seek deliverance from all wrong and evil habits through the grace, love, and blood of Jesus. That, and that alone is what this criminal at the bar was engaged in doing on that Sabbath morning.

"Could you have seen the tender anxiety of her face and listened to the earnest pathos of her words on that morning, you would have been as deeply impressed with the grandeur of her mission as I was myself. Does

she look as though she were capable of doing other than rendering good unto the needy? Have you, gentlemen of the jury, seen anything in her conduct during all this unwarranted trial than that she only desires to make the world better for having lived in it? Such being the only aim and purpose of her life, can the citizens of this commonwealth afford to say that she shall not have this liberty and privilege of preaching the Gospel to the poor outcast, and, if need be, protection for her by law, instead of being prosecuted as she is, for claiming it as hers of right?

"After listening to her for some time on this occasion, I proceeded to my own church, and being a little late, the minister, as I entered, was reading those beautiful and appropriate passages of Scripture for his morning lesson which Christ, eighteen hundred years ago, sent floating from the Mount of Olives: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

"I entered and took my seat. I have no doubt but that the minister had selected an appropriate text and preached an excellent sermon; but, gentlemen of the jury, I confess to you that I heard neither the one nor the other. My mind carried my heart and soul back to the scene I had just witnessed under the beautiful elm trees. The words I had just heard fall from the lips of this woman, this prisoner, and the reward I had just been reminded of as I entered my own church, which God had promised to such workers, engaged, filled, and controlled my whole soul against every other thing.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I confess to you that that Sabbath morning sight was one of the most pleasant and memorable of my life—to see this woman standing in

the midst of a large congregation of men of such type as you well know, and prevailing upon them 'To remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy.' "

This was the case where the testimony of the witnesses was so ill gotten up that several of them afterward apologized to the Captain for the nonsense of their accusations. Horses which bore with equanimity all the firecrackers, band music, strange sights and sounds that the round of American holidays affords could not endure, perhaps, a few Salvationists with their drum; but that was really no reason why they should run away on a Friday night when there was neither march nor drum.

Ah, there are "wheels within wheels," and whenever officers of the Salvation Army are arrested, let the Christian men and women of that community inquire into the morals and business interests of city officials.

Another memorable open-air was that on Boston Common, at which Oscar Parsons listened to words that changed altogether the even tenor of his way. Crossing Boston Common one bleak winter's day, his curiosity was aroused by seeing a crowd of people evidently listening, and going near enough to look over their shoulders, he saw a little group of people kneeling, and heard from the lips of a young girl the "most beautiful prayer" that he had ever listened to. Philosopher and atheist, as he called himself, he acknowledged there and then that there were more things in heaven and earth than he had dreamed of, and, turning to his brother, said: "If there ever were Christians on the face of the earth, that girl is one." He followed to the hall, came again and again, until one night he gave himself to God.

Philosophy may overcome a man's appetites to some extent, but what men need is the appetite taken away and its place filled with the power of God. Intellect and

education had not prevented him from being a drunkard and neglecting his family; reform clubs and temperance societies had done their best for him, but all in vain; nineteen times he had signed the pledge, and it was no sooner signed than broken, once even signing it in his own blood and with hand raised to heaven, and twelve hours afterward reeling down the street drunk. He had listened to the best lecturers in the country, Gough among them, and had been perfectly sincere in his efforts to amend; but, as he says now in giving his testimony from the Army platform, "What human blood could not do, Divine blood has done;" and not less striking is the fact that since his conversion in the Army nine members of his family have been saved.

"Heaven does with us as we with torches do: not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues go not forth of us, 'twere all alike as if we had them not."

But all open-airs are not in the East, and the West is a fertile field for our work. In Leadville, Col., the first Captain was a man, and his appearance upon the street at an open-air stand was greeted with showers of rotten eggs and other unsavory missiles, followed by an explosion of firecrackers and torpedoes. Then the roughs rolled him in the street, broke up the audience that had gathered for the meeting, and went home well satisfied. After a time, finding that matters got no better, the man was removed and two lasses were sent. Even then bullets whizzed by them as they stood on the platform, but some of them seemed to possess manliness enough to drop this treatment, and in a few weeks they were marching out with colors and drum and thirty soldiers in full uniform in the ranks.

It must be borne in mind that such roughs as these are most influential afterward among their old companions.

Such were the three Ryans, a product of open-airs in England.

Three brothers, of Macclesfield, the eldest only twenty-nine years of age, had spent altogether thirty-six years in prison, and were notorious all through that part of the country. Their programme, which never varied, was prison—spree—fight—prison; but one day Peter, the eldest, just released from Bellevue Jail, Manchester, heard the Army in their open-air, and asked what it was, receiving the sarcastic reply, "Salvation Army, come to do you good." Peter took the words literally, and thought that, at any rate, he'd go and give them a chance at it; so he followed to the hall, and got saved in that very meeting, going home to live a thoroughly changed life, the wonder of the community. Some time after the two younger brothers made their usual visit to the court-room, and the judge remarked that he was getting tired of them, when the chief of police stepped up, and asked permission to suggest a change of sentence. Permission being granted, he told Peter's story—that he had never been drunk since his conversion at the Army, and that his present life was thoroughly respectable. He then suggested that instead of going again to Bellevue, they should be sent under escort to the Salvation Army every night for two weeks. Peter, who was in the court-room at the time in full uniform, was called up to corroborate the story, and the sentence was given as suggested. The two others were escorted by police to the barracks, and before the time was up were both saved. Two of the three are now officers in the Salvation Army, and all their lives and past histories are open to the inspection of the public.

Nor is it always the street frequenters who are attracted by open-air work.

There is another class who are equally afraid of the Army influence, and therefore never come to an inside meeting, who are occasionally "caught" in the open air. One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1888 a Presbyterian minister came to the Lyceum in Brooklyn, and before the meeting was over gave in his testimony. His father, the editor of a newspaper in a city of Scotland, wrote to him of the Army work that he had seen at his own gates, and warned his son never to say or do anything to hinder those people of God. The son was surprised, and not at all pleased to hear that his father was identifying himself with them to some extent, and on a visit home said nothing about them, until one evening, coming away from the post-office, he saw the little band of Army converts, and among them a fellow whom he remembered as the most notorious drunkard and loafer in the city. Amazed at the sight, he followed to the open-air stand and heard his testimony, as well as others that touched his heart strangely. He went home, and immediately broached the subject to his father, and heard a detailed account of the Army's work there.

Since then he has never lost an opportunity of attending their meetings and testifying to his fellowship with them. The Army believes in the ever-widening circles that are made even by the smallest pebbles, and if no sinner cried to God in that open-air, we cannot deny that that man was converted.

Again, not only are arrows sent home in these little outdoor meetings, but sometimes the truth hits so hard that proprieties are lost sight of, and the sinner kneels down in the road and cries for mercy. Not very often, perhaps, for the dwellers in back alleys have the same standard of propriety as the residents of Fifth Avenue, and

must be very hard hit before they lose sight of "what the neighbors will say."

Nevertheless, Abingdon Square, New York, and the public square of every city and town occupied by the Army see it, and are destined to see more of it.

In one meeting on Abingdon Square a saved Nihilist was telling some of the wonderful experiences—far more thrilling than fiction—that have lately been given to the readers of *All the World*, when he caught the attention of a man who had come there with a basket of dead fish, to "have some fun" and break up the meeting. The presence of a policeman who was very friendly to the Army, and admired the courage of the lass who led, prevented the carrying out of the programme, so far as the fish was concerned, and he waited to see what chance there would be later on. In the mean time, the Nihilist told one marvellous story after another, all of which are facts in one of the strangest lives that ever man lived, and our fishman followed to the hall to hear more with the usual results. Instead of a quarrelsome drunkard, he is now a sober, industrious Christian. Souls have been saved at the drum not only here, but in all parts of the field.

One Des Moines report on a special occasion told of seven hundred people who listened nearly three hours in the open air, gave a collection of sixteen dollars and twenty-seven cents, and who saw nine souls kneeling for pardon.

In the Army, at any rate, the charge is not true that every convert to Christianity represents an expenditure of a thousand dollars.

East Pennsylvania is said to be one of the best places for open-air work, as the Welsh miners there are famous for their love of music and strong voices, and a Welsh

chorus, like "Gad im deimlow," rolls up to heaven with a grandeur that is almost a foretaste of the songs before the throne, and has called up from an enthusiastic captain the prophecy that Welsh will be the language spoken in heaven.

So, from one end of the country to the other, the work goes quietly on, here a soul and there a soul that, if obedient, acts as a new and fresh centre of influence, and invariably and inevitably sends out the same light that it has itself received.

We know a sergeant who will lead a penitent across the hall to kneel on the very spot where he himself found salvation, and in the same way the men and women who are saved or first touched in the out-door meeting cling to them with a love that no outsider can understand.

The Salvation Army believes in letting men tell for themselves how all things are made new, and we give the experience of Commissioner Carleton in his own words:

"The Lord frequently tests the sincerity of those who come to Him for full salvation. He did so in my case on the Saturday morning, just thirty-six hours after my full surrender. I have already told you my difficulty about letting everybody see that I was associated with Salvationists. When I came to God for full salvation, that was one of the points I had to settle. I did not imagine, however, that my first daylight procession was coming so soon, or that it would be of such a formidable character.

"The mills and factories were, at that period, on short time, and on Saturday were closed altogether. We took advantage of this circumstance, and had announced the previous evening that a short open-air meeting would be held at a limestone quarry quite close to my house.

Everybody knew the place, and, as we had announced it well, I thought in the simplicity of my heart that I had done everything necessary.

"At breakfast, however, the General sent my heart into a flutter by observing that, as there were so many officers present, it would be a good thing to have a procession through the village before the meeting in the quarry. 'Mr. Carleton could go with them, and act as their guide.' Here was a fix! I turned hot and then cold. Was there no escape? I ventured to suggest that it was well announced, that everybody knew, that the officers were tired, etc., but all in vain. Somebody might not know of it. In any case, it would warm us all up, and everybody would hear the songs of salvation.

"I inwardly groaned. Visions of that march came before me. There would be fifteen or sixteen lasses in full uniform; there would be Fry with his cornet, and Edmonds with his concertina, playing loud enough to wake the dead. I would have to head the procession—the only civilian present. Everybody would be at their doors. The rector and his family, the doctor, the managers of the various factories, would all rush to their windows to find out what the commotion was about.

"Just at this juncture the devil saw a way to relieve me from my dilemma, and kindly suggested that as the General was my guest, and as he was very tired and weary, and intended joining the officers on their return to the quarry, I ought to send my poultry man, who had been saved at the meetings with the officers, and I myself should remain with the General and pilot him to the quarry. He might lose his way!

"Oh, how this suggestion relieved me! But it was only for the moment. The next instant I knew whence it came. Such a struggle as I had! It was a life-and-

death affair. I went to my own room, locked the door, told God all about it—asked Him for strength and victory, and, of course, I got it.

"I came downstairs again as bright as a lark. We processioned the village from end to end; the very people whose pitying smiles and looks I dreaded turned out in full force; but, hallelujah! His grace proved sufficient, and none of these things moved me.

"Since then my hatred to open-air work has been changed to intense love, and my wife and I often say, 'Whoever likes to have a say inside can have it, but give us a turn outside.' I can also say that while I have often felt tied up and constrained in speaking upon the platform of a barracks, in the open-air ring I have always had unbounded liberty."

A very simple story, but full of meaning and interest to those who have passed through all the variations of heat and cold that the commissioner mentions, and have learned to look back upon these struggles with mingled shame and amusement. It is enough to say of the speakers in the open air, that these are their happiest meetings, and no greater deprivation can fall to the lot of a Salvation Army officer than to be forbidden to share in the marches and open-airs.

In winter and summer, in sunshine or rain, these little bands go through our streets, sowing seed that cannot be all lost. Hardened or indifferent as men may be, the echoes of their choruses will go with them, and the songs sung in these open-airs will, perhaps, linger in their memories when earthly things fade away.

Far away in a village of Scotland a lad, who had only listened to their singing, lay dying of quick consumption. On the wall was the only thing in that home of sin that spoke of Christ, a picture, gaudily colored, representing

Christ raising Lazarus from the dead. The lad lay, and as he looked at the picture, the Salvation chorus floated through his mind :

> " I'll say while the death dew lies cold on my brow,
> If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now ;"

and as the words clung to him, the first as he woke and the last ere he fell asleep again, his soul grasped their meaning, and he prayed—prayed earnestly—until he realized their truth in his own soul.

God's echoes do, indeed, follow long, and it may be that a throng of the redeemed, unknown to clergy or Army officers, will rise up and say, " The truths of Jesus were sung in the open air, and we remembered them long, and, in time of need, the whole plan of salvation was there in a single line or refrain,

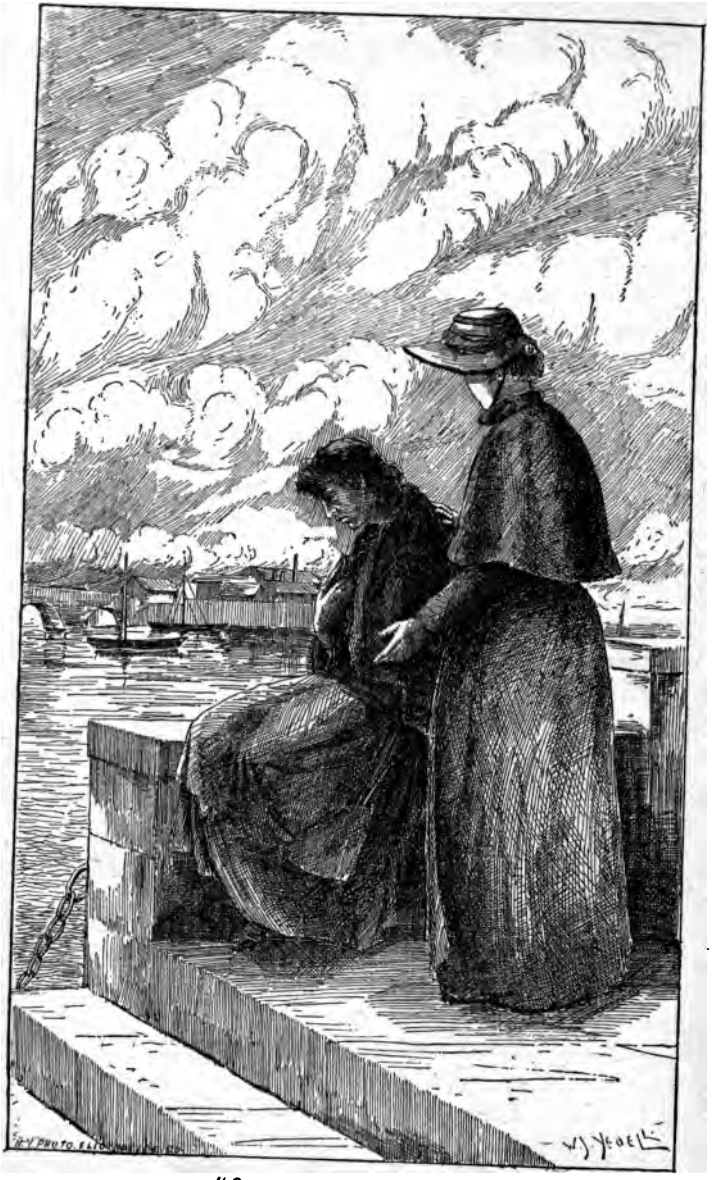
> " ' None need perish, all may live, for Christ has died ;'
>
> " ' God is love, I know, I feel ;
> Jesus lives and loves me still ;' "

or,

> " I do believe, I now believe that Jesus died for me."

Surely, of our communities where such work is done might the words be said :

" Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see ; for I say unto you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things that ye see, and have not seen them ; and to hear those things that ye hear, and have not heard them."



"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

CHAPTER VI.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

> "Women who shall one day bear
> Sons to breathe New England air,
> If ye hear without a blush
> Deeds to make the hot blood rush,
> Like red lava, through your veins,
> For your sisters now in chains,
> Answer! are ye fit to be
> Mothers of the brave and free?"
>
> —*Lowell.*

When speaking about the great needs of the world to those whose love for Christ's kingdom, whatever their profession, is shallow, you are constantly reminded by them that charity begins at home. Many people make this an excuse for never bestirring themselves for the sake of God's kingdom, and for indulging in the "folding of the hands," which makes the vineyard "a waste of weeds within a broken wall." Is it likely that the Lord wishes only the one family tree cultivated in the vineyard of their lives?

The very word "begin" implies that the charity should not end there, and one is tempted to question if charity could exist at all in so narrow a circle. Divine love is a broad, deep stream, and cannot so easily be dammed and kept within an area of four walls.

It is one thing to pray for the fatherless and the widows, for the desolate and oppressed; but, as Ruskin says, how very differently you would hear the same peo-

ple pray for their own children and dear ones at home; no mere petition of words, no passing over that prayer with little thought, as when others are concerned. He even says that no woman "should be called a Christian who does not feel the same and pray the same over the woes of others as over her own." Many people can be moved to tears and deeply affected over the woes and wrongs of others, but their sympathy ends here, and therefore is fruitless.

As she listened to the reading of the "Song of the Shirt," a woman wept copious tears behind a finely-embroidered handkerchief, and yet concerned herself little about three hundred dollars which she owed her dressmaker. Sympathy and action are very different things, and, when not united, sympathy becomes an empty farce.

The streets of our Christian cities teem nightly with thousands of women and young girls once happy, good, and pure, who have been degraded or decoyed from their homes to be trodden like dirt beneath the feet of men; and yet from the hearts and homes that have so mercifully escaped this blight, only too often sneers and scorn instead of loving pity fall upon the head of "somebody's girl." Instead of the stretching out of a hand of pity, she is branded with the word "lost," and cast out forever.

But still more horrible must it be to God to see these poor, helpless creatures shunned and loathed by the pure and good, who alone are competent to help them. "Shameless, disgraceful creatures" are these down-trodden girls often called, but if their history was known, in nine cases out of ten sneers would be justly turned upon those who brought them where they are, while sympathy and pity would be their only due.

Nor are the seventy-five thousand lost women who

nightly wander up and down the streets of London the product of vile homes, where from infancy, shame was known and purity unguarded; in the shadow of the lamplight can be found the daughters of the wealthy, women well educated and once refined. Homes of clergy, justices of the peace, members of Parliament and of the bar, are all represented by this great mixed throng. Then there are those plucked from the homes of the respectable poor, girls who started in life to gain an honest living. At least eighty per cent are not there of their own will nor from the crime of parental neglect; deceived, betrayed, thrown suddenly from the path of honor to that of ruin, many have found themselves, through no fault of their own, fallen to a level from which there seemed no way to rise. The laws of society and etiquette make it almost impossible for them to return into the home circle.

Why should it be so? Yet alas! it is only too true, unfair as it may seem, that a woman when once down must stay down, a thing of shame, neglected, cast out; while the one at whose door lies the real shame may pass in and out as before, and no one thinks of branding him, as she is branded, with the word "lost." She dare not show her face again where once it was loved. She cannot wash from her name the black stain; and only too well she knows that it would bring disgrace and odium on her home were she to return there. So as the more happy sleep in safely-guarded homes, as her sisters behind the shutters pass the night in sweet dreams, she treads among the many whose feet hurry hither and thither in the night without, careless and wretched, going deeper and deeper into the black, hopeless life of sin.

"What's the good," in hard and bitter tones, came from the lips of a fair young girl, as I held her hand and

stood with her in the shadow of a by-street, while the throng of midnight wanderers passed, laughing, screaming, and hurrying in the broad thoroughfare we had left—"What's the good of talking to me? I can never be better than I am. From the first hour I found myself blighted, I knew there was no hope but to go on. What position could I take in life; who would ever trust me? No; my own beautiful home is dead to me now forever. I was not educated for this sort of life; I know three languages. My father paid for a first-class education to fit me for fashionable society. They do not know where I am at home; they think I am dead; and it is a good job, too. I wish I were."

The first realization of a woman who finds herself thrown a wreck upon this relentless sea, is the knowledge that all her ships are burned behind her, and through her own efforts she can never return. Just at such a time of full realization, what a safeguard to despair and to the reckless throwing away of life would be the kind word of love and hope, a shelter and a friend to speak to! No one can fully imagine the frightful need of loving, patient work among this class, unless he has for himself turned back the curtain of night and viewed the wrecks and ruins of this raging sea of social evil.

The following is what I saw on a midnight visit among the men and women who throng the streets of London at that hour:

One half of London, tired with a day of toil or pleasure, had retired to rest. The gas had been lowered, the curtains drawn, and the doors securely locked. Many a quiet household was sleeping in peace, while night, darkness, and sin were left without in the great city. At that hour, could you have stepped with me into the sacred stillness of those English homes, trod noiselessly up the

soft carpeted stairs and entered the dimly-lighted rooms, we might have seen upon many a snowy pillow, sleeping in peace and safety, the loved and guarded maidens of England. But it is not to them that I wish to lead you; they need not our sympathy. Let me tell you what I saw at that same hour of their sisters, adrift on the streets of London. It was my first sight of London at midnight. Oh, would that I could picture it in its true colors that you, too, might see and realize what is nightly going on when you are blissfully and comfortably asleep!

The night was sultry, the air we breathed seemed thick and heavy, and our footsteps sounded out clear and distinct in the dead stillness. I felt as if a death-pall rested on the dark city as the clouds drifted across the peaceful moon and shrouded it in darkness.

Half-past eleven exactly! I hastened on with my three comrades down the quiet, deserted streets; a few stray figures glided in and out of the darkness as we advanced or hurriedly walked past us. We did not pause, but pressed on toward a point to which we knew many were hastening—the general rendezvous and starting-point of those who turn night into day, and with weary feet speed on in the dangerous paths of sin.

As we drew nearer I could see that the streets were no longer deserted; in all directions men and women were seen hastening onward, until at last we reached the broad, wide thoroughfare to find it thronged and crowded as in daylight.

Never shall I forget the sight that met my eye. The moon was shining brilliantly, and, with the flaring gas lamps and electric light, produced a glare which lighted up every face and made the awful scene painfully vivid and distinct. Hundreds of girls, dressed in the highest fashions, many in delicate silks and satins, decked with

flowers, lace, and jewels, painted and powdered, walked to and fro, some hurrying past us as if they had not a moment to lose; others loitering slowly along or standing still beneath the gas lamps. But they formed but part of the crowd, the largest portion of which was composed of men—"gentlemen," I suppose they are called in daylight. Fiends I could but call them as the gaslight fell full upon their faces, flushed with wine and vile in expression.

Here was our work to commence; this was to be our battle-field through the dark hours of the night. Straight into the midst of the crowd we stepped, the light showing up our uniform, the "S" upon our collar and Army badge upon our bonnets making us conspicuous in contrast with the gay crowd.

"What's this? Salvation Army here?" "Oh, here's my sister!" "Why, what do these —— Salvationists want here?" greeted us on every side. There was no difficulty in opening fire on the crowd; no need to inform them who we were, and what our mission—our dress spoke for us.

We were thronged on all sides, and right and left we turned to warn, in the name of God, everybody we met. We separated; two of us stepped into a crowd, while the others walked a few hundred yards away down the now thronged street.

"Why aren't you at home? What are you doing here?" asked a harsh male voice, the question being taken up with a scornful laugh by the crowd.

"Why are YOU here?" rang out the answer clear and distinct as the crowd pressed closer to listen. "We are here to do good, to seek the lost; to warn you and tell you of the God who is watching you, whom you will surely have to face erelong. You are here to do evil,

to curse and blight others and drag them down in sin." Then turning we passed on. A step or two farther we were accosted again: "You ought to be ashamed of being out at this hour; go home!" The crowd gathered once more to hear our answer: "No; it is you, my brother, who should be ashamed! How would you like your name to appear in the papers to-morrow in connection with this scene? How would you like it known in your home, your house of business? We will not go home till you do. We are here, sent by God to warn you, to tell you that your dark deeds are known and watched."

On we tramped, speaking of God, judgment, and eternity to all we met. Here pleading alone beneath some lamplight with a beautiful young girl. There separating some man and woman, and telling them that they would have to account to God for every word they spoke. We turned down a quieter street. I was pleading with a very young girl, whose head drooped as I spoke of her dead mother, and asked whether she would like that mother to see her there. "No, no! not for all the world," she answered with tears in her eyes; "thank God, she does not know it." A few yards farther on Captain —— was talking to a beautifully dressed woman, down whose cheeks the tears were falling like rain, as she told her sad life's story. Just then Miss —— stopped us; the Criterion had closed, and we hurried off to meet the crowd that were flocking from its doors. As we passed up the now crowded Haymarket, my eye was caught by a lovely face. It was that of a delicate, refined-looking girl, of about seventeen or eighteen, who was evidently only just starting on the dangerous downward path. We stopped and spoke to her; her thin lips quivered and the tears started to her eyes;

but she turned away, and we observed that she was closely watched by an old woman, who in a moment stepped to her side. We made several attempts to get at her, but in vain. She was evidently too tightly kept in those cruel clutches. With an aching heart I turned from her to find one of my comrades dealing with an elderly "gentleman," who had for the last six or seven minutes been abusing us and holding us up to ridicule. I listened, and these words caught my ear, "Oh, you've come to get us saved, have you? I don't need your salvation; I know all about it, and could sing a hymn as well as you. Why, only yesterday (Sunday) I was singing hymns." How awful! I thought, as I looked from my comrade's holy, peaceful face, beautiful with that beauty and purity which Christ's love alone can give, to the wicked, leering face of the vile man who stood abusing her, who had the previous day been singing hymns probably in church, surrounded by his wife and children.

Then we hurried on to the crowded Circus, and for the first time that night were mobbed—a hooting, jeering, hustling mob pressing us on all sides, so that we had to hurry along, while the police tried to disperse the crowd, part of which still followed us. The mobbing continued, more or less, for the next two hours; but it did not hinder us in our work. We warned all within hearing, and our very presence was a testimony against sin. I fancied at first that the police would protect and assist us in our work, but that I soon found to be a delusion. With only two bright exceptions we found the police (for reasons best known to themselves) unfriendly to us, turning upon us with a harsh, "Move on; what do you want here? It is bad enough without you making it worse!' Once, when walking in the midst of a crowd, each of us talking to a lass who clung to our arm

and looked up into our face with weary, feverish eyes, two policemen stopped us and took our names. Why did they not take the names of those "gentlemen" who were abusing and ridiculing us, shouting and trying to get the girls away? Why, indeed? Had we not as much right as they upon the streets? Might we not carry on our Saviour-like work without the interference of the representatives of "justice," while the traffickers are allowed to carry on their soul-blighting trade?

"What a shame! What will they do to you? Will they put you in prison?" said several sympathetic voices, and the poor painted faces looked into ours quite anxiously. We could only turn and tell them that imprisonment would be joy to us if it would but be the means of bringing salvation to them.

Dangerous work, perhaps, you say, at the mercy of a depraved and angry crowd, with no help to be relied upon from the police (unless, as sometimes my comrades have done, we have happened to fall in with saved policemen). Dangerous! Yes, very dangerous, looked at from one point of view; but they dared not, could not harm us, for remember, we were not alone. There was One with us who night after night walks those dark streets alone, weeps over that sin-stained crowd, and yearns to save them. What joy to share His suffering, bear His reproach, and represent Him to the lost world!

Except us, out of those hundreds of human beings, there was not one to represent God and purity; the field seemed abandoned — given up to the devil, as if the hours of night were his by right. One question above all others kept rising to my lips, as I looked upon the crowd of lost ones, with no one to love them, no one to help them—Where are the thousands of Christian women to-night who profess to love the fallen? Ought

there not at least to be one pure woman to every lost one on the streets, to stretch out a hand of love and help?

"But no RESPECTABLE women should be on the streets at night!" Well, if it is so, I can only thank God that I belong to the Salvation Army—a people who are not "respectable," but who, as midnight soul-seekers, are winning the gratitude and love of the lost, and leading their sisters back to the paths of virtue, and righteousness, and peace.

Women's lips have too long been silent upon the subject. But some one must go to the rescue; some one must show to the careless and thoughtless the awful danger and the crying need for help. Whose hand and voice is better suited than that of woman? Her soul may shrink and sicken at the sight, and she may have to face scenes which above all are terrible to woman's sight, and hear stories that fill with horror a woman's breast. Yet who should take up her helpless sister's cause if she does not? for she, and she alone, can fully understand their needs. It is woman who rocks the cradle, and through her patient love can indirectly rule the world. Let her not stand by and see that cradle sacrileged, and woman's dearest crown kicked as a plaything through the mud and mire of the streets. Let charity, real charity, beginning at home, if you like, arise and break the shackles of false shame from every woman's lips, that in unselfish love she may proclaim herself to the world as her sister's keeper, the rescuer of the fallen and the accuser of those who, while condemning and throwing the stone, are not themselves "found without sin."

A judge sat on the bench, well clothed, well fed, and well spoken of by all. A wretched woman, ill clothed and starving, branded by the world as lost and in despair, stood before him in the dock. A heavy sentence

fell from his lips, and she had to go from his presence an accused and sentenced criminal; but as she turned to leave the court-room, her woman's heart as well as lips accused him as the one who first led her from the path of purity to that of ruin. Which was the greater criminal?

A chief-justice who had sent scores of women to prison for street-walking, himself died in a house of the very worst repute in the city. Was there not need of One who would judge justly, in the world to come, a man who had judged others with so large a mote in his own eye?

A Salvation lassie is arrested and brought to trial like any criminal for the simple offence of trying to reach with the Saviour's love a crowd of drunken, godless men in the street. Some weeks after her acquittal, a notorious house was raided by the police, and in it were found the mayor, city marshal, and town lawyer who had been so anxious and ready to bring retribution upon the head of one whom they chose to term "a disturber of the peace." Surely, the peace of such men should be disturbed.

A gentleman pays the keeper of one of these dark resorts to decoy some young and innocent girl to her house to meet him. She tells him that it will take time; but at last he gets word that the woman has succeeded in making the acquaintance in church of a beautiful young girl, whom she has invited to visit her house on the pretence of seeing some pictures. He goes there, enters the room, and to his horror stands face to face with his own daughter, whom the woman, having no knowledge of their relationship, has decoyed for his money.

How different such things appear when they touch home! Charity must be charity perverted that exists at home, and cannot even guard the homes of others. But this pillaging others' homes, sacrificing hearts and lives

upon the vile altar of selfishness, goes on daily and hourly; hence the need grows greater for women who will rise and by self-sacrificing lives endeavor to stem the downward torrent and save these poor, homeless, loveless creatures before they have been dashed hopelessly upon the rocks of despair. The gathering and saving them from utter degradation is one of the Army's most telling branches of work, though in its present form it has been only five years in operation. Were this the only work it accomplished, looked at quite apart from religion, and merely from a moral and social standpoint, it should call forth the interest and sympathy of every philanthropist and right-thinking man.

During the past five years two thousand two hundred and eighty-three girls have been received in the Rescue Homes. The number might seem small to those who have had no chance of estimating for themselves the difficulty of reaching them at all.

Yet it is not so hard to find those who long for a way of escape, but the Army homes, holding five hundred and ninety-two girls, are always full, and the twelve homes in Great Britain have, within the last year, been forced to turn away six hundred applicants.

Of the thirteen homes in different foreign lands, those in Australia are the most prosperous. This can be attributed largely to the appreciative Government support they receive. The Victorian Government had even made a grant to the Melbourne Home.

The Melbourne *Evening Herald* writes:

"A few days' attendance at the City Court will suffice to convince the most sceptical of the great good which the officers of the Salvation Army are doing among our criminal classes, especially among the gentler order.

. . . There is generally a Salvation Army officer in attendance. . . . Scarcely a day passes that the Refuge does not receive at least one recruit from the police cells; and it is a well-known fact that they seldom or never come back. An institution such as this, which redeems so many poor wretches from a career of evil, and saves them from the brand of the jail, is deserving of the fullest assistance and sympathy from the charitably disposed."

Of the girls received into the English homes, this is a brief account:

Passed to other homes	136
Sent to infirmary	144
Restored to friends	313
Working at a trade	38
Died	17
Emigrated	7
Married	28
Adopted	9
In service	1009
Total	1701

A staff of seventy-seven officers are employed in this work alone.

In spite of the bill for the protection of minors, fifty-six of these girls were under sixteen years of age. Many received into the homes are of the very worst grade, have been long steeped in crime and vice. One girl of twenty-four has been in prison thirty-one times. Another woman received had been sixty times in prison; a third girl of twenty-one had been forty-eight times in prison, and a fourth, only twenty-eight, had served five years at hard labor.

Shelter homes for women who had not enough money to pay for a night's lodging were opened in London in

1888, to accommodate two hundred and twenty-seven girls, and in the following year they were enlarged to hold two hundred and eighty-seven. The good accomplished thus received this testimony: "How many women have you in to-night?" asked a policeman of the Shelter Captain.

"Over a hundred."

"I mean to make a collection among the constables of the division for you. The women you take in we'd have to be following about, turning off door-steps and out of dark corners, all night long." But what must be the comfort and rest to the poor, tired, hunted women who before were turned off their miserable door-step beds all night long!

Before we pass on to raise the dark curtain of New York's midnight sights, what has the Salvation Army done for the unemployed, starving, homeless men of London? In different parts of the city men who would otherwise spend the night in the lockup have in the Army shelters been accommodated with a comfortable night's lodging and breakfast for two or four cents. Besides this, meetings are continually held among them, so that not only their bodies but their souls receive loving and patient care. Meals are provided for the starving, and the police are constantly directing unfortunates to places which prove to many the starting-point of a new life. These are in brief the stories of three of our American rescue cases:

Polly was sixteen years old, but looked much older, being of a tall and womanly build. She was a very rough, untamed character, and when the Army opened in the town where she lived, she instituted herself the ringleader of the rude band of young men who persecuted them. She would come into the hall surrounded

by them, and throughout the meeting would do her very best to disturb and break up the services by inciting others to laugh, shout, and whistle as loud as she did herself. She passed by the name of 'ten-cent Polly,' and could be seen at night in the lowest saloons drinking with the worst men of the city. One night the Captain was obliged to have her turned out of the hall, and in great indignation she vowed vengeance, and said that she would like to kill the Captain. The next day the Captain sought Polly out, and asked her personally what harm she had ever done her. Lovingly and tenderly she spoke to this girl so long hardened in crime, and as a result Polly determined to lead a better life. She was sent to the Rescue Home, which was then located in Brooklyn, and after many months of patient toil and loving dealing, through the power of Christ's love she became a changed girl. It is nearly three years ago that she left her home, and though her old companions prophesied that ten-cent Polly would soon be back again, she is daily being strengthened in her Christian life and in her resolution to be good. Polly is living in the family of a good minister, and has become a Sunday-school teacher. They say that they would not know what to do without her, she is such a help and comfort, and has become quite one of the family.

Poor little Jenny! She was not fifteen, and very childish in her ways, though big for her age. Yet what a story was hidden behind that pretty, rosy face! She was born in a poor home, surrounded by eight or nine brothers and sisters, so that she had to go to work when but twelve years old. Her father was a drinking man, and the people for whom she worked showed her anything but a good example. Not only were they dishonest themselves, but they forced her to do various petty

pilferings, for which she was arrested and brought to court.

The judge was obliged to remand her to the common jail for trial. But he pitied the childish face that looked up into his with dread and fear, and remarked to a reporter present that any Christian would be doing a good deed in rescuing her from the bad companionship of the jail, where alone he could place her. The reporter gave a brief account of the case in a New York daily, and a few days after she was taken from the prison by some Salvation Army officers, and was placed safely in the Rescue Home. The court record has simply, "The ladies of the Salvation Army took Jenny to a home in New York."

She had no knowledge whatever of religion, and had never prayed in her life; she could neither read nor write; but she was of a clinging nature. She was clothed, taught, and cared for with loving patience by the officers of the home, until the affectionate side of her nature began to open out beneath the sunshine of kindness, and the past experience of life faded like some bad dream.

One vile wrong, however, done to this child could not be undone nor chased from her memory. Some two months before her arrest she had been decoyed into a deserted house by a strolling circus performer; and the quarter given her by this blighter of her innocence and purity, though it seemed to the child of more importance, was but a poor mockery of the wrong done to her. Poor little Jenny! So young, and yet after she had been in the home some six or seven months, a tiny baby lay in her arms, whose father's name even she did not know. Two years have passed, and in a happy, comfortable home, Jenny's baby, saved for life from the

shame and knowledge of its parentage, is watched over by godly adopted parents, who lavish love and all that love can furnish upon the little one they have taken for their own.

The child's mother is also safe and happy, gaining an honest living in a country farm-house, and every letter brings better news as to her growth and health, good, honest behavior, and godliness.

I was called from my office one morning to see a poor girl who had come into headquarters, asking if we would help her. She had read a little paper bearing our address and a welcome to all in distress, which had found its way into a house of ill-fame where she lived; and had also heard from other girls of their meeting Salvation rescuers on the street at night.

I found her a wretched-looking picture, bathed in tears and smelling very strong of drink. "Oh, lady, will you take me in? will you take me in?" was all I could hear amid her sobs at first; but after some time I gathered fragments of her story. From babyhood she remembered nothing at home but drink, fighting, swearing, and vice. Coming to New York, about five years ago, she entered a low house, where she lived a poor slave, not only to vice, but, in fact, was seldom sober the whole time—fast bound by the power of drink. A drunken row and fight ended her connection with that house. After drinking hard for a week, and knowing not where to go, she came off to see me—under the influence of drink at the time; so much so, she afterward told me, that she could hardly remember her own name. I must confess that my heart misgave me. She was much older than most of our girls, and a drink case. I dreaded her influence over the then hopeful cases we had in the home, and I was not at all certain that she was sincere. I de-

termined, therefore, to test her by giving her money to pay her own fare to the home, and a note to the Captain. She seemed exceedingly grateful; was quite overpowered at being spoken to lovingly; and as I told her how we longed not only to make her good and happy, but to lead her to Jesus, her tears fell thick and fast upon my hand.

She arrived safely at the home, and kneeling in the Captain's little room, where every girl is prayed with on arrival, she sobbed out her thankfulness. It was a strange, new experience in her dark life to be loved and dealt with kindly, and with Jesus' blood it made of her a *new woman.* From the hour of her entrance she gave us no trouble, no anxiety, cost us no tears, except those of joy, and we soon saw in her daily life that Margaret was a truly saved woman. Every day her prayer grew more touching and beautiful. She had never learned to pray in a set, religious way, so, as a consequence, she just talked to God naturally as a little child. "Oh, dear Lord, I mean business, I do; if only you will help me, I will be good, and never do wrong any more," was one of her fervent prayers one day, and we noticed she never omitted to pray for "our precious Army, that has been the means of saving me; you know I owe all to it, O Lord." Many were the tears she shed on leaving the home for her situation, to which we were able to send her with the strongest recommendation, feeling at the same time that we were parting with one who had become really wound around our hearts. She is now married, and living a respectable life in a Connecticut village.

We have two homes of hope in America, where these lost ones are being lovingly and tenderly cared for and reclaimed, and, as the work grows stronger, we hope to open similar ones in many other cities of the States, for in this, as in other countries, it is a much-needed work.

You have only to walk down Water Street to see women selling themselves publicly at the doors, or look at the pretendedly busy stores of a certain street, where young women are almost forcibly dragged in by the procuresses on watch for their victims.

In the more fashionable parts of New York City this blight is also to be found on many a fair brow, while Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, and 'Frisco are regular markets in the white slave trade. In the backwoods of Marionette, Mich., unsuspecting girls are decoyed to a short life worse than death, that often ends in murder, unknown and unpunished, behind the stockades.

Women so debased that all trace of womanliness is gone can be found in the vile opium dens of 'Frisco, and, worst of all, the papers almost daily report the discovery or arrest of some vile wretches who have made their living for years out of the sale of children and girls whom they have decoyed.

Let it never be said again that the Salvation Army is not needed in America, until the last hopeless woman has been lovingly shown the way of escape, and until the social evil curse has been wiped from the land.

"Homeless! uncared for! cast off in disgrace!
She stands with the light of the lamp in her face.
Stricken with anguish and burdened with shame,
She thinks of the past and curses his name.
So beautiful once that the proud of the land
Felt honored to offer the maiden their hand;
No gift was too costly—no mansion too gay;
All waited—prized highly what she had to say.

* * * * * * *

Go to her—tell her that Jesus can save;
Take up your cross—face the wind and be brave;
She is out in the storm! wherever you be
Go, say to her tenderly, 'Mercy is free.'"

—*Ballington Booth.*

CHAPTER VII.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

"Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out! Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple. 'Nay,' you say, 'it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street. What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces, you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf with privy paw" (bishops not knowing anything about it) "daily devours apace and nothing said." "That's not our idea of a bishop.' Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's idea, and it was Milton's."—*Ruskin.*

A DAMP, thick fog hung over the city, making the lamp lights glimmer faintly through the thick darkness, and the night air was raw and chilly. Very glad I was to leave the night without and turn into the poor dwelling whither my steps had been bent.

The room was very small and poorly furnished, but the lighted candle shining on walls and floor revealed that the inmates of this little home defied at least two of the attendants of poverty—namely, dirt and disorder.

A deal table, chairs, and a few cooking utensils and plates made up the sum of household property. The floor was not carpeted, neither were the walls papered or decorated with pictures.

Around the table, with closed eyes, uplifted faces, and

clasped hands, knelt six young women. They were poorly clad—threadbare dress, coarse aprons, and tattered shawls, which spoke of hard work and little pay. All this could be read at a glance. As I watched I listened; then I heard them sing these words:

"Give me a heart like thine. Give me a heart like thine.
By thy wonderful power, and thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like thine."

And as I watched their faces, down which tears were slowly coursing, I saw them light up with a brave, sweet smile that spoke of noble purposes and realized strength.

Strange scene! Who were these women? Why sought they this great gift of Divine love?

Salvation uniforms of Army blue cloth, with bonnets to shield these young heads from the winter cold, had been thrown aside; comfortable homes had been forgotten; the companionship of equals had been exchanged for a very different society. All—all had been renounced for a dress and lodging that would bring them down upon the low level of the outcast poor, whose bitter cry had touched their hearts, bringing with it the realization that, as Christ's women, their feet must tread where the Saviour's footprints would have been found—where they were most needed. These were the pioneer slum saviours, consecrated to live and work among the lowest and vilest tenements and alleys of London.

Shall we look at these haunts which their patient feet must tread?

Narrow alleys—so narrow that two can hardly pass each other, and the adjacent houses seem almost to meet overhead; alleys where no scavenger or sanitary board thought it worth while to expend much of their attention; hot-beds of small-pox and fevers; so impure and pestilential that any stranger visiting these haunts

could scarcely breathe the fetid air, and would sometimes have been literally driven backward on opening suddenly some attic door, or diving into the darkness of some cellar. Those cellars, damp, and dark, and cold, reeking with rotten vegetable matter and the accumulated filth of years, so that it seemed almost impossible for the starved cats of the neighborhood to shelter there. But incredible as it may seem, human beings crowded nightly to these wretched cellars, which, in some instances, were rented out at a dollar a week, and used as homes by large families. Tenements with rotten, creaking stairs, and roofs through which the rain and snow could find an easy access to the garrets, were common. All the rooms were much of the same character as the cellars and garrets, so far as cleanliness is concerned—filth, stench, and discomfort everywhere.

Then the lodging-houses, with great bare rooms, where scores of people are horded together like cattle, with fireplaces at each end of the room, and hard, wooden benches round it for sleeping purposes. Here people cook, eat, sleep, fight, drink, and die, at one and the same time, each regardless and careless of the other's actions. But they baffle description; hence it is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of what the slums were when these brave girls started out to bring help and light into the darkness.

It is true that in the lowest strata of the earth the veins of pure gold are found, but they are often so mixed with worthless materials that none but a prospector or geologist would recognize it. Most people have never known gold except as a precious polished metal wrought into jewelry in a store, or as coin of the realm newly issued from the mint. But there is more precious gold as yet unmined, not having been touched by the water that

cleanses, or the fire that makes pure, or the hand that polishes.

So it needs the Christ-trained, loving eye to detect God's gold when covered, as it is in these slums, with overlying strata upon which no drill or hammer of eloquence, logic, or education can make the slightest impression. It may seem out of place to liken love to dynamite; yet truly I have seen it produce the same effect upon this lower stratum of humanity that I saw that explosive accomplish in the Colorado mines. Many are the obstacles that stand between these people and the outer world. They can hardly be realized or shown in their true light.

Still more difficult is it to describe the people of the slums. Surely, heart and pen would fail before the picture of this humanity, frozen into brutality, was half painted. India and Africa have their heathen, with black skins and stone gods, but they pale before the life stories of these white home heathen; white—no, they are blackened with dirt and brutal blows; people who have never heard the name of Jesus, and ask, "Does that there man live round these parts?" who only know the name of God in oaths; strangers to the existence of heaven, but only too well acquainted with hell, because they live in its earthly shadow; men and women made after the same mould as the rest of mankind, but marred by vice, disease, and hard usage; whose parents curse them when born, beat them before they can walk, and give them drink instead of food.

Little new-born twins lay on a wretched bed by a worn, wasted mother's side. Five adults in one family lived in that one small room, and they represented three generations. Two days, and she had "only had a drink of tea, and, as for the children, I wish they, one or both of

them, would die right away, though my daughter don't, poor thing." That old woman's words rang in my ears long afterward, and I can hear the bitter, despairing voice even now. With such a welcome many a slum baby begins the first chapter of its life; then follow years of hunger and ill-usage; long hours of work, for which a mere pittance can be gained; and then a pauper's grave, or perhaps the rope, or maybe the cold lapping of the river water on "one more unfortunate" stranded on the muddy shore.

Is it any wonder that humanity and goodness are crushed out of recognition in many of these people, and that they become blighted and hardened?

I saw a woman crouching on the floor by an old packing-case, which served as a table, and was the only piece of furniture in the room; her hair was matted, and her face bloated and hardened in expression, so far as I could see it beneath the dirt and perspiration with which it was coated. One garment—an old torn dress, which was a poor attempt at clothing—was all she wore; and it was winter—doubly winter to her in that fireless garret. From six in the morning till far into the night she worked at match-box making, to support a sick husband and two babies. Her pay was five cents for twelve dozen match-boxes, and out of that she was obliged to find her paste and string. Many weary miles she had to tramp to and from the factory with her load, and was often kept waiting hours before she could receive her pay.

"I have no time to wash the children or make the place clean, nor to wash myself either. It is work, work, work, or die. Perhaps there's a better place after, for we need it sore, and sure there can't be nothing a bit worse than this." I do not wonder at these words from their lips, and since then I have better understood and

wondered less at such women trying to drown feeling in drink, or at last casting themselves from some "bridge of sighs."

Mothers now happy, wealthy, and educated, might have done the same under the same circumstances.

It is impossible to explain how hard these people are to reach. They have become hardened to human feeling, and some seem to have lost it altogether. Imagine this scene: In a small, hot room a wake is being held. So small is the room that there is no space for the coffin to lie among those assembled, so they have stood it up in a corner, and have propped the corpse up at the table with a pipe jammed between its stiff, dead lips. The corpse has been kept three weeks hid, so that the health officers could not find it, until the relations could get money enough to keep the funeral well. They seem to have done so to their own satisfaction, for they are lying drunk all over the place, utterly regardless of the presence of death, themselves breathing in the fetid air of death with the fumes of the whiskey.

Look again. Here is a large room in a lodging-house; a fire at each end, over which men sit smoking, and women toast herring for the evening meal. Children fight and play on the dirty floor, while around the room some weary tramps are sleeping on the hard benches.

Three young girls enter; one of them has a guitar, and unasked they begin to sing a sweet, soft refrain, with words of peace, life, and joy, which can be gained before the hour of death, to last eternally.

The people listen, when suddenly the stillness is broken by a heavy groan. "What is that?" ask the young Salvationists. "Oh, nothing," is the answer, "only that woman over there drunk!" Again is heard the groan, and yet once more it stops the singing, and then, hasten-

ing to the woman's side, they are just in time to see her gasp and die. With blanched faces they turn to the crowd, who look on with perfect indifference, and turn again to toast their herrings, smoke their pipes, and to laugh and talk, making only the comment that "it's a good job, for she's a bad un."

Still once more let us lift this dark curtain. This time we see through the twilight a dreary little attic, with an aged, filthy-looking man in an old arm-chair beside a fire. The same girls we have seen before stand by him, and with loving hands, as if he was their own father, they bathe his face and hands, and make him a cup of tea over the little fire which they have kindled.

Through weeks this scene can be witnessed, only instead of the blank, careworn look, upon the wrinkled face rests a peace that the world giveth not, and even joy can be read there. But now the shadow of death is falling; over fourscore years are past, with but a few more grains of sand in life's hour-glass to run. Tenderly the girls whom he has looked upon as ministering angels press him to leave the old arm-chair in which he had sat day and night for months, and lie down upon the bed. "No," he whispers faintly, "my daughters would not like it; that is where they sleep." But he yields to pressure, and exhausted sinks back upon what was soon to be his death-bed.

When the sun is bright at noonday, what a sight meets our eyes, as it also meets the eyes of the two young girls, who cling to each other in horror!

At the foot of the bed, at the door, thrown carelessly in a heap, lies all that is left of the poor old man—a stiff, white corpse; and the landlady, looking over their shoulders, explains: "Oh, that is what his daughters did! They came back and found him sleeping in their

bed, and they were so mad they dragged him out and threw him down there; he must have died in the night."

These are the people as they appear; but in almost all cases beneath the hardened, brutal, overlying crust there is some one chord in the heart that can be touched and made to give out music in response; some spot that can, by sympathy, be made, as it were, to leaven the whole.

Just behind the noisy swinging door of a large saloon upon a cold, wet night, my sister found a tiny child. She appeared to be but three or four summers old, though her little face and limbs were pinched and wan through hunger and cold. It was near eleven o'clock, and stooping over the little crouching figure on the wet sidewalk, she saw that this bare-footed, shivering piece of babyhood had something closely wrapped in her ragged dress. Pityingly my sister asked what she did there; but instead of a lisping baby answer, an old-fashioned little voice replied, "Selling matches, ma'am." But it was very late, she urged; why did not the little one go home? "'Cause I hain't sold my matches, and mother'd beat me if I come home with um."

With a pitying heart, Miss Emma Booth gave the little child more than the worth of the matches, and bade her go home. Gathering her little body up with a shake of the damp rags, the child was just about to rush off into the darkness, when my sister stopped her, and to make sure of her destination, asked, "Are you going home now?" "No," was the decided answer, which mystified Miss Booth more than ever. So once more she asked why not. "'Cause I'm goin' round the corner to help my sister sell hern. She hain't sold um." Very likely brought up in a drunken home, as accustomed to blows and curses as we were in childhood to kisses, yet

in that little crushed heart there burned brightly a ray of pure and unselfish love.

The philosopher's stone, which was believed of old to possess a quality that would turn anything touched into gold, is still unfound, but the touchstone of love has truly revealed nuggets of God's gold beneath the wretched rags of these poor, uncared-for beings. This is the secret of the Salvation Army workers' success. You might hammer on a piece of ice and make but a small dent, but with a fine needle you could split it to fragments. Just so Salvationists found that it was useless to preach, reprove, and blame the poor and vicious of this class. But could they once be made to feel that they were truly loved, half the battle would be won. Love may seem small, but it is mighty.

Much thought has been spent upon the problem of how to better the wretched condition of the people. The subject has been written and talked over thoroughly. Some said they should have free education; others advised the building of better houses; all very good, but still the main spring was left untouched, for we read that it is "out of the heart" that all evil proceeds. These people would soon make the new houses as dirty and wretched as the old, and education, which would only reach the coming generation, would be used in many instances for the craftier accomplishment of crime.

So it was determined by the Salvation Army to strike at the root, to better society by bettering the individual, not his circumstances; to cleanse the life by making good the heart, after which his surroundings would be improved as a natural consequence. So adaptation was carried still further and lower; uniforms were replaced by poor, worn-out clothes, such as the people wore themselves, and a small room was taken in their very midst,

so that the girls who lived there became literally of the people.

They do not visit with tracts or Bible as the means of entrance into their neighbors' "homes," nor do they speak of religion until they have gained the confidence of the people. Had they done so, doors would have been slammed in their faces, and they would have been told to "get along with you; the likes of us have no use for religious rot; you don't know what's good for us, you have never been there." Anything ostentatious, patronizing, or unwise would have blocked their way at once. They might not appear richer, better educated, or sanctimonious through their own representation, yet the people watched their lives, and read them for themselves. No money, blankets, or coal was to be distributed; pauperizing the people would only retard self-help instead of teaching it.

Then again, were these desirable gifts expected and given, all the district would become religious at once, and the religion would last as long as the coal and money supply held out, after which it would be "get out, you and your old religion."

So all the wealth they had to give was love, which shone forth by the giving of all their time, and the work lovingly done brought a softening influence with it. They did, however, give broth and gruel where they found starvation.

Their weapons of war were pails, soap, and scrubbing-brushes. Was a neighbor too sick to help herself, they would offer their services, saying they had got through with their own floor-scrubbing. The children would be washed, the room made clean and tidy, the sad story of the sick listened to, and, oh, what a relief would come with the outpouring of the heart! Then, as they washed

and scrubbed, they would sing snatches of refrains such as this,

> "Oh, the blood of Jesus, the precious blood of Jesus!
> Oh, the blood of Jesus, it cleanses from all sin!"

and if interrupted by the bitter remark, "Oh, what's the use of my being good; no one loves me or cares a straw what happens to me," without arguing the words would be slightly changed, and sweetly the chorus would ring out,

> "Oh, the love of Jesus, the precious love of Jesus!
> Oh, the love of Jesus, it's just the thing for you!"

Thus they work their way into many homes, and sing an entrance into still more hearts.

Sitting on the floor by the match-box maker, they would help her in her work and talk of Jesus. Standing at the wash-tub in the place of the one who gained her living in that work, but who was too sick to do herself that which must be done to keep the wolf from the door, they would tell how they learned to love and help others through the knowledge of God. The sick were nursed, the dying watched to the last through day or night, and given little delicacies made by the same loving hands that after death would wash and dress the poor shattered form for the grave.

The work succeeded. Those who had no interest in life were raised and inspired to help themselves. God was brought into godless homes, and Jesus accepted simply as Saviour and present friend by scores who never knew before of His sacrifice and death for them; from scores of wretched garrets redeemed ones entered through death's portal into a land where none are poor, leaving behind them testimonies that had no uncertain sound.

Life-long drunkards gave up drink, and shortly after, as a natural consequence, were enabled to move into better neighborhoods, and begin life afresh.

The cry of starved children (and that cry once heard can never be forgotten) was stilled by loving, patient hearts that showed those little ones, who knew no mother's love, what love meant. Loving mothers (for there are some such in the slums), whose hearts were breaking over dying children, were comforted through the dark watches of the night by those who acted and felt like sisters to them.

It needs real courage to face the fight and pass through the scenes that occur almost daily and nightly around a little slum home. When small-pox is about or fevers are raging, the slum girls do not forsake their post, and none of them have ever lost their life through thus being willing to lose it for the sake of others.

During the fiend's reign of terror in Whitechapel, when the inhabitants dared not venture into the dark alleys or shady corners after dusk, the slum girls came and went as ever. They knew no fear, and went about their errands of mercy to calm and cheer others. This is what one of them writes :

"It was most difficult to get the dear woman we visited to think or speak of anything but the crimes, one of which had been committed just at her door."

"This place is the gates of hell," she said. "Look at the very children, how they fight and threaten each other! 'I'll murder you,' they say, as natural as anything. And the grown-up people teach 'em, too!"

No; she was "not right" herself, she knew, but horrors seem to harden rather than soften people! Our lasses have three converts living in this yard, however.

"Here is the scene of one of the earliest butcheries. Just there, on that flight of steps, one of the bodies was found, and I was visiting the woman who lives in the cellar beneath them the other day."

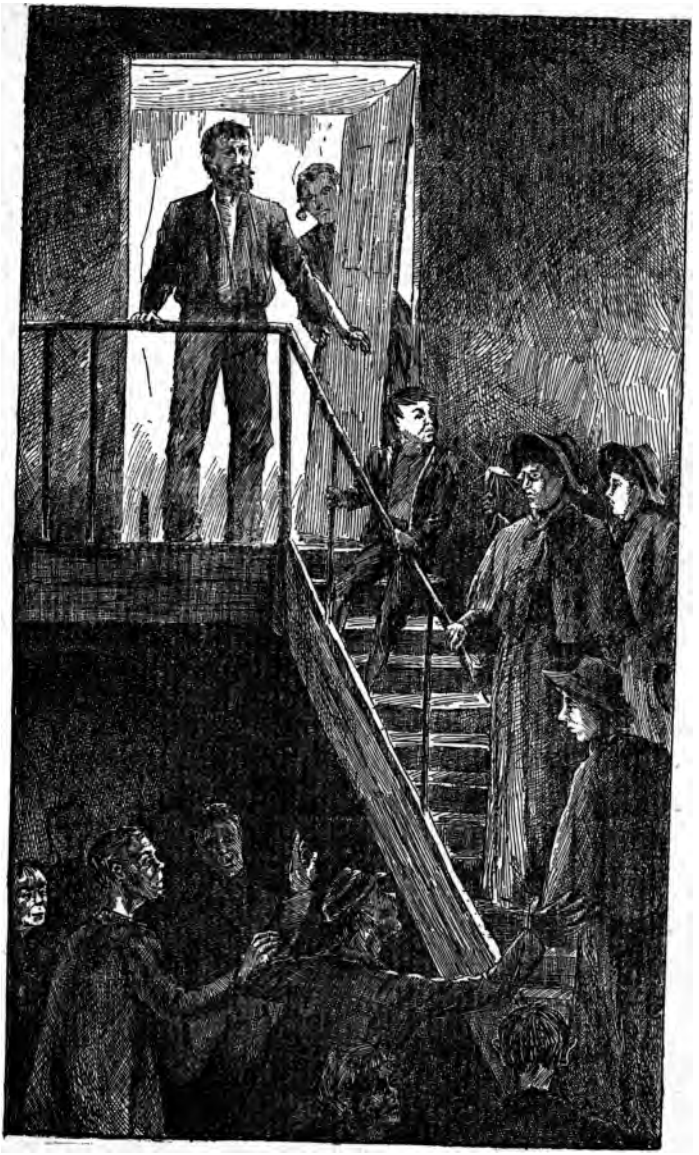
No salaries were desired by these dear girls. All they wanted was food and clothing, with money to pay their rent and to get necessaries for the sick and starving. The motive of their labor was love, not money, and this has always been their power with the poor. The thought of making money in a work that, above all others, should be characterized by a total disregard of self-interest or self-glory, would never be tolerated by the true Salvationist.

There is much more than can be told of how this work has begun and spread from one little room and six young girls from the Army Training Home, until it numbers sixty officers in twenty-five slum homes in the city of London alone.

During one year meetings have been held, including 1671 lodging-house meetings; 37,512 hours were spent in visiting; 85,328 families were visited; 51,654 families were prayed with; 6360 public-houses and 319 brothels were visited; 70 fallen girls were rescued; 1342 sick people were visited and nursed; 900 professed salvation through officers' labors; 72 of our converts died trusting in Christ; 6222 garments were distributed, and about 4000 people were assisted by food, clothes, etc.; 1504 children were admitted to our *crèches*.

The income for the year has amounted to $10,401.05, and the expenditure, $9,664.15; $5 per week, or $260 a year, will maintain a slum post, and $1.55 a week, or $84.40 per year, will maintain a slum missionary.

The work has also spread to other cities, and over the ocean to other countries, where the slums are as dark and



SLUM WORK IN LONDON.

the need is as great as in the Whitechapel and Seven Dials haunts of outcast London.

> "O, patient Christ-like mission,
> Stooping low to man's condition,
> Others catch thy flame of love,
> Ever kindled from above,
> Till the darkness fleeth,
> And the blind one seeth,
> And the bound one leapeth,
> Happy evermore."
>
> —*Ballington Booth.*

CHAPTER VIII.

HEATHEN AT HOME.

"We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors."
—*Canon Furrar.*

"Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin:
These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, 'Lo here,' said He,
'The images ye have made of me.'"
—*Lowell.*

READERS of the previous chapter may say, perhaps, that there are no such places in America, and we might have said the same a week ago as we crossed Brooklyn Bridge, little dreaming that below us were thousands living in misery and sin, without a single hand stretched out to help them.

It is one thing to hear of flood, or famine, or pestilence a thousand miles away, and it is quite another to live through it or in it, to know the people, the streets and houses where tragedies are enacted, and to be more or less moved as one's heart is more or less sensitive to the sufferings of others.

New York people are not responsible for what occurs in Whitechapel, but they are wofully responsible for Water Street and the Bowery.

If the crowds who cross the Bridge in one day could

be shown the guilt and crime in the streets beneath them on the New York side alone, they could never again be the same men and women that they were before.

It is not enough to sit in one's home or office and read what "Nell Nelson" has seen in visiting the poor; no reading, no description will do the work. It must be seen to be realized, and, once seen, men will never again be content with sending excursion tickets, nor women with furnishing baby-linen, even if it be of the "finest cambric and lace-trimmed"—qualifications which, in many cases, only hasten its consignment to the pawn-shop.

We do not wonder that men and women grieve over the fruitlessness of charitable work.

A wretched-looking woman, for whom "hag" seemed the only appropriate term, was met one day last winter barefoot, and, drunk as she was, there was nothing for it but to give her a pair of boots. She was told that they must be accounted for, but, in spite of the warning, the next night found them in the pawn-shop.

Every active member of every charitable association in the country knows of such cases, and perhaps charges it to lack of civilization, thinking that when two or three generations have ploughed deep with music, poetry, and art, even the lower strata will have absorbed a little of their refinement and will be more amenable to culture.

No one can estimate the outlay of real earnestness and good intention that is expended and, to say the least, seems fruitless.

If it seems so in small communities, how much more hopeless it must seem to earnest Christians in large cities, as they read the daily record of sin and want and crime at their very doors; but water wears away stone, not by force, but by often falling, and the first drops in what we believe will be a shower of blessings to New York

slums fell last week in the worst neighborhood in the city.

There were four of us, two workers who had been on the premises five days, and two "reporters" who had gone down for Saturday and Sunday, to see what the Fourth Ward had to offer as a field for missionary work.

It had been an ordeal to cross the ferry in our slum attire, old hats and shoes, calico wrappers and check aprons the worse for wear, but we had controlled our feelings, and were far above the comments of our better-dressed neighbors. Two rooms, a kitchen and small, dark bedroom adjoining, had been rented, and had been scrubbed until they were as clean and neat as home, with no furniture but bed, tables, chairs, and the necessary crockery. In the same house were Irish, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Italians, while the front room on the same floor was rented by two men who were supposed to live alone, but at midnight through the thin partition could be heard women's voices, showing unmistakably the character of the place.

Next door was a family of what our foreign lass called "China people," probably the quietest family on the street. We only saw them occasionally, as the man came now and then to inspect the herrings that he was drying on the roof of the outhouses.

Monosyllabic names are the order of the day among the natives; so we adapted ourselves as usual to existing circumstances, and became known to each other and the angels as "Em, Liz, Mat, and Mame."

We had heard uncomplimentary remarks as we came up from the ferry—the two in the rear getting the full benefit of the comments—such as, "Here are some greens for you," "One cent-ers," and—this from a little child

—"Country folks are out;" but we felt equal to much more than that when we had knelt to ask God's guidance and protection, and passed out again to see for ourselves how the poor spent their Saturday nights.

Through the long, dark passage we made our way to the street, which literally swarmed with men, women, and children.

We did not walk, we only picked our way in and out, avoiding here a man lying drunk, and there a group of quarrelling women, with babies as carelessly strewn around as though life were a matter of indifference.

We had heard of Water Street, and were prepared for the sight that met our eyes—a sight that no true woman would look upon but for Christ's sake, because we believe that even there are souls for which He died and which, after all, have human hearts that can be touched and purified in some point.

The street, like those we had left, was alive with people, and in front of the low shops were women and girls dressed in white—whited sepulchres, indeed—fanning themselves as they walked up and down looking for victims. Twice Em's dress was pulled by one of the beastly old women who keep these places, but a glance at her face was enough, and the question died away as the wretched creature slunk out of sight.. Here a girl slips her arm in ours as she sings a ribald song, and we hold her for an instant while we ask, "How old are you, my child?" to which the girl replies, "Fifteen." On we go, through Cherry, Division, Catharine, Mulberry, and Park streets, Paradise Park, Baxter, James, Roosevelt, and Oliver streets, threading our way in and out, seeing sights that make us feel as though, like King Henry, we should never smile again.

Not one of these streets named but would have fur-

nished employment for a dozen missionaries. On a certain street we counted more than twenty fine-looking millinery stores, with apparently a large and valuable stock on hand, which seemed very strange, brilliantly lighted, and a brazen creature invites us in, in spite of our poverty. On —— Street are clothing stores, following the same plan, and all around vile creatures live their life of shame there day and night.

On Mulberry Street it is difficult to make one's way even in single file, there are so many fighting men, and babies asleep on the pavement, in the gutter, on steps, and even in the hand-carts that line the street on both sides. In the Bowery, Liz and Mame paid a dime for the privilege of looking, not at the show, but at the audience, and they found that out of one hundred and fifty spectators in gallery seats, at least two thirds were boys under sixteen years of age, and in the front row was one little fellow in petticoats, evidently bored, in spite of the music and the light, by listening to jests and singing only half audible.

On James Street it had been even worse the night before, Em told us. She had seen two women fighting, each with a child in her arms, and one of them having a child on each side clinging to her skirts. This one had been taken by the police and the three children with her, and the other was left with blood streaming down one side of her face, disfigured with scratches.

On Catharine Street we had bought some fresh watermelon, having taken the precaution to see it cut, and we sat down to rest on some steps where there were several little boys in dresses. One of them picked up a bunch of parsley that we had bought for a cent and then thrown away, and though he was not more than three years old, resented our intrusion by throwing it at Liz with a force

that she found it difficult to get over—mentally, if not physically.

A few minutes' rest, and we were off again, finding our homeward march more impeded than our first progress had been. Three hours had made the babies more cross and the mothers more quarrelsome; there were several dangerous-looking fights, and scores of drunken men and women lying around.

On the whole, we had been less molested than we had expected, but we felt as if that night had made a vast gulf between the past and the future, and that life never would satisfy us again unless we could do something, however small, to check the wickedness that we had only seen on its surface.

The two quiet rooms seemed a paradise to us when we finally reached them, and Em voiced all our thoughts when she said, "That is what *we* see; think what God sees." We were too tired even to write our notes; so, after prayers, two took the bed and two a mattress on the floor, and we slept as well as we could in a house where there were evidently several drinking parties going on.

In fact, the most perplexing problem in the whole question is, *when* these people sleep. We leave them drinking and talking, we hear them talking at intervals all night, and we find them drinking when we go out early. Babies are awake when we come in, and awake when we go out again.

On Sunday, Em was getting water for breakfast, when one of the lodgers upstairs came down, and she, bidding him "Good morning," began to talk to him. His speaking of "headache" served as a wedge for a sermon, which he received with the utmost good-nature, saying, "Yes, madam, I'll talk to you when I'm fit; I ain't fit

now. I've been drinking all night. Yes, I know it's very foolish to drink; I just paid ten cents for a glass, and now I'm going to throw it all up again. It ought to stay down, when you pay ten cents for it." Em retired from the field, and reported to the rest of the party, who meditated on old Roman banquets in high life, and the way that extremes meet. Another lodger apologized to us in the entry, and explained that he didn't like us to see him drunk, but he would be better soon, as he had only drunk "three beers."

Sunday we had planned to spend in visiting from house to house; so Em and Liz go off in one direction, while Mat and Mame take another. On the corner of Roosevelt Street stands a woman with a baby on her arm—American, judging by appearance and accent—pleading with a man who shakes her off with curses and the remark that she has no claim on him. Drunken women and men lie about stupefied, and those who are not drunk are filthy beyond description. On one door-step on James Street sat a woman with goitre, the most repulsive-looking creature imaginable. Another sat with a naked child on her lap; and as we turned into Oliver Street we became aware of some commotion connected with ourselves, which evidently afforded great amusement to all around. Turning slightly, we saw across the road a tall, fine-looking policeman, very drunk, taking off his hat, and giving us an elaborate salute. The thought did occur to us that in case we were assaulted, it would go hard with us, if we were obliged to depend upon that officer of the law.

On every corner were fruit stalls in full swing, candy stores, markets, and toy-shops, all open and doing a thriving business, the only reminders of Sunday being two or three Roman Catholic prayer-books in the hands of

women on their way to or from church. We visited five families, promising medicine for sick babies, cheering an old woman who had been bedridden for ten years, and urging them to send for us if they needed help or sympathy.

We went out by way of Water Street, and found it just as bad on Sunday as it had been on Saturday, the women looking even worse by daylight.

We had been out an hour and a half when Em and Liz returned and told their story.

"We went through an alley and a yard with tall houses all around it, and up two flights of filthy stairs into a room where sat a poor man dying of consumption. They had been cooking cabbage, and the poor fellow lay with his head on the window-sill, gasping for breath. He could not sleep for the noise, he said; singing and dancing on the landings all night, as well as all day; he would be so glad if it were only quiet; he knew that the doctor had given him up; yes, he had had medicine; his sister went to the doctor, and he gave her medicine without asking what ailed him, and the medicine had made him much worse.

"He took the little pail of gruel and drank some, and we left him with a few words about the Friend who never fails us.

"In the next house we went into there were thirty families; the first we met was an old woman, who was very fierce at first, but relented when we noticed that her arm was in a sling, and asked her all about it very sympathetically. She said that a piece of the bone was coming out, and the doctor said that nothing could be done for it while she persisted in working. She said that she washed for a living, and was quite melted down when we offered to come up on Monday and wash for her.

"In the next room they were all Germans, and we had the door shut in our faces. On the floor above we found an old man, and on the bed lay a baby thick with dirt, and only one dirty little garment on it. The child's story was given by the old man as follows: 'Lies there all day, or else on the floor; worst of it is, it's my daughter's baby, and has no father; she's a bad lot; wife's a bad lot, too; on Blackwell's Island; other daughter at House of Good Shepherd; baby only lives out of spite.' The poor little thing was so merry and pleasant, too, and tried to sit up, though its poor little back was so raw that it must have been more comfortable sitting than lying. Em took it on her knee, and talked to the old man about God. While she was talking the daughter came in with a bottle of milk, and you should have seen the baby clutch for it.

"In the rear was another house, and in the first room we entered were four women who looked at us very suspiciously, until we explained that we had come to see the sick, and then they were very friendly.

"The next that we came to was an old woman, who told us of all that she suffered when her son came home drunk. We could easily believe it when the son came in and greeted our first remarks with a curse and 'You shut up on that racket; we don't want none of your Moody and Sankey stuff, nor your Salvation Army round here.' 'Is that your mother?' asked Liz; but 'You get out of here!' was the only response. Everywhere we found the same misery, varied a little by circumstances and the number of individuals. In one room, five women of bad character; in the next, an old woman who slept on the roof to get out of hearing, and sometimes to escape from the deaf-and-dumb son who ill-used her. Em told her that we lived close by and would be

glad to help her if she ever wanted a friend. In one place we had a chance to pray with a Methodist, the only Protestant we had met in this day's visiting, except possibly a young woman who was a native of Troy, and would not unpack her trunk in the room where she was. Her voluble descriptions of the dirt, the bugs, the rotting boards, etc., were most graphic. She fed her baby boy on coffee, and slept out on the fire-escape to get fresh air, and avoid being devoured."

We had seen enough to destroy the appetite of a farmer's boy, but nevertheless the Lord mercifully put the disagreeable side away from us, and we enjoyed our frugal meal and an after-dinner nap before we started out again for "fresh fields and pastures new." The first sight was enough. On the corner steps lay a woman dressed in silk, with a pair of French kid boots lying on the step below, just as she had thrown them off. Just as we stepped up to her, a policeman turned the corner, and we made way for the officer of the law. He took in the situation at a glance, and awoke the woman by grasping her hair and hitting her head violently against the door—measures evidently necessary, as it was difficult to arouse her even then. But she was finally got on her feet and started toward home.

Mat and Mame will never forget that Sunday afternoon, for they found the Irishwomen on Oliver Street evidently in league, for every inquiry for the sick brought directions into houses whose character was evident as soon as they entered. There may have been sick babies there, but Mat at least was not going to stay long enough to see them, and her hasty flight downstairs was fortunately not heard for the dancing and noise going on above.

"You must be Protestants," said one woman to us;

"you Protestants do more for the sick than Catholics do."

One old virago threatened violence and howled after us: "The soul can't be sick." "Yes, it can, too," said another, "*my* soul is sick." Still another was found who had only been over from Ireland three months; she cleaned offices for fifteen dollars a month, seven dollars and a half of which she paid for the rent of two small rooms, and out of the rest she fed and clothed herself and three little children. No wonder that the little ones clutch ravenously at any food that they see, and there is a curious tone of pleasure in the women's voices as they ask you how old you would take their babies to be. You look at the little, shrunken form and answer honestly, "Six months." "Eighteen months," or "Twenty months," is the mother's reply, and your astonishment is as comforting as an error of the opposite kind is to wealthier mothers.

When we came together at night, Em and Liz had visited twenty-eight families in their homes, and Mat and Mame nine, as the latter had preferred doorstep visitations, after their first experiences. Probably ninety or one hundred people had been talked with, and had received much sympathy and kind words. Several had had a breakfast of the nicest gruel ever made, and two or three sick had been given medicine. We realized, though, in connection with this part of our work, the truth of Shakespeare's saying, that in these times

> "Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
> Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good."

However, we shall soon be more troubled to supply the demand, as soon as our remedies are known.

It is very much to see that even in these few days the

hard faces relax when they catch a glimpse of us, and that stairs have been swept and washed since we went up them first, and that three or four who have been visited daily are beginning to wear shoes and stockings and to tidy up their rooms a little.

We felt that we had earned a Sunday evening's rest, and so we filed into a back seat at a certain mission, to the evident satisfaction of the leaders, who were most kind and attentive. Some of the testimonies were definite and straight, of men who eight months ago had been thieves and drunkards, but were now saved and honest. One poor fellow who had strayed in drunk and had gone to sleep was roughly handled, unnecessarily we thought, as he was perfectly quiet, but apart from that the meeting was very still and orderly, and at the close four stalwart men, the only "roughs" in the room except the drunken man, raised their hands for prayers. We only wished that there had been a penitent form to make this profession more definite. We enjoyed the meeting, except when we looked at songs written by Army leaders, with other names attached, such as Bandmaster Fry's "Lily of the Valley," "Copyright 1885, John J. H——."

Monday we spent in visiting and making up a fresh lot of the "cordial" for sick babies, for which the increasing heat foreboded great need.

We felt as though we would like to divide these streets among the religious bodies of New York City, and turn out all other business for one week until this part of the city was purified. As it is to-day, it is a lasting disgrace to civilization and to the expenditure for charities that city statistics show.

The Salvation Army is not likely to fall into the error of unnecessary giving; their own poverty is their safe-

guard, and, like Peter, their greeting is, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I unto thee." They come to the poor, not with excursion tickets, good as these are; not with clothing and food, which they would gladly give if they had them; but with loving words and sympathy. They take a sick baby and bathe it, giving it the milk that was intended for their own tea. Does any one dare to think that that milk does not carry with it something that is never bought? They find a poor woman sick, and they make up her bed, sweep the room, and promise to come on Monday and do her washing.

Not very sentimental work, but it takes more religion than most people ever realized. Our girls found women by no means insensible to kindness. On their first visits, women refused to let them wash their floors, or dishes, or babies, saying shamefacedly, "No; we will do that; you are very kind;" and the next visit found things very much better. More than one hundred families were visited the first week, and if a few more Christ-like girls could be found equal to the sacrifice, the work would make itself felt very speedily.

Knowing the social ban under which the Army works —a ban which is harder to remove from the slums than from Fifth Avenue, these workers have cut themselves off from all Army literature, uniform, etc., and are first winning their way into hearts. That done, their work will be easier.

Comparing it with London, the verdict was, "Less poverty, but more wickedness." We found very few really starving except among old women and babies; the others seemed to eat and drink in abundance. Little Neck clams, Worcestershire sauce, ham and eggs, fruit, pastry from the baker's, we could not help noticing in

one or two very poor rooms, to say nothing of the beer, which is always the *pièce de résistance.* Even the toddling baby who was offered a drink of gruel cried out, "No, no; beer, beer!" an incident that seemed to us as portentous as anything we saw in the whole day's wanderings.* We realize more than ever that it is not money or outward help that they need, but loving teaching and the inward cleansing that itself purifies external surroundings and acts as a fresh centre of light and life. Let a few of these women get properly converted, and no board of health or charity commissioners would compare with them in actual results.

As soon as women and money are forthcoming, principally the former, Rescue Work will be begun and the brothels robbed of a few of their victims; in the mean time we have set the ball in motion, and the absence of help or influence only throws our souls more entirely upon God and upon individual effort.

At any rate, even now, the poorest and lowest in New York City have living among them Christ-like women, who pray for them and go in and out among them with purest love and sympathy and practical helpfulness.

"We look down the depths and mark
Silent workers in the dark;

* * * * *

Patience a little; learn to wait;
Hours are long on the clock of fate.
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis twist, and Atropos sever!
Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,
But only God endures forever!"

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* Since the writer visited these slums, the work has extended greatly, hundreds of families visited, and the direst poverty and starvation being found.

CHAPTER IX.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

" They grumble at our music ;
They grumble at our drum ;
They grumble at our marching
To make the people come ;
They grumble at our uniform,
And say it's all display ;
But still we are the people
That are going to win the day."

EVERY one whose heart has been touched, and whose active sympathy has been enlisted by the Salvation Army, knows how varied are the resources of objectors, and how fertile is their imagination in conjuring up phantoms to frighten us away from an Army platform.

The great comfort under these circumstances is the remembrance of the time when we, too, were inquisitors and broached our opinions to some long-suffering Captain, as if they were matters to which her attention had never been called.

We take up some of these objections now merely to show our desire to explain to those unused to them that, after all, there is method in our madness.

Last October, when a party of Salvationists visited Wellesley College, many earnest Christians came to us with questions on one point that is often mentioned as derogating from the credit of the Army, and that is the custom of placarding announcements of weddings, there

by robbing the occasion of its chief charm and its proper privacy.

In this case, large posters had been seen at the barracks on Washington Street, Boston, announcing a "Hallelujah Wedding," inviting cordially everybody who cared to come, and predicting a "hurricane of happiness," or something of that sort.

Well, no doubt it sounded odd to those who have never known the joy of losing all one's stiffness in a real Salvation meeting, but it is astonishing how soon it becomes familiar.

Of course the answer was made that so far as privacy was concerned, there would probably be no greater crowd in the barracks than there would be at Trinity or St. Paul's, on a similar occasion. Even where there is admittance by invitation only, we venture to say that an Army barracks holds as much real interest and sympathy as a church. "One's nearest of kin are not always blood relations," as Desire Ledwith says, and among true Army officers there is as strong a tie as exists between ordinary relatives. Before the services are over, in nine cases out of ten, the audience are in tears, and there is quite as much tenderness in the atmosphere as there would be in the privacy of the bride's own home.

But that is not all; no supper, no "christening;" no wedding, no funeral in the Salvation Army is complete without the prayer-meeting for sinners and the opportunity for such as desire it to give themselves to God. Every testimony that has been given, every word spoken, every song sung has had that end in view, and in this respect a wedding is no more than any ordinary meeting, being like everything else in the Salvation Army, secondary to soul-saving.

Unusual demonstrations always bring unusual crowds,

and a wedding, especially, appeals to everybody's interest and sympathy. In this crowd there will be some who do not usually attend Army meetings, and among these have been, time and again, those who have been hit by some straight truth that never left them until the Spirit had had its own way.

This is why there is so much advertising; this is why the brass band is called out and the march is longer than usual; this is why visiting officers come and make the occasion one of unusual interest, and, last of all, why the shy girl consents to have her wedding announced by placards and hand-bills.

The average Army officer is as modest as girls who are carefully shielded in their own homes, and there is no atmosphere purer or more spiritual than that which a true Salvationist creates around her. Every one who enters into it recognizes it.

Even the Chicago reporter who disguised herself, feigned conversion, and took up her abode in the Army quarters, acknowledged that the Captain and her sister were a type that she had never expected to meet in the Army ranks, and that, during her stay, there was no flaw that she could find in their daily conduct. "For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

Akin to this criticism upon Army weddings is the objection that is never thought of, except by those who have never had even a "speaking acquaintance" with an Army lass, and that is that marching on the wrong side of the curbstone deprives woman of her refinement and of all claims to civility from both men and women. A tally-ho crowded inside and out with noisy girls on their way home from a tennis tournament, or with Sunday-school teachers on their way from a picnic, is perfectly

lady-like and delicate, but Miriam leading a band of girls with tambourines and singing to the Lord, is not only unwomanly but unscriptural!

"Ah, but it makes women so conspicuous!" said one of these "women that are at ease," as I pleaded the case of the Army in her own drawing-room, and, an hour later, I stopped on a street-corner to watch the little band of a dozen or more walking two-and-two, singing,

"You must live right to wear a crown."

It is true that they were conspicuous in the sense of being plainly seen, but no human being would dare to look at them that Sunday afternoon and charge them with want of modesty.

While I watched them they formed a ring, and the crowd that had been waiting gathered quietly around, when, all at once, there was a clattering of horses' hoofs, and every one turned quickly in the direction of the noise. I also looked, and saw coming down the road a span and open double phaeton, and driving with arms stretched out, evidently needing all the muscle she could command, a young married woman, the niece of the lady who had a few minutes before condemned the Army girls as "unladylike."

Down the road, across the square, and off in the opposite direction swept the carriage, while the crowd gazed open-mouthed and made their own comments, some of which were less flattering than the fair driver suspected. As the horses' hoofs died away in the distance, the chorus rose sweetly:

"Prepare me, prepare me, Lord,
To stand before Thy Throne."

The one thought that filled all my mind at the time was, "Which is the more conspicuous?" but to-day, re-

calling the service at which we had both knelt only two hours before, the question arises as to what half of us mean when we talk about "presenting our *bodies*, a reasonable, holy, and living *sacrifice*."

Those women with position, money, and leisure had lived all their lives among the working-people, through whom, to some extent, their millions had been accumulated, and yet were unknown to them.

On the other hand, two Army lasses had only been there four months, and yet had brought light and life and joy and peace into hundreds of homes, where the very mention of their names calls up smiles and blessings. Silver and gold they had none, but the kingdom of God they did have, and they gave it to others. If you had asked the crowd who stood there which of those women was the more conspicuous, you would have had a definite answer. The roughs have no false delicacy, though you may often find the real hidden under a rough exterior.

Crossing a common lined with Roman Catholics one Sunday afternoon in company with a Salvationist, the men looked at us respectfully, while several took their pipes from their mouths and their hats off while they greeted the Captain by name. She had been away two years, and it was with much surprise that I asked her if they knew her. "Oh, yes, they remember me; they used to come to all our open-airs, but never inside, because the priest had forbidden them." Nevertheless, many a man goes home from these open-airs and reports to his wife that, "Them Salvation girls is as good as the prastes."

Many times it seems hardly worth while arguing a woman's right in public places, when we look at the publicity that attends fashionable amusements. The very women who scorn Salvationists smile complacently as

they watch their daughters whirled about the room in the arms of a desirable *parti*, even though this "desirable" is a well-known rake and drunk at the time.

Such facts do not look well or sound well, yet they are none the less true, and like Tennyson, saying:

> "Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth,"

Christian hearts may well ache, as they see around them a social circle that will bear the introduction of any topic except religion.

It is not that these women believe Salvationists to be coarse and rude; they know better; but these charges are used as a pretence to cover up their own self-condemnation, and the conviction that God is again raising up a people who will put away all shams and call worldliness by its right name.

But we must come back to our subject, and take up another objection, which is, that we err in bringing young converts before the public when their experience is not mature, and that they attempt to teach when they ought to be merely learners.

We disclaim any attempt at teaching, in one sense of the word, and yet in another we are really a Salvation Normal School. We learn by teaching, and the man, converted last night, who stammers inaudibly that he knows his sins forgiven, in a few weeks will have learned to face an audience without self-consciousness (an acquisition that many educated men would be glad to possess), and to tell of God's power to save and to keep in a way that will attract the attention of others. In this way, he becomes at once an agent as well as a recipient, touching hearts like his own in a way that no man of higher training could possibly do. "Milk for babes, and strong meat for men" is the rule we follow, and the experi-

ences that veteran Christians tell of would be Greek to gambler or drunkard.

Dick drops into a meeting and, perhaps, Brother Adam is speaking, rejoicing over some new light that his daily Bible-reading has brought him. Dick can see that he looks happy, but any comprehension of what he feels is beyond him, until a fellow on the platform gets up and says:

"Boys, six months ago I was a drunkard, without decent clothes, or friends, or home, but I came to the Lord just as I was and promised to give up drinking and swearing and sin of every kind, and He took me in, and has kept me ever since." Another and another testimony of the same kind is given, and, at last, it dawns upon Dick that what has been done for them can be done for him. Six months ago, drunken, homeless, ragged, and hungry! And now, well fed, well clothed, and happy! Dick thinks that there must be something in it, and as the Word of God and the Captain's application of it are driven home, his heart begins to yearn for more of this knowledge of salvation, and he comes out and prays to God for deliverance.

Who that has seen this done again and again would dare to criticise, even if Jack does introduce himself as "Happy Jack—six months ago a Water-Street 'bum.'" We don't claim that this is elegant language, but we do claim that it is most expressive to others of the same locality. A few weeks ago we were in a meeting where some fine testimonies were given, and we watched intently the faces of three stalwart, grimy fellows, who were in their working clothes; they listened carefully, but apparently not understanding the matter fully until soon a well-dressed man in the body of the hall rose and faced those behind him, saying: "Friends, I stand be-

fore you to-night a sober man, by the grace of God; a year ago I was a miserable drunkard, dodging the police on every corner because of the forgeries that I had committed. I came to this hall for the sake of a warm evening, and for four months I was under conviction; but at last I promised to quit drink and all that, and now I am a free man."

The three seemed from his first words to have caught the inspiration, and one or two more testimonies of the same kind finished the work, so that they left their seats as soon as the invitation was given.

Their after history we know nothing of, nor can we say that they remained true, but if human faces are ever readable, one thing we do know, and that is, that their first comprehension of Christ's power to save came from the simple words of a man who had been a street drunkard.

In all missions there is the same difficulty of following up those who are at a distance, or who are only in the city temporarily, so that the question as to whether converts stand is no more to be answered by the Salvation Army than it is by the churches.

If any question is brought to bear on us in this connection, it should be with reference to the strict oversight of converts and the rigid lines drawn. The Salvation Army is:

> . . . . "like them who bore
> The faith of Wesley to our western shore,
> And held no convert genuine till he broke
> Alike his servant's and the devil's yoke."

No man may remain a member of the Salvation Army, and still remain under the devil's yoke, so far as that subjugation is manifested by any outward or visible sign.

For instance, let it be known that a soldier drinks, or

smokes, or swears, and he must go, no matter how great his help, or influence, or usefulness. Yet, in spite of these limitations, which few congregations would like to adopt, the last two months report an increase of two thousand soldiers.

All over this country are soldiers who have stood six, seven, or eight years—in fact, since their first profession—and for every man in our ranks there are two or three church-members who were converted through the Army.

A revival the Army certainly was and is, but not by any means the "flash in the pan" that was first described to us, and its growth is to those who love it, not a matter of surprise, but of joy and gratitude to the God who guides it.

The other objections that we are glad to have the privilege of answering, as long as they exist, are, catalogued for convenience' sake:

First. The disposal of the money.

Second. The despotism of its leaders.

Third. Its military organization.

Fourth. Its violation of law.

Fifth. Its strange terms and phraseology.

Taking these briefly in order, we can only say of the first that if the reader has a corps in his city, he is at liberty to inspect the books any day in the week, and see both the income and expenditure.

If he suspects Headquarters, he can make them a visit at 111 Reade Street, New York City, and we can assure him that all bills, books, and accounts will be freely shown him. A quarterly balance-sheet, properly audited by a notary public, is also printed and may be had for a penny.

An attempt to make trouble for the Army in connection with the importation of foreign labor was nipped in

the bud, when the reporters were told by the officers themselves that no man or woman was guaranteed a cent of salary.

If the covers of one small book allowed it, much might be said of the expenditures of the Army in railroad travelling and the like; frequent visiting of corps by divisional officers and Headquarters' Staff, councils and camp-meetings necessitate an outlay which railroad officials might occasionally mitigate.

Taken as a whole, no aspect of Army work is more striking than its financial arrangements, especially in an age avowedly money-loving and money-seeking. Men and women, led by the Spirit of God, leave positions of every grade, and give their best years, health, and strength to an organization which promises nothing in return. Equally with the lowest stands the General in the determination to sacrifice all for the war, and from the very beginning of the movement not a cent of its income has gone into his pockets, his support being guaranteed by friends entirely independent of Army work.

By special deed in chancery, General Booth only holds Army property in trust, and could be arrested as a common felon if he appropriated a plank of timber or a cent of money.

No despot could ever show such an array of voluntary followers, which brings us to the second of our points, which is, that officers in the Salvation Army are liable to removal, promotion, or any other change of circumstances without a moment's warning or any reason assigned.

This is quite true, and is known to every candidate, and yet they multiply rapidly, even among those whose faces have been set like a flint against it. "Witchcraft," some call it, and say that such and such officers are "fascinating," or have a wonderful personal magnetism.

So they have, but it is not their own personality.

Nothing human ever could do such work as this, and, if not human, its results being eminently Christian, what can it be but the Holy Spirit that can so change multitudes of human hearts, that they yield perfect obedience, that rarest of all fruits in this age, and especially in this land of self-assertion and independence.

As to General Booth, those who know him best love him most, and those who know him only by name, as their General, learn through their work to feel the same enthusiasm for him that veterans of the Grand Army Republic feel for their old general or colonel.

Through twenty-four years of toil and hardship, God has sealed His servant by too many deliverances for any one to doubt under whose guidance this work has been done, and while the same wonderful blessings follow, the same loyalty and confidence fill every true officer's heart. Obedience is the *sine qua non* of any military body, and a man who, alone, puts his hand to a work which is to increase and multiply, feels with the poet that

> "A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
> Which grasping without question, he is led
> Where there is work that he must do for God."

As he obeys this unseen power, so must the people obey him in so far as the direction of the work is concerned. In all matters of conscience no people on earth are so free.

A very interesting suggestion was made by a friend at Washington, D. C., with reference to our military nomenclature and customs which will bear repeating. His theory is that it satisfies the military instinct that almost every race possesses, that inborn enjoyment of marching movements, music, uniform, processions, and all the

"Pomp, pride, and circumstance of war,"

without injury or bloodshed; in point of fact, bringing peace instead of war.

Perhaps the motive of the Army could not be better expressed: To take man's natural instincts and pleasures which have been perverted, and to gratify them in a manner which will bless and not curse the race, and will glorify, not dishonor God, has been from the first the aim and method of the work.

To be consistent, we are obliged to speak of sinners being wounded by sharp thrusts or small shot; to report so many "prisoners captured;" to speak of bayonets, cartridges, drill, sergeants, etc., all of which terms seem to be very objectionable to those who do not understand them.

So, also, the Army motto, "Blood and Fire," shocks a great many people, who, if they will only realize the hymns they use every Sunday, will find constant reference to "The precious blood," "Blood and water streaming," "The blood-stained cross," and even

"Glory be to Jesus, who in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood from His sacred veins!

and

Louder still and louder, praise the precious blood."

Those even condemn the Army's use of the word who kneel and pray, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat."

We have not room enough on our flags to explain that it is the precious blood that cleanses, and the fire of the Holy Ghost that purifies and illuminates, but we certainly are somewhat disappointed in the number of those who seem to understand it.

So, too, with the strange nicknames sometimes so strongly rebuked, without knowing who is responsible

for them. In nine cases out of ten such names were given previous to conversion, and have not the slightest connection with the Army. Occasionally we do have officers who attach such names to themselves, but it is always a reminder of the old life and to those still remaining in that life is not at all unpleasant, but rather an attraction.

Last of all, we are charged with placing Army regulations above the laws of the country, a thing which never has been and never will be done. Whenever a city or town enacts special ordinances, with evident intention to stop soul-saving work, then the Army does resist, generally with the cordial support of the best citizens. The Constitution and the laws of every State guarantee religious liberty, and, as the only aim of the Army and its results everywhere are to make law-breakers into sober, honest, law-abiding citizens, the character of those who will oppose such an organization is evident at the outset.

The Army is and desires to be distinctively American. Two-thirds of its officers are American born, and both Marshal Booth and his chief officers are naturalized citizens, not as a matter of form, but out of genuine love for a country whose possibilities are greater than those of any other land under the sun.

Time and space and common sense forbid our giving any attention to such charges as that our soldiers and officers live together in the barracks, that our soldiers receive weekly payments, etc. Such statements only betray the poverty of our enemies' resources, and show to the reader their character and a little of the mud-throwing that they indulge in.

One charge we do fight against, and that is that we are not Bible-students. Nowhere in the world are there such Bible-readers as the Army has made of its converts. The

first thing that a converted man or woman does is to read his Bible, if he can read, and, if he can't, he goes to work on his alphabet the very next morning.

An American who visited many English corps noticed more than anything else, the perseverance with which middle-aged men spelled away at the Gospels, learning wonderfully fast, helped by the same Spirit that taught St. Peter how to write Greek. Just as soon as they get saved, they begin to read, and their "Soldiers' Guide" serves as a Book of Common Prayer, assuring them that all over the world, morning, noon, and night, their comrades are reading the same verses and chapters.

They *are* Bible-readers, and in so far as they obey the Spirit of God, they become, indeed, what their General so lovingly urges them to be—"Living Bibles, known and read of all men."

The greatest stumbling-block that actually exists is the unwillingness of those who judge us to investigate for themselves by attending our meetings, and by personal intercourse. Solomon said: "Whoso judgeth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him," and certainly no fairer stand can be taken before the people than that assumed by the Army, which places its work, accounts, people, private life and public service before the world, and says: "Come and see; examine our finances, morals, doctrines, customs, home life, and platform teaching, and if you find anything contrary to godliness, tell us, and we will amend it and thank you. We ask only that you should be as honest toward us as we are open toward you."

CHAPTER X.

THE CROSS A SENTIMENT; OR, MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

> **"Next to sincerity, remember still**
> **Thou must resolve upon integrity.**
> **God will have all thou hast—**
> **Thy mind, thy will, thy thoughts, thy words, thy works."**
> —*George Herbert.*

FAR is it from our intention to appear to cast reflections upon true, godly Christians of whatever denomination. We speak in this chapter not of the real coin, but of the false, which has a fearfully large circulation. You can hardly recognize the pure white delicate lily of the valley in the shrunken brown petals of the pressed flower laid away between the musty leaves of some old book; so, when you look at Christianity perverted, withered, and robbed of life, there seems no likeness, except in form and name, to that vital, pure, unselfish religion of Jesus Christ. It is only too glaring and self-evident a fact that the popular Christianity of to-day is a poor sham, an empty subterfuge, instead of the exalted tenets and example of the Saviour.

But religion has become to many a mere matter of convenience; the Church purely a stepping-stone in the social race for superiority and fashion. Instead of the whole-hearted worship of God in His temple, good pews are rented by those who, throughout the solemn service,

are congratulating themselves as the Pharisee of old, saying: "Thank God, I am not as that publican is, who sits away back there, and is not known to, or on speaking terms with my social circle."

"Why have you changed your church, Mr. So-and-So?" was asked of a gentleman, who had lately had an advance in social position. "It is the fashionable thing to go to this church," was the reply. "I could not move in the circle I am now among, if I went to the old one." Thoughts and ambitions of fashion, wealth, and family crush out and destroy such commands as, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate."

In the so-called religion of the present day, there seems to be no clear division made between Christ-following and worldliness. Those who literally obey God's command and come out from among them become, indeed, a peculiar people, and their religion, as a natural consequence, is unpopular. That "the love of the world is enmity with God" is forgotten; and, with a firm grip, the world, with its pomps and vanities, its wealth, fashion, amusements, and falsity, is clung to by the very people for whom all these were renounced in baptism with the signing of the cross. With one hand thus clinging to the world, to what hope and refuge can they hold with the other? Clearly it cannot be to Christ, as He will have nothing, if not all of heart and life. So the sum and substance of the religion to which they cling must be a mere Christless form of creed or belief of the head which the heart and life deny.

I was talking to a young infidel student in Sweden, who gave me this account of his disbelief in religion: "My mother was a good, godly woman, and standing at her death-bed I promised that my steps should tread in the same path, and that my life should be

pure and good. My resolve was a sincere one, and, though I was not a Christian, I determined there should be a change in my life. Then I came to this city. I watched the Christians—the people who visit church on Sunday, believe in God and the Bible, and call themselves Christ-followers. What did I find? They lived as I did, and their lives admitted all those worldly pleasures to which I resorted. They went to the theatre, so did I; I found them in the ball-room, standing at the billiard-table, and playing cards; they dressed in fashionable clothes, drank wine, lived in luxury, so did I. They did not talk of Christ, nor was their religion seen in any way except on Sunday, and I said to myself, Wherein lies the difference? So I thought the matter over, and I found that it was only in the name. They were called Christians; I was called a worldling; that was all.

"I knew the Bible commands; I had studied the life of Christ; I had read what should be given up, what should be done, and what should be left undone. Surely, it was all false, for even religious people by their lives seemed to say so, therefore I gave up thinking of my promise to my mother, and lived to please myself—to have a good time while I lived, determining to risk the life hereafter.

"Now, I do not believe in God or in any claims they may say He has on me. If I did, I would not think it right to go to worldly places of amusement. The pretty, useless ornaments in my room I would throw away, and I should not spend money on expensive and valuable clothes. The drink which makes so many homes sad, and destroys so many lives, should never pass my lips if I believed the Bible sentiments. The interests of Christ's kingdom should be the only topics of my con-

versation, and my one interest should be to prevail upon men and women to embrace the true religion of Jesus Christ."

As I listened to the words of this infidel, two thoughts were impressed on my mind. First, what a terrible responsibility rests upon the heads of those who, while they have the name to live, are dead. Coin of God's realm, with the impress of His image, and yet, when tested, it is found false—a mere worthless imitation of precious metal. Secondly, that in many lives Christianity is robbed of its power by the standard of Christ's religion being lowered.

Just so much as worldliness creeps into the heart, the soul becomes injured, hardened, and is made less susceptible to Divine influence.

There are streams whose waters petrify any substance that may be placed beneath them. Birds' nests, leaves, fruit, and flowers, after being left for some time beneath the water, can be taken out as hard as stone. Very much the same effect is produced on the heart by worldly associations. Tenderness and love and the horror of sin become less and less sensible, and in thousands of instances, so far as God and religion are concerned, they become hard and careless—petrified men and women, from whom you can get not one spark of interest or feeling with regard to spiritual matters. The Salvation Army, like Wesley of old, holds up as two of the great curses of the age, worldly-mindedness and want of separation from the world, which only too surely will sap the vitality from the Church or the individual heart where it is allowed to exist.

Sentimental religion is another of the dangerous errors that have crept into the ranks of God's people. Such words as these are sung with great zeal—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

and then when it comes to giving a dollar for missionary work, sacrificing of time, or comfort, or the bearing of some trial, they could not "think of such a thing; God cannot demand that of them." It is very easy to sing about giving the whole realm of nature, because they happen to know that it is not theirs to give. That is a mere poetical sentiment, but the whole heart and life for which God asks is kept back, and the spirit of the song is altogether lost.

They will weep with horror as they read of Christ's agony, but when asked to follow Jesus by the path of suffering, they draw back, and say: "Oh, no; Jesus paid it all; He suffered that I might go free!" He wore the thorns; they will wear the roses; His was a hard and cruel cross of wood; they will wear a little copy in gold and precious stones by way of ornament; but they do not think it fair that their lives should be spoiled by a cross of self-sacrifice or toil.

What is the meaning to them of the words, "Made perfect by suffering," "Be made partakers of His sufferings," and "That they might be made like unto Him through suffering," etc. This class of people often say that had they lived in the days when Jesus of Nazareth was upon earth, they would have followed in that little band of disciples. Their lives should have been marked by no denial like Peter's; nor like the other crowd of disciples would they have forsaken Him and fled; and yet in their lives now, as they pass in and out among the worldly, you can see no confessing of Christ—in fact, their very conversation and manner—to say nothing of their disregard of His lost sheep—is a denial of their belief in Him.

One of the greatest delusions in their sentimental belief is the constant repetition of the empty words, "I love Jesus." Words which are beautiful and sublime when true, but mockery more cruel than that of the Roman soldiers when false. Shakespeare says: "They do not love who do not show their love," and we have proved it true.

When people make professions of love, it is natural they should be asked and expected to show us their love; but these sentimentalists answer when thus charged that it is too sacred a thing to be made public. It is buried away in their hearts, but God only knows how much they love Him, that it is between God and the soul alone, and that no man can judge of it. Truly, love that bears no fruits, and is followed by no results, must be false.

In human affairs, should a wife, mother, husband, or father, make loud professions of love and not bear them out in their care, thought, and affection for the one they professed to love, their talk would be treated as mere sham and hypocrisy. People should be as practical regarding the Divine life, for there is but one law, and what is true of the one is true of the other. If people say they love God, the world has a right to watch them and test the truth of their statement.

True love is willing to suffer and sacrifice; it cannot harbor doubts; it does not hesitate at implicit obedience, and it cannot grow weary. Beneath glass cases there are sometimes piles of fruit. So well are they made that the wax and paint would almost be taken for the real article instead of a copy; but take the wax fruit and place it in the heat of the fire, and it will all melt away, and be once more a mere colorless pool of wax. There is some love which in talk looks very real, but only the true and unalloyed affection of which it is an imitation can stand the

fire of testing sacrifice. Not only must love endure, but some decided and practical results must be attested. Jesus Christ said to Peter: "Lovest thou Me?" and having received an answer, followed it up at once by the command to show His love in work—"Feed My sheep."

Let all those who talk of all they would have done for the Saviour had they lived nineteen hundred years ago, care for those for whom He died, but are now in suffering, in misery, and sin; then it can be said of them, in proof of their love, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited Me; I was an hungered and ye fed Me; I was naked and ye clothed Me."

One of the plainest commands and examples in the Bible is, "Go, work in My vineyard;" but you cannot keep it free from weeds, nor in a good fruit-yielding condition, without self-sacrificing toil; no lost coin found, nor wandering sheep brought back from the far mountain without work. But in Christ's kingdom people seem to leave out the practical side to such an extent that they expect to reap fruit, receive all the blessings of religion, and gain heaven without so much as stirring a finger.

This lazy, easy-going, selfish kind of religion is a terrible check to the advancement of God's kingdom, and we can see plenty of it everywhere in this nineteenth century. Even in the matter of salvation this laziness creeps in. Jesus is expected to do all the work. God's words are, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Christ will do His part; He will apply His cleansing blood; He will pardon the penitent; but the individual soul must do the "works meet for repentance"—that is, the giving up of sin, the willing surrender of self and all, and must come to the determination to live up to God's commands, and the light of His Spirit, before the Lord can fulfil His promises regarding it.

Souls cannot be won, heathen reached, criminals reformed, and infidels made God-fearing without work. There are those who say they wish to see souls saved, but they have not the power, just because they have not the willingness to work; and God will not send down showers of blessings, except upon those who are willing to again impart that blessing and help to others. Those who would receive it only for themselves may pray and weep for it forever, for God is not selfish, nor will He give His blessings to those who are.

At the time of the French Revolution, when the poor arose to assert their rights over those who had so long oppressed them, they vowed that every one who was found to have a soft, white hand, denoting that he had never done hard work, should be put to death. What will God say to those whose hands have never been used in His service, when they stand waiting to receive their reward, every man as his works have been?

Many seem to leave all the work to ministers or missionaries, who should, in reality, be only the leaders and spiritual advisers of a church full of active workers for God. Each individual soul is as much called upon to work, and is as responsible as any minister ever ordained; it may not be in a pulpit, but there are a thousand and one other ways of working. One vineyard may be small, another large; one may serve at home, another abroad; but every one who loves should work, and those who truly love will do so as a natural consequence.

If every Christian did his duty, the drink curse would disappear; infidelity would droop and die; the lost would be reclaimed; criminals, reformed; heathen, Christianized; and the kingdom of Christ would be restored in a very short time.

Then, again, love makes us bold. If we belong to God,

should we not boldly avow it, and stand by our colors unflinchingly? If our religion is worth possessing, it is not a thing to be ashamed of. Worldlings talk of worldly matters, socialists of socialism, actors of the dramatic art, patriots of their country, and politicians of politics. These themes absorb their minds, hence are the constant topics of conversation, and no one seems to think it out of place.

Surely, Christians should talk of Christ and His kingdom, and in the very presence of unbelievers should acknowledge Him in their lives. Why should it be considered strange and out of place? Why should it surprise and call forth comment? Because so few have had the courage to thus testify of God, that it has become altogether strange and unusual. Their candle was not lighted by God to be put under a bushel when its light was most needed; and many times I believe it has gone out forever in the heart by constantly covering it up. A true, constant, steady light, that can be seen at all times, should be the outcome of a Christian service.

I remember, on the mountains of Switzerland, in the warm, summer weather, hunting for glow-worms, which like bright stars glimmered among the grass and bushes. I would step up very cautiously and gently separate the leaves to catch them, but on the least sound or movement disturbing them, out would go their light, and I should hunt in vain in the darkness. So I had to wait quietly, until, reassured, they would once more shine out from their hiding-places. God wants no glow worms in His service, who, fearful of consequences to themselves, will hide their God-given light when it is most needed. Yet there are many who, when in the presence of unbelievers and worldlings, hide, in word and deed, the fact that they have anything to do with Jesus of Nazareth.

Surely, God must hate a cowardly service. Longfellow says truly :

> "Write on your doors the saying wise and old
> Be bold ! Be bold ! And everywhere be bold !
> Better like Hector in the field to die,
> Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

Selfishness that leaves no room in the heart but for one's own children or home, and even gives them but a little share of that care and thought which is lavished on self, is the poison that soonest drives Christ-likeness from the soul. No love for the perishing, no love to spare for the poor, no pity for the drunkard, no help for the fatherless. Religion that admits this spirit can most surely be called shallow and perverted without any fear of over-harsh judgment.

No less certain and fatal is its evil influence upon the character itself ; imperceptibly "from Him that hath not shall be taken away even that which He hath," and the heart, day by day, contracts, until at last it realizes its own littleness, and too late comes to long for the sympathy that it never gave. The only substitute that they have to offer for brotherly love is minute attention to forms, and thus the narrow heart becomes narrow-minded as well.

Their judgment becomes warped so far as the interests of others are concerned. None are good outside their own church, who do not believe as they do, whose creed does not match with theirs, whose methods are altogether wrong, if they are not those they use ; people who look at everything in others, and even in God's laws and commands through the wrong end of some telescope of the mind, which makes them look far away and insignificant, but who look at their own lives, thoughts, and wishes through a large magnifying-glass. Other people's sor-

rows are mere nothings; theirs are terrible; the views and efforts of others sink into the shadow compared with their own; and from this distorted view of life come mistakes, negligences, and errors without number.

If religion is anything, it is an all-powerful agency to ennoble, to raise, and utilize all that is good in human nature, while it destroys the bad, selfish, and impure. Not only can Christ save from sin's consequence, hence opening Heaven's gate, but He can save from sin still further; He can give to every Christian a power that will keep from sin and make them conquerors over that which once conquered them; therefore it seems altogether wrong and ungrateful for any believer to make his religion to his own or to other people's eyes, gloomy, dull, or unhappy. Christianity does not crush the natural life, spirit, and joyousness out of the heart of man, but rather increases it, and then turns the whole into the right channel. Those who are sad and gloomy, finding their religion a task, their prayers an effort, and their service an intolerable burden, cannot possibly possess the liberty of Christ. Their example and life tends to give an altogether wrong and injurious impression to the minds of those who stand without and watch them.

The Christian should not be obliged to wait for heaven until after passing death's river, but should live in the atmosphere of heaven here; and surely that should be pervaded with joy and gladness such as none but the redeemed can know.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CROSS A REALITY.

"Jesus hath now many lovers of His kingdom, but few bearers of His cross."—*À Kempis.*

"The whole cross is more easily carried than the half."
—*Drummond.*

CHRISTIANITY would have been to the world the mere following out of a good life pattern given by its Founder, and a model creed without any saving or life-giving power, had it not been for the cross.

The very essence and life of Christianity is sacrifice, of which this cross is emblematic. There is no Christ without the cross; you can never separate the two, and even in His risen body we hear of Him showing the marks in hands and side which told the story of sacrifice in death. When we think of the life of our Saviour, whether it be in Galilee or Jerusalem, alone on the mountain, or in the midst of the thousands to whom He ministered so faithfully, we find the shadow of the cross cast plainly over every scene, and before we quit the subject, our minds naturally and almost involuntarily turn to the summit of the hill called Calvary.

If Christ cannot be separated from the cross, and if Christians, to be such, must be united to their Lord, then surely cross-bearing should be inseparable from the Christian life. "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" "As they have hated Me, so will they hate you."

These are utterances of Christ, which should not have lost their meaning in the lives of His followers of to-day; but, alas, look where we will in the present age, and you will find more than a few who have no real acquaintance with the cross! It has become a thing of beauty—a sweet sentiment—a charm to be worn, but not a stern reality to be faced and carried. Cross-shirking is a sin that not only robs Christianity of its sublime self-sacrifice and contradicts its most vital tenets, but also excludes the life, power, and blessing that are promised as its consequence. The cross has been so painted and beflowered in these days that it has lost its meaning. At the time of the crucifixion it was a well-known sign of a disgraceful and ignominious death, the same in those days that the hangman's rope is to us; hence, when Jesus accepted it, He willingly stooped to ignominy and shame, which meant far more than the mere shedding of blood and the agony which He endured. So, only people who are willing to take the cross, with its twofold burden of suffering and worldly odium, can claim to be sharers of Christ's sorrow—cross-bearers indeed.

You hear much talk about the crosses of this life—worries, sickness, money losses, etc.; but none of the ordinary ills of life which come alike to believers and unbelievers are the cross of which Christ speaks. It is something borne and suffered for His name's sake—the bearing of His reproach, or the sacrificing of interest for His kingdom. In that well-known verse, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My name's sake," the whole pith and pivot of the sentiment hinges on the last four words.

It is evident that St. Paul thoroughly embraced this view of Christian cross-bearing, for he shows that with-

out the right motive of love to Christ, even such sacrifice as giving the body to be burned "profiteth nothing." Yet among those who bear the name of Jesus, how many seek all the joys and blessings and future safety of Christianity without its corresponding sacrifice and suffering.

Rubens has painted a justly celebrated picture of the crucifixion. Christ's body just rent with the agonizing cry, "It is finished," stands out upon the cross against a background of darkened sky; His mother and the beloved disciple stand near; but the figure that made the most lasting impression upon my mind, and taught me the deepest lesson when I saw this painting, was that of Mary Magdalene. She kneels at the foot of the cross embracing the feet of her Saviour; but to embrace them, she has had also to embrace the cross and the nails, so that they are pressed roughly against her tender flesh, and her Lord's blood stains her hair and garments. Thus, those who wish to have Christ must accept Him with all the consequences of their choice—thorns and nails, tears and blood.

Let us not forget the cross, when we sing those words which have become so familiar to many of us:

> "Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
> And bathe and wash them with my tears!"

In the present age the cross is too much worshipped and too little embraced. The former has only an effect on the mind, while the latter would fill a life with usefulness and God-honoring results.

One of the first principles of a Salvationist's life is cross-bearing; and they truly believe with Upham that "God plants crosses in our path, and we cannot turn aside to avoid them without turning aside from God and becoming separated from Him."

The suffering and reproach of the cross do not only come in harsh words, slanders, and neglect, but very often in solid blows, stone-pelting, and imprisonments. Sometimes the very willingness to be peculiar for Christ's sake costs more real effort than would the losing of a right arm, and the ridicule and critical gaze of the world to some people forms a sharp nail in the cross. The martyrs who died at the stake are rightly revered and talked of by the present generation, but, after all, it needs more courage to live for God than to die. Many would accept their cross without hesitation were it only to be some passing torture of the body to end shortly in death, but a cross on which crucifixion must be a daily sacrifice through a long life of service, requires more self-sacrifice and patient strength of heart. The suffering of Jesus only culminated in that three hours on the cross; but from Bethlehem, through the long waiting at the carpenter's bench, and His three years' service, to the last hour, was one successive chain of willing sorrow, suffering, and affliction for mankind.

The leaving of the comforts of home in exchange for a life crowded with inconvenience and hardship; the leaving of friends to willingly go among enemies and pray and toil for their salvation, is a cross all Salvationists must accept. Hard work, with little praise, devotion rewarded by the spite and ill treatment of those for whom they live, the abandonment of pleasures others enjoy, for a life that is filled with work, work, work, is the lot of an Army officer, which over eight thousand men and women have willingly embraced for Jesus Christ.

An officer in India, who sleeps on the ground, eats black rice, and is a stranger to all the European comforts he long ago left behind, writes about the "luxury of sacrifice;" and a dear girl in the same country, whose

feet have not yet got used to the sharp sand and stones, remarks in a letter, that "It feels like walking on darning needles, but I shall soon get used to it, and it is lovely to have anything to bear for Jesus Christ."

The cross of persecution seems particularly hard when it comes from the very people for whom an officer lives and toils, and to whom he goes with the message of salvation, and yet, met with love, it has been conquered.

Going down a Swiss mountain, a band of seven soldiers are attacked by some of their cowardly persecutors, who lie hidden in ambush in their path. The three women are beaten until they fall unconscious to the ground, one with a wound on her forehead which lays the bone bare. The three young men are then felled to the ground, one having so violent a blow on the head that a piece of his hat is jammed into the skull; only an old man is left of the seven to be yet attacked, and he kneels praying. "Oh, Lord, my soul belongs to Thee!" they hear him whisper, and with a savage, "We'll teach you to pray," they beat him until his white hair is soaked with blood, and he lies still and unconscious with the rest of his comrades. Long, dangerous sickness follows, and daily by the bedsides of these modern martyrs, the physician watches for hope, which comes at last and consciousness with it. They are pressed to give all possible description of their assailants, and are assured that so much indignation prevails in the village that they will be punished severely for the crime. "No," comes back from one and all of the seven, "we do not wish them prosecuted. We will not aid in their arrest, all that we pray is that they will be saved. We owe them no grudge." Truly, the bearing of the cross brings peace, love, and fortitude that the world knows not of.

In a large and professedly Christian city, a young girl

officer, who was brought up in a home of comfort, while seeking to save the lost and depraved was most brutally ill-treated. As she stood on the platform giving out the first hymn on one occasion, the ringleader of her opponents walked straight up to her, and taking her in his arms, rushed out of the hall before her soldiers could come to her help. They, however, followed with all haste, and found that her persecutors, not satisfied with that insult, had taken her to a bridge and were hanging her over the water supported only by her wrists. Weary, weak, and fainting, with her arms almost dislocated, she was rescued, and though she knew the names of the perpetrators of this outrage, she stanchly refused to breathe a word which might result in their punishment by law, saying: "I came here to win them by love, and I will do so yet." A few days afterward the man who had held her over the bridge was at the penitent form, and he became a saved and changed character. This patient bearing of the cross tells home more surely than eloquence or great deeds.

In a city in Pennsylvania, a young Salvationist of delicate build was leading a procession on the sidewalk, as was permitted by the authorities, when, without the slightest provocation, a police officer seized her by the shoulders and deliberately threw her into the road, without having intimated in any way that he wished her to leave the sidewalk. On returning to her former position to ask him by what authority he did this, he again threw her to the ground and clubbed her several times, most likely through being himself drunk enough only to feel that her patient, loving toil was a rebuke to his unmanly actions and beastly habits.

An Army Captain was struck in the face by a drunkard with whom he was pleading about his soul, but the

Captain returned the blow with a kiss, and his loving forbearance broke that heart, which no amount of preaching would have touched, and the sinner came home to God that night.

The trial of faith and patience in this cross-bearing life is not always occasioned by blows and persecution, though almost every officer has known them by experience; there are many little things in these officers' lives that need as much love and endurance as does actual violence.

A sweet-faced, quiet girl, who was not much gifted as a speaker or singer upon the platform, but who was known to live a holy, self-sacrificing life, was appointed to the work in a very poor city where the Army had had a hard fight. She drew no salary, but managed to pay her debts, and would not write one word of complaint as to her poverty to Headquarters in New York City. Her work was no light task of one or two services on Sunday and the visitation of a few sick. But she led an in-door and out-door meeting every night in the week, six meetings on Sunday, and visited on an average eighteen hours a week.

I met her at a Council, and noticing what a poor patched dress she wore, I said: "Why did you not write me; you know how gladly we would have helped you with money, if your corps was so poor?" "Yes. I know it. But you have so many other girls who are sick and need it, and I can get on quite nicely. Besides, when I think of Jesus and all He suffered and how poor He was, my sacrifice seems so small." And big tears stood in her blue eyes. I asked her if she had enough to eat, and she said: "Oh, yes, I can get on all right!" But I afterward found out that she had lived for two weeks on bread and onions so as to keep her corps clear of debt.

Of course she was helped from Headquarters, as all

others are helped in such need, but this incident showed how thoroughly she had accepted the cross of poverty which Christ had borne.

The cross is met with sometimes where Salvationists would expect the strong arm of protection. For the crime of preaching Christ in the streets of a city in Iowa, a Captain was arrested and imprisoned for a month with work on a stone pile. In the burning sun he was forced to labor, even when known to be suffering with an attack of summer cholera. On leaving the prison, no medical skill could check the disease, which had become chronic and made him a complete wreck. To-day he merely exists—a poor, weak skeleton, and though he is but twenty-eight, looks like an old man. The wife of this officer was also imprisoned one month, in which time she was confined continually, with two other Salvationists, in so small a cell that when they wanted to take a little exercise to shake off the stiffness occasioned by sitting on the hard wooden bench, two of them were obliged to stand on the two beds, while the remaining one walked up and down between them, which was the only space available, and yet she said she was "so happy all the time with Jesus there."

In Pennsylvania, a deaf mute Salvation soldier was arrested for "singing in the streets," and kept locked up until the trial; and in Kansas City not only was a young man put in jail for that offence, but when he sang in the cell to cheer himself, he was punished by being hung up for twenty minutes by his wrists.

It seems almost incredible that in New England, of which was written,

> "Aye, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod;
> They have left unstained what there they found—
> Freedom to worship God"—

Salvationists should be thrown into a loathsome dungeon, of which a local paper thus writes :

"We cannot refrain from expressing our indignation at the ignominy and outrage perpetrated against reputable citizens not yet convicted of crime, in being confined in such a place. It reminds one vividly of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta, and to be put into it even for one night ought to be a sufficient punishment for any crime short of murder. The fetid atmosphere renders breathing an actual difficulty. Dante's famous lines on the 'Inferno' might be safely applied to it, 'Leave hope behind all ye who enter here.' The cause of the arrest was a supposed breach of peace, caused by some four young girls, singing with the accompaniment of tambourines on a week-night, in the streets through which a travelling show had passed a day or two before with a full brass band, without meeting with any objection."

Such incidents might be multiplied by the score had we the time, for on many pages of the Army's war in America can imprisonments, persecutions, and prosecutions be found, telling the tale of suffering endured and victory won.

Far more trying to the pure-hearted men and women of the Army are the false and cruel reports that are circulated, casting vile insinuations and groundless suspicions on their characters. This cross of slander and ill-report is constantly being thrust upon the Salvationist in two forms. One is the attack on his personal character, and the other is an attack on the character of the Army at large, which latter to the true Salvationist is the harder to bear.

As he enters some car, or passes in uniform through a crowd, he may very commonly overhear such a re-

mark as: "Oh, they all live together in their barracks promiscuously. They're a loose lot;" which makes the blood surge indignantly to his face, knowing what a vile accusation this is against an organization whose whole time is spent in trying to better the terribly low morals of the people.

Paragraphs in the newspapers headed, "A Salvationist Elopes," "Salvationists in Disgrace Again," "A Salvationist's Vile Crime," etc., which, when investigated, are found to have nothing to do with *the* Salvation Army, but have to be borne by people who realize that "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of His household?"

And there is private attack, which insinuates that none but bold girls, whose past had been questionable, could lead a procession through the streets or stand upon a public platform.

Such attacks and suspicions coming to the ears of pure, devoted young girls, who have left father, mother, home and all, to seek Christ's lost ones, can but cut deeply; but they have learned the lesson that teaches them to class even this with the cross that has to be borne for His name's sake.

Much as its usefulness enables Christ's soldiers to love and appreciate the distinctive uniform they wear, yet to many this making of themselves separate and different from the world is a cross which costs more than any who have not shouldered it themselves can tell.

Do people think that these young girls like to put on a bonnet which many think gives them a license to stare and comment, as they never would dare to do in the face of some absurdly dressed devotee of fashion?

Can they imagine that strong, stalwart men, with good intellects and able minds, wear a red jersey and red

banded cap for the simple enjoyment and amusement of the gaping crowd? Did they stop and think of the courage it must need to take a peculiar and religious stand in the face of the world of to-day, they would respect more the men and women who have the courage to do what they would never forget themselves enough to dare, however right they might think it.

"Salvation! Go home and work!" shouts some fellow, fine in clothes, but very short in good manners, to a Salvationist who conducts nineteen meetings in-doors and out every week, besides doing some twenty hours' visitation in many instances, without guaranteed salary. "There's a Salvation fool!" they will shout after some young girl, who has sacrificed more than they ever possessed, and would put them to shame for devotion, hard work, and purity.

Thus, whenever Salvationists appear in the public streets, they receive more comments and insults in one short five minutes' walk than many Christians receive in a life-time's experience; but as they bear this cross, they have the joy of realizing that they are sharing it with Christ, and that Christ would receive the same were He to appear again in the flesh; and that even when their lips are closed, in their dress they testify to the world that they are in it, but not of it.

Why make themselves martyrs and bring this upon them, you may say, but they will answer you, "We can do no other and be true to our conscience. The doctrine we teach is out-and-out consecration to the King's service."

Puritans, Quakers, and Wesley's early followers, wore a uniform at the time when their vitality and purity was at its height, and it can be traced in history that where this cross commenced to be shirked, many of the other

crosses which should have been borne were neglected and Christ's Christianity perverted. This willingness to be a "peculiar people" for Christ is a cross, indeed, and as such shall not lose its reward.

In thousands of individual lives beneath the Army flag, the cross has been hard to bear, yet bravely borne. There was a young Indian convert, who was stabbed by her own family for giving up the gods of wood and stone, and the young wife in this same land who was burned by hot irons for belonging to the Muktifauj; while here in America countless instances of such whole-hearted service and fearless courage have been manifested, that we can affirm without fear that the old spirit that made the martyrs smile at flames and sing in death is still to be found.

It is only whole-hearted consecration that will enable any man or woman to so forget self as to become a cross-bearer; but when they have become entirely God's, the strong force of their love for Him will make obedience and sacrifice its natural outcome.

Before the Franco-Prussian War, in one of the fertile plains that were erelong to be the scene of battle, a laborer had spent all of his hard-earned wages in the purchase of a little homestead close by the river bridge. The ground he cultivated with the utmost care. The vine was trained over the little porch, and, with his family around him, this little homestead formed his paradise. War broke out and he was drafted, so the family was scattered, and he followed the Army as a gunner over many a distant hill and plain, until, at last, in the heat of battle, the guns were planted on a hill over the enemies' lines. The commanding officer stood at the gunner's side, and drew his attention to a spot where the enemy were the thickest, swarming in and out and

around a little cottage, and trying to force their way over the fiercely-contested bridge. "You see that cottage?" "Yes, Captain," the soldier answered. "Fire," came the word; and, without a moment's hesitation, the cannon was fired. The shot sped well, and when the smoke lifted, the cottage and all around it lay in ruins. Turning to the gunner, the Captain saw big tears coursing their way down his cheeks, and asked: "What ails thee? That was a good shot." "Yes, sir," he answered; "but it was my all."

In God's holy war more men and women are needed whose all is not their own, but has been willingly laid upon His altar, while the cross of self-sacrifice has been reared upon the ruins of fallen pride and selfishness.

Ruskin says truly: "The cross is to be sacrificed upon, not carried."

Still, after sacrifice comes a peace and joy that the world, with all its wealth, pomp, and fame, can never know. The cross has its joys that none can know who have not felt its weight.

"Where Christ brings His cross, He brings His presence, and where He is none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. At the darkest, you have felt a hand through the dark, closer, perhaps, and tenderer than any touch dreamed of at noon. As He knows His own, so He knows how to comfort them—using, sometimes, the very grief itself and straining it to the sweetness of a faith unattainable to those ignorant of any grief."

CHAPTER XII.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

"The world is my parish."—*Wesley.*

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend unrest,
  Goaded from shore to shore;
No schoolmen, turning in their classic quest
  The leaves of empire o'er.
From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome
  Following the track of Paul.
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's home
  Their vast eternal wall;
They paused not by the ruins of old time;
  They scanned no pictures rare,
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains climb
  The cold abyss of air.
But into prisons where men lay in chains,
  To haunts where hunger pined,
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains
  And wants of human kind,
Scattering sweet words and quiet deeds of good
  Along their way like flowers,
Or pleading as Christ's freemen only could
  With princes and with powers."

Whittier.

We have already touched upon work abroad in speaking of the English rescue and slum work. But there is so much to be said, that in a small volume much must be crowded out. In every town and village in the country of its birth, the Army's flag has become a familiar sight; but not there alone is it loved as the bearer of

good tidings of peace and pardon to the lost, for the colors fly from the mast of twenty-two vessels sailing round the British coast; and away in distant lands among the flags of many nations, that Army flag of blue and red has been firmly planted, and though looked upon at first as strange, sometimes torn and roughly handled, yet, as time has rolled by, it has won love, respect, and thankfulness from the hearts of the strangers to whom it was sent.

A beautiful city is Paris as seen from the high ground at St. Cloud or from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe.

Glittering domes, gilded statuary, and countless spires stand out against the almost always blue sky; two-towered "Notre Dame," the beautiful Grand Opera building, the playing fountains of the Champs Elysées, and the tree-planted boulevards, all impress the tourist, and make him exclaim, "Surely this is the most beautiful and brilliant city in Europe." To mere pleasure-seekers no place can seem more agreeable and delightful than the gay Capital of France.

The external, however, often deceives, and truly when looked at from another aspect, a dark, sunless cloud hangs over Paris, and spreading out from it overshadows all that fair country. *Dieu a quitté Paris* is not only a fact printed in large letters as a newspaper heading, but is regarded as *un fait accompli* by those who school themselves to believe in nothing supernatural or religious. We find another paper rejoicing in the fact that Parisians have accomplished *l'abolition de Dieu*, and having torn down His altars and banished His memory, they exalt the goddess of reason, the god of pleasure, and the mighty god of self, who only too readily asserts himself in every Christless heart.

Still the Parisians have their good points. They are enthusiastic, quick, good-natured, and polite, and one cannot but like the people, while one hates their carelessness and sin.

To thoroughly understand the French it is necessary to take into consideration their terrible past. Centuries when they were abused and downtrodden by an arrogant and an exacting aristocracy, and by an iron and monarchical rule, have had their reaction. From being serfs these people rose to be the avengers of their own wrongs and the wrongs of their forefathers. Blood ran like water; the guillotine severed fair necks that had known only the pressure of pearls and gold; justices, marquises, dukes, and princes were all laid low. Then when they had wiped out this much-hated class, they, though unqualified, took the law and power into their own hands. Faction after faction has arisen and fallen, and the quiet and peace of one day has been only the hush and calm that foretells the coming storm. Their religion, which once held them in abject bonds and tyrannized over them almost as much as their temporal princes, filling them with countless superstitions, was found to be so inextricably mixed up with politics that it had to go too. Priests were driven out, allegiance to Rome was thrown off, and from the ruins of their perverted faith rose infidelity, free thought, and a libertinism that has brought the morals of the people to be regarded as the lowest in Europe.

They are a very difficult people to touch and influence on any religious grounds. The Bible to them is a book of old wives' fables; sin has no dread; the hereafter to them has no cause for anxiety.

Talk of sin and of its danger, and they will smilingly answer, "*Le pèche ne m'effrai pas. Je l'aime.*"

When they die they will be dead, and that is the end of it, so the after result of sin need not concern them, they will tell you, hence they intend to have a good time of it—"eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow they die." Surely they are just the people who need the Salvation Army, though their fortresses may seem the most impregnable.

In a little hall situated at the end of an alley-way, up a flight of stairs, the Army flag was first planted in a poor and communistic *quartier*. A strange little gathering it would have looked to a stranger unacquainted with its purpose and meaning. A crowd of rough French *ouvriers*, dressed in the blue blouse always worn by them, and women in their little snowy-white caps; knives and pistols not visible, but they are there nevertheless, cherished close to the *citoyenne* breast as well as beneath the blue blouse of the *citoyen*. A rough, hard crowd, as the words of the sergeant of police proved: "They have got in that hall half the cut-throats of Paris." Oh what a study of vicious faces, that look ready at any moment to do or dare anything; and on the platform only a few young girls. The one who is singing, with face uplifted, you might imagine to be some Catherine of Sienna or Madame Guyon; a sweet, holy, determined face, thin and worn with work, but full of courage and resolution. The crowd stares in wonder, spellbound and perplexed as they listen to such a song as,

> "Viens à Jesu, viens à Jesu,
> Viens à Jesu, maintenant."

So *L'Armée du Salut* began its work in France. Its leader was no strong man of military bearing, with stentorian voice, but Catherine Booth, eldest daughter of the General, who was sent to open the attack. She left

her home, and, accompanied by four or five young girls, started the work because "God laid the poor infidels of Paris on my heart, and I could not sleep for thinking of them."

Neither Miss Booth nor those in her little band were at all perfect in the French language; in fact, some of them could not speak it at all. The translated hymns were anything but correct at first in diction, and the audiences had no ear for music, and so could not or would not help them sing. These obstacles, which would have daunted a less courageous heart, were looked upon as mere trifles to be conquered by practice. "But," said a friend, who was trying to keep Miss Booth in her own country, where she had been wonderfully successful as a public speaker and in the saving of souls, "what is the use in going; you cannot speak the language yet?" "If I cannot talk to them about salvation in good French, I will do it in bad French, but I must and will make them understand." She did it, and, regardless of mistakes and laughter continued to speak "bad French" in public, until she became perfectly correct and fluent in the language. With the same indomitable courage she inspired her girl comrades, and they sorely needed it, for countless disappointments awaited them.

Night after night they prayed, sang, and spoke, until they were weary, but to little effect. The people remained immovable, though they came in crowds. A French Christian, who watched these first struggles, turning to Miss Booth said: "You had better go home to your mother. The Salvation Army cannot possibly succeed here; your efforts will be utterly useless." Perhaps part of this comforting advice might have found an unspoken echo in the heart of one who had never before put the sea between herself and a mother's love and sym-

pathy, and just then she needed it more than she ever had in her life. But that echo was stifled by the brave answer, "If I cannot save France, I can die for it," and mother and home were not visited, until it could be done with news of victory.

It seemed as though the first convert would never come. The people would weep and seem impressed, but as to making any definite profession of even a desire for salvation, it seemed far from them. One night *la Capitaine* made her way to the back of the hall and sat down by a poor, dissolute workingwoman; she put her arms around her and asked her if she did not want Jesus as her Friend and Saviour. "I love you," she said, looking into the woman's face, while her tears fell upon the hard-worked hand. That melted the heart that no amount of preaching would have broken; and this touch of Divine love made the poor woman long to find its source. So before the night had passed, the Army's first Parisian convert had risen from the penitent form washed in the precious blood of Jesus. The ice was broken then, and though the fight was still hard, by ones and twos their ranks were augmented, until a nice little platform full of saved Frenchmen and women could be seen nightly in the new hall on the Quai Valmy.

It would need a volume to describe the growth, toil, and struggle of this opening work, the frightful storms at the opening of another fort near by, or the gradual increase of interest and attention it created.

One of the first things that called the general attention of Paris to the Army was the report of the opening of Switzerland. Persecuted, imprisoned, and expelled by the Swiss Government, Miss Booth and one or two of her girls became objects of the intensest interest and curiosity to the sight-seeing public, and visitors to the

city came to see the "spectacle" on Sunday nights. The newspaper reporters rushed to Quai Valmy and went away again to fill the papers with amusing and vivid reports of all that was to be seen and heard. They treated us much more fairly than the papers in many a religious country. Alphonse Daudet wrote a novel, "L'Evangeliste," which was believed by the public to describe the Army; Sarsay wrote articles in the *Figaro;* and altogether the Army became an object of much attention.

This state of things was taken advantage of to advance on to new ground, and a fashionable ball-room was hired on the Boulevard des Capucines, not far from the Grand Opera, for the purpose of reaching the wealthy, pleasure-loving population, who had as yet been unreached. Mirrors, gilded cornices, velvet curtains, and polished floor made a striking contrast to the Army hall down in La Villette; but not so striking as the difference in audiences. The boulevard without was blocked with carriages bringing ladies dressed as for the opera. Gentlemen in evening dress, gold eye-glasses, glittering diamonds, and all the other necessaries that go to make up the whole existence of some men, accompanied by bejewelled women, painted and powdered, and dressed up to the latest fashion, crowded every available seat.

When the Salvationists appeared upon the platform, opera-glasses came into great requisition and laughing comments came from all sides, but when Miss Booth knelt to pray silently for a few minutes, in perfect wonder the audience arose and gazed at her. "Is she sick?" asked one lady, and when answered, "*Elle prie le bon Dieu,*" there were exclamations of wonder at the regardlessness of dress that made her willing to kneel down in the dust.

Miss Booth chose such subjects as "Has God left Paris?" "What is the religion for France?" "Heart religion," etc. At first, as she spoke, upon the faces of the audience would be a look of amused wonder; fans would be fluttered, glasses in use, and that false simpering smile, that is put on like a mask in society, would hide the real heart feelings impenetrably.

After a while, as the power of God could be felt through the straight yet tender words of the speaker, they would for once forget themselves and be lost in the subject; fans would be folded, glasses forgotten, and the mask of seeming would drop, leaving on those faces a look of weary longing, apprehension, anguish, or pain, which showed clearly that the heart beneath had not been quite stilled and deadened by the false joy and empty etiquette of the Paris world. Some of the ladies, who had most certainly not come prepared to weep, were unable to keep back their tears, which washed away the rouge, and as they wiped the tears away, they wiped away the paint with it, making their handkerchiefs red and their faces pale.

Both upper and lower Paris society has been reached by the *Salutistes*, and now their Headquarters in that city can be found next to the Grand Opera of Rue Auber, in the very heart of the city, while the Quai Valmy hall and Rue de Belleville theatre are being worked to reach the lowest and poorest of the city. The visiting of saloons and holding little meetings among their frequenters have been very successful. The officer would get the license to sell the Army gazette, *En Avant*, on the streets, and the selling of their paper was an excuse to enter the café. When once inside they would sing and pray when possible, never losing an opportunity to talk to the people about their souls. Thousands of

papers have thus been sold among those who would never think of reading the Bible, and this paper is all about salvation from beginning to end. Were they given away like tracts, the people would most probably throw them aside, but when they have taken the trouble to pay their five cents they will put the paper in their pocket and take it home.

Here is an article from the daily paper *Paris*. It shows the impression made on the thoroughly irreligious in these cafés when visiting them :

"In a café in the Quartier Latin, last month, a numerous party was assembled by the usual haphazard of public-houses. Drinking, smoking, card-playing, singing, speech-making, and chatting were the order of the day.

"Young fellows caring neither for God nor devil, and pretending to be tipsy for the sake of being funny, were joking one another from one table to another.

"Women were laughing with that laugh which sets one's teeth on edge—loud, false, mirthless, the counterfeit of gayety. They passed from one man to another—familiar, free, cajoling, 'hail-fellow-well-met' with all.

"In this place at this hour, Mr. Lustings and Mr. Forget-good hold their court in Parisian life.

"Suddenly the door opened, and after several seconds of astounded silence, a clamor arose—tumultuous, extraordinary, formidable—greeting the entrance of a woman cadet of the Salvation Army.

"She was a young girl of some sixteen years, of the Nell Horn type. With her delicate profile rendered still more delicate by being encased in a great, black funereal bonnet, very pale, her eyes bright and sad, erect, straight, in her little old woman's dress, with a voice whose touch of English accent heightened its sweetness, she offered the Salvation journal, *En Avant*.

"They were free to buy it, or to let her return as she came.

"But one woman knew no better than to insult her pure young sister. Some men had the weakness to laugh at the would-be joke.

"The Salvationist remained untroubled. She invited the girl who had insulted her to 'come to Jesus,' and explained to her the advantages of conversion, paraphrasing the dictum of her leader, 'You make pleasure your God; make God your pleasure.' The assembled café, delighted, received this little sermon with redoubled repartees, some few witty, many more idiotic. In spite of this brutal avalanche aimed at that which was sacred to her, which outraged her purity, the face of the Salvationist kept its serenity.

"The conflict between one little devotee of sixteen years and a company of some sixty men and women, sceptical and shameless, was prolonged. At last a woman, moved by the spectacle of such strong faith responding so bravely and generously to all kinds of filthy speeches, begged the assembly to leave off. It was the woman who had begun it all!

"This sudden change of tactics provoked by an attitude more than human—heavenly—gave me the secret of the rapid religious growth of this organization. It possesses courage and resignation. These are the first virtues of apostleship, those which arouse in the masses admiration and pity."

La Marechale, as Miss Booth was called, has spent hours with her little band in this work, and as a result hundreds of the people have been faced with the facts regarding their eternal welfare, who would never have entered a religious meeting or stirred a step to hear about such things. In one week the cadets in the Paris Train-

ing Home visited nine hundred and seventy-four cafés, speaking and singing in almost all of them.

The South of France work was opened at about the same time as that in Switzerland. Valence was the first point attacked, and the interest spread rapidly through the Drôme. In all the surrounding villages the interest was intense, and meetings were held in farm-houses, barns, churches, and in the open air. The country people would walk for miles to attend these meetings, carrying their chairs with them. The meetings in Valence, however, were much disturbed by the rowdy element in the city, and instead of teaching them better by law, the police turned the law against the unoffending Salvationists, and they were prohibited from holding public meetings.

The little meetings in the officers' quarters, however, were well attended and the work by no means died out. I remember one morning at about four o'clock Miss Booth and I were awakened by a great noise as of some one pounding at the door. The Captain opened it and a few minutes after we heard the sound of earnest praying and crying in the cellar beneath. We heard afterward that two men in a distant village had become so anxious about their souls, that they had walked all night to get to the Salvation Army officers that they might direct them to Jesus, and they, down on their knees in the cellar, found Him, and went away rejoicing.

The work went on farther south, to Marseilles and many other cities, bringing glad tidings over mountains, through valleys, here, there, and everywhere. The work at first had been long, tedious, and weary, but love and patience won at last, and a wonderful turn of the tide swept down upon the brave little band. For instance, here is the record in one city: Bordeaux recently

reports one hundred and twenty souls seeking salvation. Present statistics show 239 officers, 89 corps, 78 outposts, and the *En Avant* has a circulation of 14,250 copies.

At La Drôme there is a young convert over one hundred years old. She says: "I wondered why it was God kept me alive so long on earth, but now I understand that it was to make me meet the Army of the Lord." She has become quite a bright Christian. Two hundred people met in a barn to celebrate her hundredth birthday, at which meeting three souls were saved.

Wealthy merchants, ministers of the Gospel, would-be suicides, drunkards, women of fashion, and poor, lost girls—truly all manner of men and women have been rescued and saved through these brave French workers.

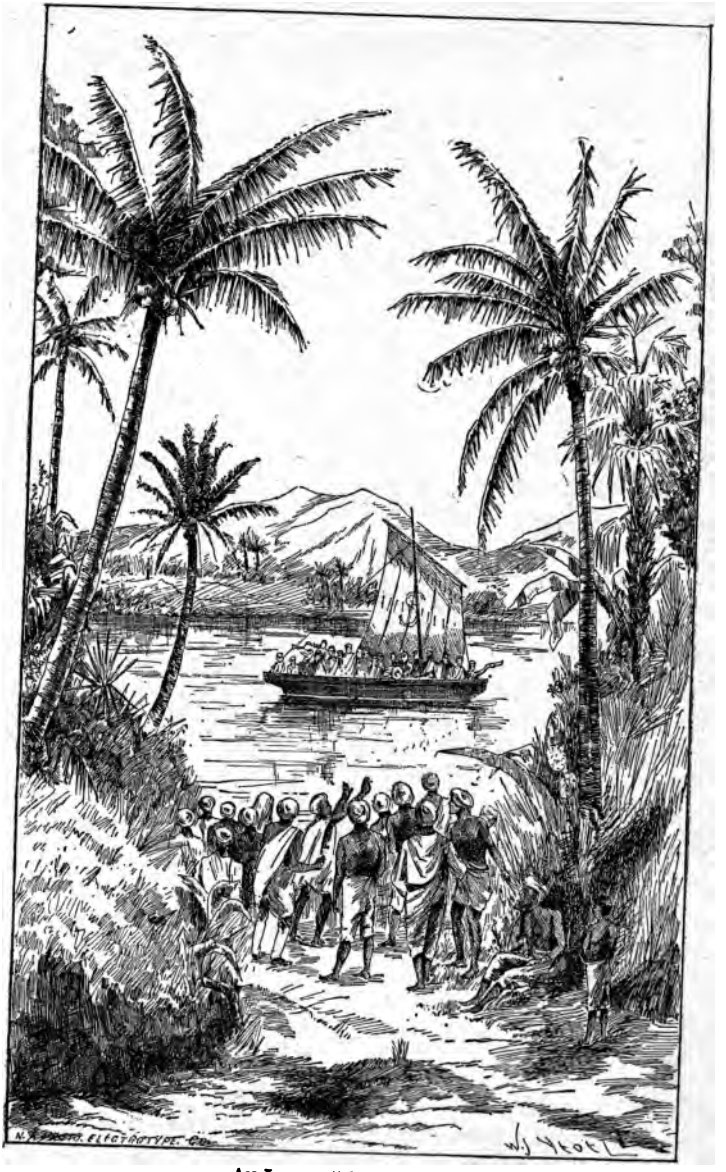
When the General of the Salvation Army first commenced his work, he had no idea of sending missionaries to far-away heathen lands. The work was to be a Home Mission for the English heathen of saloons and slums; but, like Abraham of old, he was led out into undertakings and lands "knowing not whither;" but, always willing to obey, he did not shackle or hinder the work by any fear of consequences or uncertainty of action.

Far-away India, cursed not only by the darkness of heathendom, but by the vices which civilizing Europeans had taken with them, needed help—a people who would be willing to become natives to the natives, that they might "by all means save some," who would be willing to sacrifice everything to this one end, had to arise to help the natives, and that people had to be the Salvation Army. In 1880 the Christmas *War Cry* fell into the hands of a prosperous young English judge, who received a good salary, judged righteously, and was truly respected by both Europeans and natives. So much impressed was he by what he read that he determined to

see this Army of God, and for this purpose he obtained a leave of absence and went to England to inspect the Army. He watched the movement closely and critically, until he became so thoroughly convinced of God's presence in its ranks, that he resigned his splendid position in the Indian Civil Service and gave his life up to the Army willingly, either to do legal work for Headquarters, take a corps as captain, sell *War Crys* on the streets, or, if they wished him, to go back to India as a Salvation leader. In 1882 he was commissioned and sent back to India with a few English officers.

Too long had the difference of caste and skin made a high, strong barrier between Christian Europeans and heathen natives. The white man in European dress was a big man to the poor native, who salaamed before him as he passed, but he was no friend or brother to him. "He eat meat; he white skin; he wear shoes; me no dress same; me no worship white man's God; him must have other gods, too." The law of adaptation was again called into requisition by the Army officers, and they went out to their work in Indian dress, donning the costume of the poorest, lowest class of natives, but having it made of the yellow color so sacred in their eyes. Men and women alike walked barefooted and discarded the use of European food, beds, or chairs. They lived in poor, mud huts, slept on the ground, ate rice with their fingers instead of spoons or forks, and lived without a cent of salary, literally begging their bread from door to door with a little *crusa.*

This outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace gained them the confidence and love of the natives as nothing else would have done. The sacrifice, of course, was great, but the joy and reward was far greater. The immense crowds of natives they could



AN INDIAN "OPEN AIR."

gather together at but little notice was the first sign of their success. Three or four thousand people would gather to listen to them in the open air, and thousands of natives of all castes have been converted. This conversion has not only meant a change of habit, and a leaving of their gods of stone and their superstitions, and a belief in the Christian worship, which would have meant a mere civilization, but it meant truly a coming to the cross and having their sins washed away by the precious blood of Jesus; and in their lives they have shown the truth and depth of their salvation by their purity, goodness, and honesty.

The many different languages spoken in the many provinces of India and Ceylon has been a great difficulty to overcome, but those who truly love the poor, dark natives have an indomitable courage, and with God's help they have mastered languages in a surprisingly short time. The terrible heat has also been a great wear upon the officers' health; it would take some time to become acclimatized, and even then, workers both English and native have been swept off the battlefield within twenty-four hours by that dreaded scourge, Asiatic cholera, and also by the disease of small-pox. Colonel Weerisooriye, a native officer, who became the second in command of the work, was a high caste Buddhist, and his father was chief man in a Cingalese village. In the *Muktifauj* (Salvation Army) he was a most devoted and brave fighter; no hardship was too great, no suffering too heavy to bear for his dear country's sake. He was blessed to the salvation of vast numbers of his fellow-countrymen, and every one loved him for his sweet, Christ-like disposition. Struck down suddenly by cholera, he died like a soldier, with no sign of fear, and amid the most terrible suffering his face lit up with

strange brightness as he said, "It is nice to be saved." In his last unconscious moments he thought he was dictating a letter, and the watchers at his side heard him whisper, "Yours, for the salvation of India." They buried him with the Army flag, which he had carried so long and bravely in life, next to his cold, dead heart; but his works live after him, and many brave native officers can point back to the day when Weerisooriye's hand led them to the foot of the cross, where the darkness and mist of idolatry were dispelled by the perfect light of God.

Miss Emma Booth, who is now married to the leader, Commissioner Tucker, is walking barefooted in her Indian costume, having learned the "luxury of self-sacrifice." Countless stories could be told of the bravery and self-sacrifice of these Army missionary workers, and the native converts, who for the sake of their religion have to bear the most brutal persecution from their heathen relations. In India there are now 263 officers wholly engaged in the leading and directing of this work; 52 corps of native soldiers have been established, with 19 stations worked as outposts.

Back to the far North of Europe let us follow the Army flag in its onward march. Through the dense crowds of Stockholm, Göttenburg, Upsala, and many other cities of beautiful wooded and seagirt Sweden the Army colors have waved victorious. It was a strange story, that paving the way for Army work in Sweden. In 1878 the General's eldest son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, utterly exhausted and broken down in health through overwork, went to Sweden to rest in company with a friend who was then building a railroad in that country. However, it is an almost impossible matter for Army officers to rest, for though they can sometimes manage

to chase from their minds the thoughts of work that they have left upon the battlefield, they cannot get rid of the burning love for souls so deeply rooted in their hearts. So it happened that before he had been long in the country, Mr. Bramwell Booth began leading Holiness meetings in private houses, mission rooms, and many other places that offered the opportunity. Numbers of people in these services sought and found complete deliverance from sin, and as a natural consequence followed up this blessing of a clean heart with a perfect consecration of their lives to God's service. The daughter of one of Sweden's wealthy families, who had moved in the best society in that country, happened to be present at one of these meetings and there gave herself unreservedly to God. She became very anxious to see a real aggressive religion started in her own country, and wrote imploring letters to the Salvation Army General to come over and help them. Finally, with the "importunate widow's" persistence, she went to England and again endeavored to gain her heart's desire—a detachment of officers to begin the campaign in Sweden. Unfortunately men and women were wanting, the vast and speedy spread of the work having used up all supplies. So the General's answer had to be, "We have nobody to send; go and get the people saved yourself."

Returning to her country this Army pioneer acted on this advice, and soon returned with some Swedish converts to be trained for Army work in the English Training Home. Her perseverance and pluck gained for her much sympathy, and in 1882 she was sent back to Sweden, commissioned as Major, with three or four officers. They met with tremendous success. The riding school was hired in Stockholm, accommodating five thousand people, and was crammed every night, leaving

even greater crowds still outside. Of course the audiences were not always orderly, and at times there was a great deal of disturbance, which made the proprietors of riding schools, theatres, and other buildings, refuse to let them for Army purposes. The bitter Scandinavian winter found them with no place in which to meet; but they possessed a burning zeal which no frost or snow could quench, so they bravely spoke and prayed in large, roofless coal-yards kindly lent them for the purpose. Thousands of people would stand for hours together listening with breathless attention.

The work spread rapidly; sixty and seventy people would kneel at the penitent form at the same meeting, and the interest spread, despite all obstacles to the work's advancement, like wild-fire. Naturally no great attack can be made without some strenuous efforts of resistance. The persecution in Sweden, as in Switzerland, did not come from the people but from the Government. Instead of prosecuting the disturbers of the meetings, they revived some old forgotten law which made it illegal to worship God in public after the hour of sunset. This absurd law the police tried to enforce; but the Army, seeing that they must fight the battle of religious liberty through and gain the rights enjoyed by all other Christian bodies, continued despite the police edict. Imprisonment after imprisonment followed, but as the prison bolt was shot after some brave officer, another would spring into the gap and fill his place. I went to see one dear lad in prison while I was there, and he was blue with cold and sick with hunger; but the hallelujah with which he met me had a true, joyful ring about it which showed that no damp cells could cool his ardor.

Another, who had been sentenced to a month with hard labor, I met at the prison gate, and heard from his

own lips of the Salvation Army work he had been enabled to do among his jailers, a consolation which made up for not being allowed to keep his Bible while in prison. Soldiers of King Oscar's Guard, students of Upsala University, a Stockholm editor, and other people of rank and influence were saved.

Wider and wider grew the circle of Salvation Army influence; more cities were attacked; more souls brought to God; but still the persecution was continuously kept up, until the matter was appealed to King Oscar, who decided in favor of the *Frälsnings Arméns* (Salvation Army).

What marvellous conversions and romantic incidents could be read on every page of the Swedish war history, had we but space to reproduce them for American readers. One, however, will give an idea of how the weak things of this world have been used by God to confound the mighty.

In the far northern mountain roads, overlooking the deep blue lake that stretches away toward the sea, was situated the prosperous little city of Sundsvald. Two little lasses, the elder not nineteen, were sent there as Captain and Lieutenant to start the Army work. They received at first ridicule and insult; both the police and the hoodlum element rose against them, but they were not going to retreat in terror, so they held their ground, and in three months about three hundred and fifty stalwart mountaineers had been saved and enlisted as Salvation Army soldiers. They were not children knowing nothing of what they were doing, who would leave again as readily as they came in, but solid men of sound sense, who did what they did from conviction of right. Some of them had been terrors to the town through drink and vicious habits.

Albin Fostberge was one of the brightest among the younger converts, and his past had been of a pretty dark character. He had been brought up in a wretched home, with a drinking father and an unprincipled mother; fighting, swearing, and debauch had been his occupation before the Army flag reached his native town, and when it came he turned all his spare energy upon persecuting the *Frälsnings soldaten* (Salvation soldiers). This cowardly action, however, brought less amusement than he had expected, and one night Albin Fostberge, the persecutor, was changed into Albin the soldier. Yes, he had knelt at the penitent form, the laughing-stock of his companions, but the delight of his future comrades of the Army. What a changed life was his; even his father, when drinking in the saloons, would not hear a word spoken against the Army. "They have done something for my Albin; he is a changed lad, and I won't hear anything against them." Albin's one anxiety now was to lead others to the Jesus whom he had learned to love, and a sister and a brother were his first-fruits, and many of his old companions followed.

It was the Sunday before my visit that he rose at six o'clock and went to the early morning knee-drill (prayer-meeting) in the village outpost where he lived. A bright, brave testimony he gave, saying that he was not only ready to die, but ready to live and suffer, if needs be, for Jesus Christ. Shortly afterward he started with the Sergeant of his corps to walk to Sundsvald over the frozen lake, which was the ordinary route for traffic in the winter months. When they were within two or three hundred feet of the shore he heard a cry and turned to see his comrade sink, the ice having given way just at the spot covering a strong current.

Not thinking for a moment of his own safety, he

turned to help him, but the ice again cracked and he sank beneath the surface. The Sergeant had a stick, that when placed crosswise served to hold him up, but Albin had none, so that when he rose to the surface he could only clutch at the ice, which cut his fingers and gave way beneath his drowning grasp. Seeing there was no hope of life he shouted to his companion: "I am going home; I know you cannot help me. Tell my comrades to be faithful unto death," and the next instant he was gone, not only through the icy shroud but through the pearly gates.

A rescue party came and saved Sergeant Sunchrist and then made ready on the shore to launch a boat in search for Albin's body. The roughs gathering round them laughed at the idea, saying: "Fools! do you think to find the corpse; it takes days before bodies can be recovered in the lake." But the Salvationists knelt down and prayed, "O Lord, enable us to find the body of our comrade, and shut the mouths of those who mock Thy people." Breaking the ice as they went, they then proceeded to the place where he had sunk. Presently they found Albin's cap floating upon the water, and putting down the dredge-net, they at once brought his body to the surface. As he lay upon the shore there was a peaceful smile upon his lips, and his hands were folded as if still in prayer.

"Albin Fostberge promoted to glory through the ice. Funeral next Sunday," was the wire that brought me the news, and on the day mentioned I stood in a little woodshed looking down on the still, dead face of this true soldier, dressed in his red guernsey upon which were embroidered the words—"From death unto life."

Seven thousand people came to see us bury him, and a bright, pretty funeral it was; no crape or black hearse,

but white ribbons on each soldier's arm and white scarfs for the comrades who carried the flag-covered coffin. Banners floated, songs of victory rang out clear, and the sun smiled upon the dead face as brightly as it smiled upon the glittering lake below where he had so unexpectedly met his death. Every one wore white flowers, so it looked more like a bridal than a funeral, which is the Salvation Army idea of the celebration of the entrance of a dear comrade into the glory-land.

> "Sa jag gar till det land därovan,
> Stämmer in i änglakör ;
> Och sjunger till min Jesu ära,
> Att Frälsnings soldaten aldrig dör."

rose sweetly from the soldiers' lips and hearts as they marched toward the grave, while the crowd stood staring in wonder. "Salvation soldiers never die!" "What do they mean? Why! Look at that corpse."

But at the grave-side we tell them that those who are faithful unto death pass through death into life, and that no true Salvationist shall ever know the sting of death or the victory of the grave, for his is life eternal.

In Sweden they have now 64 corps and 16 outposts, worked by 213 brave, devoted officers, most of them Swedes converted through the Army, trained and then in their turn used for the conversion of their fellow-countrymen. They have a national Training Home; and the *Strids Ropet* (*War Cry*) has a circulation of 19,000 copies, and *Den Lille Soldaten* (*The Little Soldier*, fortnightly) 3000.

CHAPTER XIII.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN FIELDS CONTINUED.

> "Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
> All along each distant shore;
> Seaward far the islands brighten,
> Light of nations, lead us o'er!
> When we seek them,
> Let Thy Spirit go before."
>
> —*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.*

THE work has spread from Sweden into Denmark and Norway, in both of which countries the inhabitants have the same warm-hearted temperament. In Norway there are 18 corps, 2 outposts, and 52 officers; while in Denmark there are 9 corps and 28 officers.

In the Australasian colonies the work has been wonderfully successful, especially among criminals and fallen women, and it has gained much sympathy and respect.

Members of the Legislature, premiers and other well-known men have not only spoken in the highest terms of the Army work, but have attended the meetings themselves and given largely to its support. In laying the foundation-stone of the Sydney Barracks, Sir Henry Parks, ex-Premier of New South Wales, spoke thus of the Army workers: "You do not seek to move in the goodly company of the saints, but you seek to penetrate and find out the worst of sinners, and this is exactly the kind of work which our Saviour did. I have, therefore, the greatest possible pleasure by this trifling departure

from my ordinary course of life to give you my approval, whatever it is worth, of the good work you are doing. You can do no evil in the world; you abridge no man's liberty; you abridge no man's happiness; but what you do is that you teach—in as sound language as any other teachers adopt—the way to salvation; and inasmuch as you rescue any of these persons—and generally your ministrations are among the most fallen classes—just in proportion as you rescue any of these large classes, you increase their comfort in life by adding to them sobriety; you increase the peace and beauty of their homes by banishing dissipation and all sources of quarrel, and you greatly improve and advance the good feeling and domestic happiness of the larger class of our fellow-creatures.

"The favored are always the few, and the many are always those who bear the hardest burdens and have fewest of the blessings of life; and your services have a tendency to ameliorate the condition of the larger class of your fellow-creatures, and in that respect, as I have already said, you cannot fail in doing good, and I defy the ingenuity of sophists to point out how you can do any appreciable evil. I therefore perform this ceremony, as I have said in the first place, with right good will, and as a citizen of this city you have my full support in trying to carry out the doctrines which you so openly, and, I think, successfully, profess. I wish you every kind of success."

In the far-away busy villages in the gold-mine districts and among the colored aborigines of the country a solid and blessed work has been done. After watching our work, Bishop Morehouse, Chief Primate of Melbourne, said of the Army at a convention:

"I must say of the Salvation Army, in the first place,

that I believe it to be inspired by the noblest impulse which can direct human energies—by the desire to make sinful men love and follow Christ. I see in its leading ministers and agents a holy, self-denying enthusiasm, which, on the large scale, is nowhere equalled at the present time.

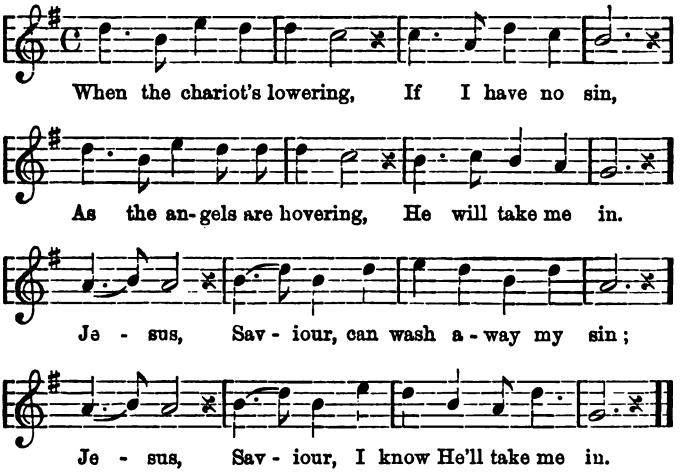
"When I read of the bold assaults which they make on the very strongholds of vice in this city, of delicate women risking insult and braving disease that they may rescue their fallen sisters from the grasp of loathsome vice and reckless violence, I feel my heart go out to them in love and admiration. If the Master were here I am sure He would own them and honor them and set them above me. If they don't shame us into more earnest, self-denying efforts to fight the great foes of Christ and humanity, it must be because our hearts are cold and we have lost the glow of our first love. Again, I must say that, in reading their book of doctrine and discipline, I have been very much struck by the sanctified common sense which to a very large extent leavens its teachings."

The Chinese, who can be found in large numbers in Melbourne and Sidney, have also been reached, and some Chinese converts saved and raised from their midst have been appointed to lead the work. Hymns have also been printed forthem and they truly enjoy Salvation Army meetings.

The work was opened in New Zealand by a delicate young officer of only twenty years, whose Lieutenant was only nineteen; but so successful were they that before the year closed ten corps were firmly established in the country. Then the work spread like a prairie fire from the extreme south to the far north of the two islands, until it is estimated that the Salvation Army

have the largest congregations of any religious denomination in New Zealand, and the Maoris or natives have had Salvation Army missionaries sent into their midst.

The well-known chorus



was suggested to Marshal Booth by the dying testimony of one of these poor Maoris, of which he heard when he was visiting their camp. The sergeant of the corps stood by him as his feet neared death's river. "Oh," he moaned, "I have done so little for God. I have only been converted three short months. The chariot's lowering! I see it! I see it! Will He take me in?" "Yes," said his comrade, bending closely over the bed, "He will take you in; He will take you in. His precious blood has washed away all your sin." As the Maori's eyes grew dim and he fell asleep in Jesus, the watchers round the bed heard him softly whisper, "I see the chariot lowering, and I know He'll take me in because I have no sin."

Many of these poor, once heathens, are now living

conscientious lives, with bright, happy, saved experiences through the Army's work among them. The playing of the cornet and the playing of the tambourine was what at the first most attracted their attention. In his testimony one of these saved Maoris commented thus: "Englishman come; he take our land; he gives gunpowder; we say cabbage-seed; go plant, but no cabbage, all melt away in ground; no good. Englishman come; bring Maoris big box soap; we say good to eat; put soap in big pot, boil him; all melt away; no good to eat. Englishman come; bring lead. Maori make lead hot to make tomahawk; lead all melt away. Englishman bring fire-water; make Maori bad; fire-water no good; very bad. New Englishman come; bring Maori salvation. Salvation make Maori's black heart white; salvation good; salvation no melt away."

In one of the Maori camps the Marshal was taken to see the chief, who asked him to take a message back to his father, the General. "Tell him I thank him for sending the new religion all round the world. It has made my people good." There are now in Australasia 303 corps, 345 outposts, and 793 officers. Their *War Cry* has a circulation of 94,300 copies, and their monthly *Full Salvation* 16,500 copies. Training Homes are established in this country also.

From the burning heat of the Australasian summer let us travel back to the snowy-white Alps of Switzerland. At Christmas time in the year 1882 work was opened in the city of Geneva by La Maréchale Booth from Paris. Switzerland was the far-famed land of religious liberty —the home of Zwingli and Calvin. In the years gone by the brave mountaineers had fought for liberty, and the reformers had planted firmly the banner of freedom of conscience. The Salvationists went forth to this field

expecting to reach thousands who, they heard, were cold and indifferent to the claims of God in this professedly religious country; but the stormy campaign that was before them was totally unexpected. Some people say that the disturbances, and consequent police interference, that often attend Army work, are stirred up by the peculiar methods and movements and so-called extravagances; but this cannot possibly be said with regard to the Swiss campaign by even the most captious of critics. All the new strange methods were laid aside, and everything was done most quietly and respectably.

The Army was going in to work among a new people, whose prejudices and customs were foreign to it, therefore they took the utmost care at the outset to feel their way. The drums, flags, cornets, red guernseys were left behind in France, and the first meetings were of the most orderly character, and the people of a respectable class. Friends congratulated *la Maréchale* upon this fact, but she assured them she was much disappointed with the class of people reached, and that the Army wanted the rude, drunken classes. Shocked at the idea, they informed her that there was no such class to be found in Geneva. But the Salvationists, discrediting that statement, determined to find out for themselves.

A small poster was therefore printed headed "*Sang et Feu*," announcing that *la Maréchale* would open the attack upon Geneva. Great curiosity was aroused. The idea of any one attacking their quiet city, and that one being a woman, was perfectly astonishing to the people, while rumors were circulated about the form of attack; it being stated by many that this *Maréchale* was going to ride into the city, dressed like some Joan of Arc, upon a white charger, followed by other women warriors in the same guise, and that shot and shell were to be used.

However, the desired result was gained, and the following night a tremendous crowd of the riff-raff gathered in the Casino.

It is true they were terribly disorderly, broke windows, smashed chairs and benches, danced war dances, and sang songs in the most approved "Red Indian" style; but this is considered a mere incident of war by the Salvationists, and on this occasion it rejoiced them exceedingly to see that they had gained the desired result and proved that such people did exist, after which the respectable people of Geneva could not shut their eyes to the fact.

As weeks passed on a wonderful work was accomplished; drunkards left off drinking, thieves returned stolen goods to those they had robbed; lost women were rescued from houses where they had been kept prisoners in vice, and all sorts and conditions of men were saved by scores. At the early six o'clock prayer-meetings I have seen sights such as beggar description. Five and six hundred people, and often many more, would gather in the Salle de la Reformation, having most of them walked long distances through the darkness, cold, and snow of those winter mornings. In some instances, people walked all night from distant villages to attend those meetings; they were indeed well rewarded. The mighty power of God was never more strongly felt than there, and when the meeting was brought to a point and seekers after God were asked to come out to the penitent form, you would see thirty, forty, and even one hundred come with tears and go away with joy. Ministers and drunkards, ladies of wealth and women in poor clothes, students from college and rowdies from the streets, could be seen falling together before the God who is no respecter of persons.

So visible were the results of the work accomplished, that many Christians affirmed that there had never been so great a revival since the days of Calvin, while the non-believers, being unable to deny the results accomplished, and yet unwilling to acknowledge the power of God, said it was due to mesmerism.

The most bitter persecution that the Army has ever known now began. It did not come from the people, but from the Government, composed of unprincipled men. The chief of police was personally interested in the liquor traffic, and in company with others in that city in Government offices, was a nightly frequenter of the houses of ill-fame that Geneva should blush to know have over them lamps with red and yellow glass showing that they are licensed by the Government. What justice could the Army expect from such men, who were only the more incensed at the purity and gentleness of the Salvation girls, and maddened by their very strong and unflinching attacks on sin in all its forms.

The mob was bribed to cause all the disturbance they possibly could, and the police force was instructed not to protect the Army; so they were left to the mercy of the crowd. Thirty gentlemen of the city, indignant at this conduct of the authorities, swore themselves in as ushers for the meetings, and formed a body-guard to conduct Miss Booth and her helpers home from the meetings in safety. They also wore the red and yellow colors of the city, but in their case it was to show that they were on the side of right and justice. The Salvationists were beaten, kicked, and abused, and there was no law to protect them.

A comic paper published a cartoon which was only too true to life. A Salvationist has been knocked down; bruised and bleeding he appeals to a policeman to pro-

tect him. The latter lets the assailant wander away and arrests the Salvationist on the spot "for the crime of being beaten."

Another bolt that was hurled at these much-abused soldiers of the Cross, was a book written by a lady who could hardly have been in her right mind, trying to prove that they were Jesuits in disguise. She had never entered a meeting, never spoken to a Salvationist, never taken the trouble to investigate the subject, and yet she took upon herself the responsibility of arousing the people on this, to the Swiss, tender point, which she knew would greatly hinder the work. That she was in league with the authorities, the public conjectured rightly, and another cartoon appeared with this lady sitting in state with her foot upon the dead body of the Salvation Army receiving the congratulations of two Government officials, one presenting her with a cask of Raisin Seck wine, which he had imported into the country, while the other gives her two large books of sermons in which he was known to be much interested. Beneath is written, "The death-blow of the Salvation Army." But the authorities in Switzerland, as in other countries, had to learn that the Salvation Army could not die, and that where the living God is, many death-blows can be received from the enemy without killing effect.

The disturbances continued, as also did the good work, until the chief of police issued a warrant interdicting all public meetings of the Salvation Army. There was, however, one way of escape, there being a law in Geneva which guaranteed the inviolability of domicile, which enabled the Army to hold private meetings in cottages, garrets, drawing-rooms, cellars, and workshop, here, there, and everywhere, to the great annoyance of the

authorities. Instead of putting out the fire they had only spread it, and the work still continued.

What was accomplished through all these struggles? Some six hundred souls came out boldly to the Army penitent form, and a large, brave band of soldiers was formed during the first two months. It meant something for them to put the SS's upon their collar and boldly confess that they belonged to these despised Nazarenes; but they were brave and true, and through almost incredible hardships stood firm. Finding that in no way could they shut the mouths of God's messengers, the police determined to turn them out of the canton, and finding no possible cause of offence in them, so far as law-breaking went, they made up false charges and expelled several of the officers, La Maréchale Booth included, in the greatest of hurries for fear the people might prevent it. On the form for the expulsion of criminals "Within twenty-four hours" is printed. This was too long for the dangerous *Salutistes;* so it was crossed through and six hours were allowed them to get out of the country.

The Government officers afterward were obliged to confess that the charges were without foundation, and gave as their only excuse that "had not these two young women been turned out, it would have endangered the peace of the Republic and stirred up a revolution." The same old pretext—"He stirreth up the people, therefore, away with Him, crucify Him." But though they turned out some of the leading officers, the work did not stop, for the citizen soldiers who could not be expelled rallied round the flag, and soon another officer from another canton, where the work had been commenced, took the place of those who had been expelled, and led on the war in Geneva. The chief of police, however, lost his

position at the next election, and the roughs gathered beneath his windows and treated him to a Salvation Army song as a gentle reminder of the cause of his downfall.

At the time of the expulsion the theatrical paper of Geneva complimented the authorities upon the expulsion, saying: "Our theatre has lost a formidable rival, and the crowds are beginning to find their way back to us." What a good testimony from the lips of those who had nothing to say in the Salvation Army's praise. Now at the present time there are several corps in Geneva, and the Government restrictions have had to be withdrawn; police even come to protect them and keep order in the meetings.

The opening of Neuchâtel was even more stormy, though the results, so far as the conversion of drunkards and other desperadoes went, were even more blessed. Young girl officers were slapped in the face by rough lads and kicked in the streets with impunity in broad daylight. One dear good soldier, who had been a fighting, drinking lad before his conversion, I have seen many a time guarding the gate while rotten eggs were hurled at him until he was literally covered. He has stood his ground when hit on the mouth and slapped in the face without even raising his hand to retaliate, only answering his persecutors with the words "God bless you. I wish you knew how nice it was to be saved from sin." Some of these men and women literally watered their fatherland with their blood, standing firm for the rights of conscience and religious liberty. Women as well as men were waylaid and brutally beaten within an inch of their lives.

One dear girl officer, when standing in the door of her little hall, had a stone thrown at her by a cowardly fel-

low who stood but one yard away at the time. It struck her just above the eye and laid the bone open, and it was feared for a long time that she would lose her eyesight; at the time she fell senseless to the ground and was ill a long time in consequence. She recovered, however, though scarred for life, but she forgot all the suffering when she had the joy of seeing her assailant thoroughly saved and proving himself as a good soldier.

In different parts of Switzerland the work and persecution also spread. The history of the Covenanters and the Puritans was repeated. Meetings had to be held away in the mountain forests with sentinels posted on the look-out for the police, and on their approach, at the sound of the signal whistle, they would disappear and meet again at some distant spot. Meetings were held at 5 A.M. and even as early as 2 A.M. to elude the police. In one canton where the inviolability of the dwelling was utterly disregarded, it was a criminal offence for any one to speak in favor of the Army, and people have been arrested for so doing, while there was no law brought into force to prevent the mob from storming inoffensive soldiers' houses and burning their furniture in the public streets with the Bible in the centre of the bonfire. Seventy-five people were arrested in one little town for singing hymns in a private house, but they turned the court-room into a regular meeting-house, each one giving his testimony and talking to the officials about eternity besides. They were all discharged; very likely because they would have been too much to manage in prison all at one time. Miss Booth was imprisoned for two weeks for speaking to her soldiers on the mountain-side some miles from the city.

An amusing incident occurred at the meeting where she was arrested. In the midst of a lovely pine wood

high above the lake, quite a crowd of Salvationists were assembled, and with *la Maréchale* in their midst leading them, were having a blessed and lively meeting, when it was whispered round the ring that fifteen policemen in citizens' clothes had surrounded them, and in a minute or two three very important-looking gentlemen appeared on the scene. They were recognized as the Prefect, his assistant, and the chief of police. Seizing the opportunity, the Salvationists continued without a break, delighted at the chance of giving the officials a true insight into the Army; and strange to say, so impressed and interested were they that they did not interrupt the meeting, but stood listening for an hour. Such testimonies as these could but tell home. "I was a real wild boy," said a bright young convert, "led away by bad companions. I broke my mother's heart and went deep into all kinds of sin. Not only did I drink to great excess, but I also stole other people's goods and was always getting arrested, as the policeman over there in citizen's clothes knows very well, for he often had to do it. But now since I have been going to the Salvation Army, all is changed, and I have a new heart."

"I, also," followed another in testimony, "knew what it was to go low down in sin and vice, and I was several times before Monsieur Prefect there, to be dealt with for criminal offences; but praise be to God, the authorities have had no trouble with me since I got saved and joined the Salvation Army." Again another said: "I was taken to jail by one of the policemen here and the authorities know me well. But now I am a new man, and I mean to fight for God as well as I once fought for the devil." "I was nine hundred francs in debt before I joined the Army, and when they ask what the Army

has done, I answer, 'Look at me,'" said another speaker, looking straight at the Prefect, who appeared most uncomfortable.

After the meeting, when the warrant had been served arresting Miss Booth, the Prefect said: "I am very sorry, indeed, to have to do this. I am but the agent for higher authorities and must do my duty, but believe me, I regret it. I had no idea what the work was doing; I misjudged it by believing false reports, and after what I have seen and heard, I wish you prosperity and hope you may be able to go on with your good work."

Miss Stirling, a young English lady of good family, was imprisoned in the old castle of Chillon (made famous by Byron) for having gathered a few little children together and talked to them of Jesus. An old law was revived which had lain forgotten for a century or more, which had been enacted to keep the young children from the Jesuits, and made it unlawful to teach them religion under a certain age. Staff-Captain Kupfer was imprisoned with hard labor; but during her imprisonment the jailer's wife, daughter, and servant-girl were saved! The wife wrote to her afterward, as follows:

"My dear Friend: Many thanks for your letter, which reminds me of the days that we had the honor of having you in our house and talking to you. They were happy days for me, for it was then you led me to the Saviour, and I am sure that He who has begun a good work will also finish it. People may laugh and mock, but I will trust in my Saviour and follow Him on the stony and thorny road. Pray for me; I hope soon to see you again. We all missed you very much when you

THE JAILER'S WIFE SAVED IN PRISON.

left, for we loved you. God bless and help you in your good work."

"I wish you were going to stop longer," said the director of the prison as she was leaving. "We have never heard so little swearing or had so little trouble with the prisoners as since you have been here." When Colonel Clibborn was in prison he also had some souls saved, and scores of others can testify to the same blessed result of this temporary suffering behind bolts and bars for Christ's sake. What sort of men and women were these Swiss converts for whom so much toil and suffering were so patiently borne?

Here are the stories of four of them, although they will give but a faint idea of the work accomplished.

"A Bâsle soldier doing his military service was cruelly beaten, not only by his comrades, but by one of the under officers. Sometimes he was dragged out of his bed and beaten. His comrades have often thrown him to the ground to force beer into his mouth, but, 'God be praised,' he says, 'they didn't succeed.' He writes like a Salvation soldier out and out. Here is an extract from his own letter:

"If I had known beforehand what awaited me during my *service militaire*, I should have shuddered. I thought that at Bâsle I sometimes suffered the reproach (you know that I suffered it willingly for Jesus), but here I have the privilege not only of bearing the reproach, but of receiving a good many blows.

"The whole barracks, superiors and inferiors, know that I am a Salvationist. As soon as the under officer knew it he took my precious Bible and struck me.

"The Lord only knows all I have already suffered, especially because of intemperance. Several times al-

ready, after having tried to force me to drink, and seeing that I refused, they threw me on the ground and beat me cruelly.

"At first—it was the day they took my Bible—I cried to God to deliver me from my adversaries, but, hallelujah, He taught me something else! I learned to say, 'Lord, if Thou wilt that I suffer, I will willingly suffer, as long as I am conqueror.'"

"A man who had been a great drunkard, and had been tempted to commit suicide, was one evening pushed by a comrade, for fun, into the Salvation Army hall; he stayed and heard the truth, felt his sins, and accepted Jesus as his Saviour. Since then he has been perfectly happy."

Another was one of the worst rioters. He displayed the greatest ingenuity in inventing ways of persecuting the officers. He was very strong, and the police having left the Salvationists to the mercy of the mob, Porrey had a clear field.

One night he knocked down all the lamps in the meeting-room. Another night he went to the slaughter-house and fetched a cow's tail, dripping with blood, and hung it upon the officers' door to frighten them, as they would return in the darkness to feel for the door.

One of his companions, at the end of the meeting, poured a bottle of chloroform on the floor, and it was only when she saw her Lieutenant sink half in a swoon while she was putting the room in order, and felt her own head becoming dizzy, that the Captain suspected something was wrong and ran to throw the window open.

One evening Porrey entered the hall and coming straight up to the Captain nearly knocked her down with a blow on the head. But it was not long before he fell himself at the penitent form and found peace.

One evening a woman was seen standing in the hall, as if in a trance, pointing toward the platform; then she burst into tears and rushed out of the hall. It was Porrey's mother, dazed and overcome by the sight of him sitting among the soldiers clothed and in his right mind.

Again, a young man of good family is in such despair that he buys a revolver to commit suicide, but the thought flashes through his mind, "What if I went to the Salvation Army?" He went. The officer said in the meeting, "The devil offers to one man a revolver, to another a rope, to another poison, but God has given His precious Son." The would-be suicide said to himself, "Has any one said anything about me to this officer?" He is now a Salvation soldier.

It was just after the reopening of our Neuchâtel hall, the Princess X—— had come down from V—— to help us, and had spoken with great power.

On asking her afterward to tell us how it was she met the Army, she told us the following interesting story:

"I had heard much against the Salvationists, but felt sure there was something real among them. Being convicted of sin I consulted a pastor about finding full peace, and asked him, if I wanted to be altogether God's, should I have to join the Salvation Army. He said, 'Certainly not.'

"Shortly afterward we went for the summer to a little house in the mountains near V——. The Army had just opened a station there and I went quietly to see for myself. The hottest persecution was raging. I was immediately struck with the 'something' which the two young men officers possessed. Their patience, their tact with the roughs, their love, their quiet, fearless perseverance constituted a life I had never seen before.

I decided to watch them closely. I took opportunity to meet them in the market, and call to see them at irregular hours, and no matter where or how I came upon them, they were always the same; always about their Master's business. I witnessed the remarkable conversions which took place, and the whole impression made upon my mind was that these were holy men, and had the real Christianity I was longing for.

"Thinking that I might never see them again, and desirous that my children should be able to carry throughout their lives the recollection of having once seen holy men, I took them to a meeting in spite of the remonstrances of their governess.

"But soon the Army opened in the town where I lived. Two young girls were sent, one a French factory-girl, the other a Swiss peasant. They were truly saints of God. They had not a single friend to help them. I witnessed the birth and childhood of a corps. In spite of the greatest opposition and violence, upward of two hundred souls sought salvation. Many have left the country, but any one can go there and find forty men and a dozen women enrolled soldiers, many in the prime of life, and some who lived in the depths of sin."

We may add that the Princess kept the door of this hall for a long time at the opening, while the peasant girl led the meeting. She was often covered with mud, but now there are plenty of strong men for the work, and she has put on the uniform and helps from the platform, a faithful soldier.

How stands the work in Switzerland to-day, after all these difficulties and persecutions? In French Switzerland, where the fight was begun in Geneva in 1882, there are now 31 corps, 61 officers, and the *En Avant* has a circulation of 6000. In German Switzerland, un-

der dear, brave little Major Patrick, who was once a timid girl, but for years has proved herself a valiant soldier in the war, there are now 11 corps, 45 officers, and *Der Kriegsruf* has a circulation of 6000 copies.

Near home, just beyond the shadow of our white-starred flag, the Army has also had sweeping success. Among the wild red men of the woods, away in the bitter, freezing cold of far-off Winnipeg and Manitoba, and in the midst of the French population, the Canadian war has been bravely waged by Commissioner Coombs and his valiant band of officers.

When we think of the enormous distance which ranges from St. John's, Newfoundland, on the east, across two thousand miles to the west, and that every inch of this great territory has been won by unlearned, ignorant lads and lasses, without the direction or advice of anybody more than thirty years old, we can better judge of the wonderful way in which God came to their help and guidance. Open-air work has been carried on in the winter time, and many of the corps have been without an indoor meeting-place altogether for a considerable period. Hardly a penny of English money has been required or asked for, and even the travelling expenses of officers sent from England have been repaid from the Canadian funds. Though only opened in 1882, there are now 335 corps, 119 outposts, and 923 officers. They have five Training Homes and a very flourishing Rescue Work. The Canadian *War Cry* has a circulation of 32,000, the *Little Soldier*, 14,500 ; *En Avant* (fortnightly), 3000, and *All the World* (monthly), 3000. The intense cold is a very great trial to the health of the officers ; still, they bear it cheerfully, and a Captain from Manitoba writes :

" We are glad to report thirty-one souls in one week.

Our difficulties are many, but God helps us. We have to walk two and one half miles to knee-drill, and it is 43° below zero." It is not at all an uncommon thing for soldiers also to come sixteen miles to meeting in sledges over snow many feet deep. Officers have frequently had to walk great distances through or over the snow; and neither in those outlying places nor in large cities has the Army held buildings of a particularly comfortable sort. Many of them have been in fact but simple wooden sheds. It may be guessed under what circumstances of bodily discomfort meetings have frequently been held for weeks together, indoors as well as out, with the thermometer 10° below zero; but now the firm hold gained on Canada by the Army can be estimated not only by the love and respect with which it is regarded almost everywhere, but from the fact that the Army owns fine large buildings in Toronto, and some fifty elsewhere in the Dominion.

Upon this subject a pamphlet published by the Willard Tract Depository says: "We know of some cities where organizations have been struggling for years to keep a foothold, where efforts to secure a home for their work have been a failure; but to these very points the Army have gone and in a few years have so faithfully labored for their Master as to commend their cause to God's people; and now beautiful edifices bear the emblems and motto of the Army."

Some of the results of the work in Canada can be imagined by reading the following incidents, when we bear in mind that they can be multiplied by the thousand: "Eight months' work in Bridewell results in the rescue from sin and the salvation of five thousand souls." "In Uxbridge thirty-two conversions took place in two weeks." In reporting the

meeting on the Indian Reservation, an officer says he found one hundred Indian Salvation soldiers and converts full of enthusiasm. Chief Clinch testified in the Sunday night's meeting to the good he had received, and his son also bore witness that the blood of Jesus had washed his soul from sin and that he was saved through the Salvation Army. The following from a newspaper will show what the Salvation work accomplished in the temperance cause in one place alone: "The work of the Salvation Army in St. John is progressing rapidly. It is estimated that $200 less of rum is sold per day than before the Army came here." It cannot be supposed that the movement in Canada is exempt from persecution. The drink interest is strong in many cities, as, alas! it is also here in our dear country; and wherever the drink demon is attacked the Salvation Army is sure to be hated and opposed in return.

"Three soldiers were badly cut in Montreal during a march, another received a black eye, and others were severely stoned." The same sort of treatment has been meted out to soldiers and officers in other places. "Two of our barracks have been burned to the ground by incendiaries, while others have been stormed and partially wrecked."

At the beginning of the year 1886 a woman officer was struck in the eye with a pointed stick and narrowly escaped losing her sight, while another, walking alone along the street was surrounded by a mob and severely beaten and kicked. The very testimonies of many of their converts are stories of the terrible battles it has cost to win them. Said one man: "It was me that stole the lamps out of the barracks, and it was me that pulled up the steps and threw them into the river; but now, thank God, I am converted and on my way to heaven."

Here, for instance, is a man who, in his frequent attacks of *delirium tremens*, had again and again attempted suicide; a man who used to appear before the magistrates once or twice a month for drunkenness, but who came three miles out of curiosity to see the Army for the first time; and, after attending three or four services got converted, and, with his wife, three daughters, and a son-in-law, also saved, established a godly home and became an earnest laborer for the salvation of others.

Here is another, who says: "Sixteen hours a day curses were in my mouth. I was drunk every Saturday night, and was in a state of intoxication even when at the altar getting married. But on June 15th last year I took my last drink, and, by God's grace, it shall be the last."

Another says: "Two years ago, as I was lying in the bar-room, heard the drum; followed to the drill-shed and got saved. I have had my head cut, eyes blackened, and face bruised in the service of the devil. But my home, which was once a hell on earth, is now a little heaven. Instead of teaching the children to swear and curse, I am teaching them to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

There is another man who, though in a good position and stylishly dressed, was actually staggering through the streets when a little Army open-air service attracted him, and he was led the same evening to the Saviour. From that day the man has been a thorough-going Salvation soldier, wearing the despised red jersey, marching in the ranks, and everywhere toiling like the poorest of our Army converts.

Here is a poor girl, for years on the streets, notorious for her drunkenness, which had again and again landed

her in prison, now an honest servant-girl, and an upright soldier and speaker as well.

Very early in the history of our Canadian work, the Dominion was startled by the remarkably prominent part taken in our Kingston services by a clergyman who was practically pastor in the cathedral of that city. He justified his frequent attendance at our meetings, and even at an All-night of Prayer, by the manifestations of Divine power which he had witnessed in our barracks in the salvation of drunkards and other castaways, and which he had even felt in his own soul. The reverend gentleman was removed from his position, but this had the effect of causing many others, including Principal Grant of the neighboring college, to come and speak out on the Army platform as distinctly as he had himself done; and it is undoubtedly the same honest perception and acknowledgment of facts which have led the people generally throughout the Dominion to take so satisfactory a view of our work, and to act so thoroughly on that view.

A few Sundays ago a gentlemanly-looking man, a little the worse for liquor, was staggering along outside our barracks at W——. He heard the singing, went in, and was just going out again, when the doorkeeper caught his arm and took him to the front seat; and in a very few minutes he was at the penitent form crying like a child. He got blessedly saved, and this is the pith of what he said when he arose from his knees: "Friends, I have run through thousands of dollars recently. I had a good home, kind parents, but that cursed drink"—and then he burst into tears. Continuing, he said, "I had a splendid overcoat on my back a few days ago, but I pawned it. Oh, what a wretch I have been! But, thank God, I heard the singing, came in this place, and

now I am blessedly saved and mean to be a Salvation soldier."

Another man, a tram-car driver, who has been a hard drinker, a wife-beater, and swearer all his life, was so convicted through the French meetings that he could neither eat nor sleep for several days. He has told since that wherever he went, and all the time on the line, these words were haunting him—each crack of the whip and clack of the hoofs seemed to re-echo, "Are you saved?" until, in despair, he thought he must leave all and come to our quarters. He is now a bright, happy man, with a face beaming with joy and gladness.

The authorities in Canada, to their honor be it said, have, as a rule, treated the Army as it deserves. From the judges, who have firmly and emphatically maintained our right to publish salvation everywhere, to the solitary policeman in a little village, who lent a big drum to assist our first marches, those who hold positions of influence have, generally speaking, shown themselves on the Army's side. But there have been some exceptions to the rule, for in the year 1885 thirty-five officers were thrown into jail in connection with the open-air work.

The press, however, in many places has proved a just friend to these persecuted workers, and hardly ever outside of this country has the Army been more honestly judged and more outspokenly championed, than in the Roman Catholic city of Montreal, where a Catholic paper, in commenting on a desperate attack made upon our soldiers, said: "Thousands of people howling at and insulting a few dozen individuals, who were doing them no harm, is not conducive to this city's reputation as a law-abiding, peaceful, and religious community. Are the Salvationists really a cause of disorder? In any case, they are only so incidentally, as they simply preach in

the streets the principles of morality and of religion which are preached in all churches (?). If this is displeasing to certain mobs, it only proves that the work of these new-fangled preachers is far from useless.

"It cannot be denied that they have already done a great deal of good. They have made the name of God ring in ears that have never heard before; they have carried the spirit of faith to the very thresholds of those who would not put themselves out of the way to look for it. They have consoled the suffering, reformed the culprit, and converted souls which, had it not been for them, would never have known that there was such a thing as a future for which we ought to prepare."

It is well that beside the Union Jack, that still waves on this North American soil, can be seen the Army red and blue, which speaks of liberty, and gathers round it a band of people whose motto is, "Canada for Jesus."

The story of Germany's war would make a romance in itself. It is natural that, in a country where such military despotism exists, there should be opposition, especially to any movement that prohibits the drinking of beer among a people who drink beer as freely as we in America drink water. The gathering together of great crowds is feared by the police, who are constantly on the look-out for some new signs of socialism, so feared and yet so common. The persecution, however, that was received on all hands from the police, was altogether far more violent than was expected. Meeting-places were closed, officers imprisoned, soldiers hounded in the most continuous and lively manner. Even in the villages of Germany, clergymen, schoolmasters, and local representatives of the Government, speak openly against the Army, and it becomes quite serious to attend the meetings; and those who bravely enlist as soldiers are

immediately ostracized. Here is an advertisement taken from a local gazette in the village of Gross Asbach:

DECLARATION.

"To avoid any possibility of mistake, I declare that the souls saved by the Salvation Army are not to be found in my family and among my relatives, but that under the roof of Gottlieb Angerbauer, shoemaker, they may be found and known.

"JACOB ANGERBAUER.

"GROSS ASBACH, February 15th, 1889."

The signer is own brother to the soldier whose conversion he has thus chosen to advertise. In this little village there were twenty-seven soldiers brave enough to run the gauntlet of public opinion and prejudice. The German Army now consists of 9 corps and 8 outposts, worked by 19 officers. This means more in that country than it would in many easier fields. *Der Heilsruf* (*War Cry*) has a circulation of 2000 (fortnightly).

In Holland and Belgium the Army has met with complete success. During the short time the work has been opened 24 corps, 8 outposts, and 77 officers have formed round the flag. *Der Heils Soldaat* (weekly) has a circulation of 14,000.

Rome is a difficult centre; still, there are true, brave soldiers there, living as true and happy lives beneath the red, blue, and yellow as have been known in other more easier battlegrounds. The using of daggers in the meeting, and other violent persecutions, are well known to the little Italian band.

Away among the Caffres, Hottentots, and Boers of Southern Africa can be found the same devoted workers. On the diamond fields, away in the bush, and in the Zulu

camp, as well as doing Rescue Work among the fallen women of Port Elizabeth, they have proved themselves loving and successful.

Difficult it must be to become a Zulu to the Zulus, and to live in a mud hut among the skilful throwers of the assegai and haters of white men; but difficult and venturesome as it may seem, dear officers have willingly given themselves up to it, and are living in Zululand doing this much-needed work. The Captain who first went into their midst could only say a word or two; but, nothing daunted, he began his work and repeated those few words until he learned more. Whatever else the Zulu intellect took in of his meaning, one thing they did get to understand—"This white man loves us;" and, as it always does, love conquered. Since the officer landed, only a short time ago, eighty-six Zulus have professed conversion. One of the first converts was a Zulu chief; there followed many more, and bright prospects dawned for the Army in the mud huts of the Transvaal. In South Africa they have 36 corps, with 14 outposts and 188 faithful officers.

Too extensive and strong has the work grown in England during the twenty-four years of its existence to attempt its description in a book that has only a little space to touch upon foreign work.

However, it can easily be imagined that a movement that exists in almost every city, town, and village, and has its tens of thousands of followers in the working people, who are the backbone of the nation, must be acknowledged as of great power and importance.

At the celebration of the Twenty-fourth Anniversary twenty thousand soldiers marched past the Grand Stand at the Alexandra Palace, while more than twenty thousand spectators watched their manœuvres. These were

but a small portion who were able to gather together to celebrate the day. The Salvation Army has proved itself the most effectual agent for the raising up of the low drunken and criminal classes, and also for stirring up other Christians to a more vital life and effectual service. In many neighborhoods saloons have been closed by the Army through the conversion of their frequenters; magistrates and policemen have had to acknowledge in many towns a lessening of crime through the conversion of well-known criminals; and in some instances, white gloves have been given to the judge to celebrate a "Maiden Assize" in a district where it would have been impossible before the Army's advent.

The wonderful results that are attainable by uniformity of action in the Army have been most apparent in the ease with which the petitions for raising the age of protection for girls, and for the Sunday Closing Bill, secured their large lists of signatures. The latter list measured three miles—ten hundred and twenty-six yards of names—and was wound upon a capstan and thus presented to the House of Commons. Four million three hundred and sixty-five thousand names had been signed to it, representing every grade and occupation except, probably, brewers and publicans. The former petition was the main instrument in passing the bill; and the same success is confidently expected for the latter.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME MISSIONS.

"America holds the future."—*Matthew Arnold.*

In the year 1872, a family of Salvationists from Coventry, England, emigrated to the United States and settled in Philadelphia. The daughter had been a Lieutenant in the Army and left it with great regret, but coming to America had not quenched the Salvation Army spirit in either daughter or parents, and they were no sooner settled than, like true soldiers, they determined to begin soul-saving work on Army lines.

They could not rest at ease without doing something for souls, so they began at once to look about them for some available building, and soon found an old chair factory, which had been used in war time as a hospital, but which was then in a very "dilapidated condition," with broken windows, leaky roof, earth floor, and walls black with smoke. Those who heard of the room being hired as a place of worship laughed at the idea of Americans, so used to luxurious churches, ever going to worship there. The three Salvation soldiers, however, knew enough of God's power to realize and be confident that it mattered very little about the place, so long as the Spirit had instruments through which He could work, as being thoroughly consecrated.

Their first open-air was very rough; potatoes, corncobs, mud, and stones were hurled indiscriminately, but

they succeeded in emptying the five nearest saloons at meeting after meeting; their faith and courage held out, interest was aroused, and good work was done.

In the year 1880 Commissioner Railton, one of the most tried and faithful officers that England possessed, was sent over with seven girls to pick up the work already begun and to plant the Salvation Army flag firmly on American soil. After a stormy voyage they arrived at New York, and in the rotunda at Castle Garden were surrounded by a crowd of people who invited them there and then to hold an open-air. Unfurling the flag and forming a ring, they sang and spoke and prayed with apparently good effect.

One of the strangest meetings probably ever held by the Salvation Army was in Harry Hill's notorious place of amusement. The invitation had been given probably with the idea that the Army would be a novel attraction, and the crowd of men and women of the worst character who gathered there justified the idea. The Salvationists worked valiantly, as much at home as they would have been in a religious place of worship, and there got Captain Kemp, the first American convert. Headquarters, however, was still located at Philadelphia on account of open-air privileges.

In the first seven months twelve corps were formed where one hundred and seventy-two services per week were registered, and where fifteen hundred conversions took place. At this juncture of the work, to the great regret of the little American contingent, Commissioner Railton was recalled to England, owing to pressure of work at the International Headquarters where he had been very much missed.

He was succeeded by Thomas E. Moore, who for a time had success; the Army ball, set rolling by Com-

missioner Railton, went itself, and, had no check been given, would probably have been stronger in America to-day than in any other country. During all this time reports had often reached the General that accounts at Headquarters were not in good shape, and that the business transactions of Moore and some of his associates would not bear investigation. Rumors of money misappropriated made it necessary for the General to send two officers to inquire into matters, and as Major Moore was unwilling to publish a balance-sheet, which the Army rules strictly require, his commission was taken away from him and was given to Major Frank Smith, who became Commissioner of the American field.

Then came the shock which proved so damaging to the Army work in the States. Giving false reasons for severance from the real Army, appropriating all its possessions, the *War Cry*, uniform, name, badges, etc., taking all officers and soldiers whom he could get to believe his statements, he started a movement which, to strike Americans in a point where he knew them to be sensitive, he called the "American Army," stigmatizing the others as English and opposed to American ideas and government.

Though he started with every prospect of success, his motives being self-aggrandizement and his actions altogether unprincipled, it was clear that sooner or later the movement must fail. City after city was entered, and city after city was left with debt and scandal attached to the name of the Salvation Army, so that when the real Army entered they were greeted with the bitterest opposition by people not discerning between them. Over and over again scandals were printed in the papers which, though having no reference to the real Army, have done it incalculable injury.

Bravely Commissioner Smith and his little force fought the difficulties, and after fourteen months of desperate exertion and conflict, the Salvation Army was stronger than ever. One hundred and forty-three corps could be marshalled, with 290 officers.

In 1886 General Booth visited America, and in five weeks travelled over a great part of the States, thousands of miles, by night and day, holding great public meetings, Officers' Councils, and addressing conventions of ministers. His visit did much to explain the real motives and to remove prejudice, for to this day, ministers and others tell how the General's frankness and sincerity first removed their prejudices. It is a very significant fact that, although ex-Major Moore often from public platforms expressed his willingness to meet the General, yet, when the General came to the United States, Moore planned a tour where he would be in no danger of an encounter either public or private.

Shortly after this visit of the General's, Commissioner Smith's health breaking down through the rush of work, my husband and I were given command of the United States, of which we became citizens, and which we have since learned to dearly love.

From this point I know the work personally and can write of it more definitely.

America has presented special difficulties to Salvation Army warfare; apart from the misdoings of this bogus Army, the greatest difficulty is the vastness and tremendous extent of territory. "Shake London and you move England," but however great a stir you may make in one city of the United States, others will remain in perfect ignorance and indifference except for a few lines in the local paper.

The travelling, too, is a tremendous expense, as well as wearing on the officers' health, and making it far more difficult to spread the movement rapidly than it is in other countries. The climate proves a great obstacle in the way of advance. The fall and spring, when not visited by phenomenal weather, have proved excellent for our work, but the winter, accompanied by blizzards, deep snow, and bitter cold, not only stops open-air work and *War Cry* sales, but keeps the crowds away from our halls; but it is the summer that proves the greatest strain, and often injures the work of a whole winter campaign. Officers are prostrated by the score; soldiers faint away in the open air, and the people will not enter halls when cheap excursions into the country or on the water are the main feature of Sunday plans. Even on week nights every city has its open-air concerts, park attractions, etc., all of which are much more inviting than indoor meetings.

Let it be remembered that Army halls are never closed during the summer, and that Army officers do not flock to the sea.

We are the church of the poor, hence we stay where the poor stay, and bear all the heat and weariness that others escape.

In the last twelve months 12,060 souls have found light and peace at the penitent forms in our buildings through our instrumentality, and 5324 homes have been visited by our officers during the week preceding the writing of this chapter.

We will give one or two cases of conversion to show the class of people reached. A young man saved in Freeport, Ill., came to our penitent form with a loaded revolver in his pocket from which he had discharged several shots in the open air. He had been a terrible

drunkard, and when the Salvation Army came to his city amused himself by disturbing the meetings; one evening he tied a lady's veil to the seat behind, so that when she rose, at the singing of a hymn, there was considerable confusion in her neighborhood. Another time he had sat down to rest on the steps of a church; and being first ordered and then pushed off by the minister, revenged himself by throwing a brick at him, for which he was arrested and sent to jail. When turned out of the Army for disturbances the officers stanchly refused to have him punished by law, and at last won him by love. Now, as bass drummer, he is doing his best to seek and save other lost ones, and you may hear him every night pleading for "the boys just like what I was."

In Springfield, Ill., a young woman sits night after night watching and waiting for the husband whom she fears to meet; she prays in a fireless room: "O Lord, let him find the right gate and not go staggering among the neighbors," and then, when he does come, suffers patiently his blows and curses. She is passed on the street and called a "drunkard's wife;" she shows him the emaciated face of their baby, worn to a shadow, and even that pitiful sight cannot master the passion for drink; he goes from bad to worse, and the lawyer's son, an eminent lawyer once, is a ragged drunkard, whom his former friends and associates will cross the road to avoid, so as not to be disgraced by acknowledging him in public.

The scene changes. A happy wife waits in a happy home for a husband who comes late, but with no unsteady step; from no saloon, but from a meeting where souls have been born into the kingdom. Saved in an Army meeting, he is now a Salvation Army soldier, living to lead others into the same light.

Another case is also an Illinois man, who described himself as the "biggest drunkard and best wagon-maker in the town," known to have spent one hundred dollars in one day; so under the power of his appetite that, when his wife was dying and he was sent for a physician, he went into a saloon and went home drunk to find his wife alone. At last the Army came, and he is now a sober and prosperous business man.

A Des Moines woman, whose character had not been of the best, got saved in the Salvation Army. Her husband was a waiter in a hotel, and, being a heavy drinker, had strong objections to her having anything to do with the Army, so, armed with knife and revolver, he went to meeting, planning to shoot the first Salvationist who dared speak to her. As it happened, the only one who came near him saluted him with a "God bless you," which disarmed him of his anger if not of his weapons. He walked home on the opposite side of the road from his wife, and when he got there beat her, battered her bonnet out of shape, tore her hymn-book into a thousand pieces, threw her badge into the fire, and threatened to kill her if she ever went near the Army again. Woman-like, she went on fearlessly in the right path, and before many days knelt beside a weeping husband at the penitent form. He became a soldier and now never loses a chance to help those who need salvation.

It was a visible sign of his conversion when he met an enemy who had injured him; he had hunted for this man for months, having "sworn to blow his brains out on sight," but upon meeting him after his conversion, with outstretched hand he gave him his free forgiveness.

"Hell-fire Jack," whose unenviable name was given him, not by the Army, but by his previous associates, was known as the biggest drunkard and loudest swearer in

Fall River, a rank which all will appreciate who know the city. As soon as he turned the corner of the street on which he lived, all the neighbors recognized his voice and said, "There goes Hell-fire Jack." To use his own expressive words, his "children would run into a mouse-hole" when they heard him coming, while his wife, who did not dare to run, would take the consequences. But Jack got saved in the Army, and being a good workman, has now a good house and shop of his own, while his wife and children are as well fed and clothed as need be.

Nick, the young Scranton miner, the leader of a crowd of drunken rowdies in trying to upset Army meetings, was regarded by the people as hopeless. "Nick would never be saved," they said, and when he came out to the penitent form, they gave him twenty-four hours to stand, but he has been standing four years and has been an efficient Army officer.

Going down still deeper among those who have had more or less acquaintance with prison bolts and bars, we can show ex-convicts in America who are proving themselves honest and faithful Army soldiers. One who had spent altogether thirty-eight years behind bolts and bars now describes himself as knowing freedom not only from manacles of iron, but from the chains of sin.

Another convict, a professional burglar, five or six times imprisoned in the jails of New York, began his career in this line at the age of thirteen. He soon lost all shame and joined a gang of professionals. A brother is in the lunatic asylum through the effects of one of his blows, and his mother died of a broken heart. She had been to see her son once in Sing Sing and found him with bandaged eyes, which he refused to account for, evading her questions as far as possible. But before she

left she heard from one of his fellow-prisoners that, for stirring up a rebellion he had been hung up by his wrists until a vein had burst, and that confinement in a dark dungeon had necessitated the bandages on his eyes. Two weeks from that time he was taken manacled to his mother's deathbed. Just as he entered the room, he heard his mother's whisper, "He's come," but before he could reach her side she was dead, and his father only cursed him as the slayer of his mother and the ruin of his home, forbidding him ever to darken its doors again.

After leaving jail he got deeper and deeper into vice and sin, until one day he strolled into an Army hall penniless and friendless and heard a young girl on the platform sing,

"Me, me, He pardoned a rebel like me,"

which melted his heart and brought him out to the penitent form where he could sing it from experience.

Through temptations such as the uninitiated cannot understand, looking for work and finding none, the taunts of companions, and the almost hopeless task of getting a place without recommendations or character of any sort, to say nothing of the conflict within, he has stood firm and has given every sign of true conversion.

In Alleghany jail, saved through reading the *War Cry*, a man lent the cherished paper and got two others saved.

Prisons are visited by Army officers, and the inmates take the greatest interest in those who come and talk to them as freely and as friendly as brothers, feeling that they are being loved and not preached at.

Army songs, to tunes that their mothers sang, touch their hearts as no conventional hymns would do, and had

we only money and buildings, we could doubtless do in New York City as extensive work among criminals as is done in Melbourne, Australia.

Passing abruptly from the lowest classes to the opposite extreme, we have something to say concerning the late Society movement in New York City. Drawing-rooms were opened for meetings to explain the why and wherefore of the Salvation Army, and hundreds of the *élite* expressed their sympathy and interest in these workers among the slums.

Certainly the Army bonnet and uniform were a strong contrast to the silks and diamonds of Fortune's favorites, but tears of sympathy coursed their faces as they realized that the poor and outcast we described were their brothers and sisters, helpless and forsaken. So great was the interest felt that we were advised to hold a meeting in a hall, at which gentlemen could be present, and accordingly a meeting was held in the Berkeley Lyceum.

Though the night was cold and snowy, the papers estimated that a thousand people were turned away unable to gain admittance, while the passage-ways and halls were crowded.

At another meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall, more than fifteen hundred people, "one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences ever assembled," gathered to hear the answer to the question, "Is the Salvation Army a failure?" They not only showed their interest by frequent applause, but also contributed $800 toward the movement. From this time there was a change in the attitude of the press; instead of articles ridiculing and caricaturing our meetings, to say nothing of those who never discriminated between the true and the false, as soon as popular favor turned for the Army, column after column appeared commending our work.

The standing of the Army in America to-day is as follows: 950 officers, stationed in 356 cities and towns; 79,450 people attend our public meetings on Sundays in one month; 228,130 people attend our public meetings on week days in one month; 152,568 indoor meetings are held annually, not including those held at outposts (towns and villages near our larger corps), or special meetings outside our own barracks; 100,712 open-air meetings are held, at which, it must be remembered, our officers and soldiers meet with persecution of every kind, from authorities as well as hoodlums; 360 halls and buildings are rented.

The Headquarters, 111 Reade Street, New York City, has sixteen thousand square feet of office room for staff, secretaries, accountants, and other employés. We own our printing-presses, type, etc., valued at $8000, and our *War Cry* is set up, printed, and published on the premises.

Our flag now floats in thirty-one States and Territories.

The Salvation Army is not governed from England, except in so far as it reports to the parent Headquarters and receives help and advice from them. Affairs in the United States are left by the General in the hands of a Commissioner whom he appoints, and all the soldiers and a large proportion of the officers are raised in this country.

It is true that there is a great bond of union in the Salvation Army all over the world, and that all look with filial love to the centre which they regard as the birthplace of the movement, but the Army teaches its soldiers to be honest and creditable citizens of the United States of America.

CHAPTER XV.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

"Five hundred years of time in the process of the world's salvation may depend on the next twenty years of United States History."
—*Professor Austin Phelps.*

In the few pages that can be spared in this book for statistics and for the figures that are supposed to be more reliable than mere assertions, no attempt will be made to present the subject with any degree of completeness. Such facts as are at hand will be used, but we have not the time to multiply illustrations or to accumulate numbers which can easily be obtained from public records, and which are often brought to public notice by the press and by temperance organizations.

What we shall rather aim to show is the certainty that existing evils can be cured to a degree corresponding with the efforts put forth, and the changes that have been wrought by the Salvation Army among "the masses" in countries where it has been longer established.

Many are the efforts put forth by individuals and associations to arouse the people to some comprehension of the state of affairs that exists in America to-day. They have shown how lawmakers are controlled by the liquor trade; how it tampers with national as well as with State legislation; the political schemes, the bribery, corruption, and terrorism by which it rules, and the venal public which it defies, as Jugurtha dared the Roman Senate to

find an ambassador who could not be bought. Dates, names, and places are set down plainly in black and white, with anecdotes that would be laughable, indeed, if the rottenness of the State were less appalling.

It goes without saying that in the liquor trade lies the source of nine-tenths of the misery and crime in the world. "Take away the liquor traffic," said Phillips Brooks, of Boston, "and there would be hardly poverty enough left to give a healthful stimulus to charity." The evils that curse the race are liquor products. Dipsomania fills our asylums for the insane, while a large proportion of the other inmates are sent there through nervous diseases produced by, or inherited from parents with the same habit of drink. The inmates of our prisons and workhouses point to the saloon as their preparatory school, while their families go to almshouses, or swell the ranks of the overworked and underfed population. While 90,000 ministers get hold of the people for three or four hours a week, 500,000 saloon-keepers work six days a week, seventeen hours a day at the least, to say nothing of what they do on Sundays, dealing out death and destruction to men, women, and children; physical, mental, and moral, for time and for eternity.

In an article in the *Forum* for August, 1887, Dr. Howard Crosby says:

"The 10,000 liquor saloons of New York City swallow up the earnings of the poor that otherwise might provide comfortable homes and centres of family enjoyment and virtue. There is no so great evil in the community as the saloons. If Government has the right and duty to cut off the sources of crime and misery, it certainly has the paramount duty of exterminating these prolific fountains of social poison." Boston has one saloon for every 300 of its inhabitants; Cleveland, one

for every 190; Chicago, one for every 170; in cities farther West, it is in some cases as low as one for every 60 or 70. In a few years, when thinking minds agree that the West will outstrip the East in power in government, we shall have for the nation the same sort of rule that liquor interests have shown us in single cities; the same system of politics that now tries to crush in its embrace our educational institutions, will then have full possession of legitimate and useful business as well as their own deadly traffic.

There are cities where the number of saloons in certain districts is fifty to one church. According to official reports, the people of the United States in 1840 used four gallons of intoxicating drink per capita, in 1883, twelve gallons, and in 1888 seventeen gallons. In this year last mentioned—1888—the Government revenue on the manufacture and importation of liquor was $100,293,628.

If these figures seem overpowering, how much more so is the misery that every dollar represents? In short, it is next to impossible to dip into the sea of statistics without being carried away by the flood of sorrow and dismay that comes over us when we realize what it means. We look over reports of public charities and correction, and we find that where one commits crime through destitution, ten do it through intoxication.

Now the question comes as to whether there is any remedy for this state of things, and if so, what that remedy is, and the Salvation Army, which is solving the problem to the satisfaction of thousands of souls every month, answers: "By beginning low down and by working up." Its influence has been felt and acknowledged in England. The decrease in the consumption of beer during the last decade was so marked as to attract the attention of Mr. Gladstone in 1887 and elicited much

comment. In the June *Cosmopolitan* of this year, Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, ascribes it to the "old-fashioned temperance work that is being done in England," and "to the Salvation Army and other brave and manly efforts to stop men from drinking."

It is true that the monied classes can do more in a day by purifying politics than the poor can do in a year by their simple efforts at reforming character, but the first is only temporary and the second is permanent and generative. But beginning low down does not mean casual visiting; it means going down among them, living there so that your own purity of mind and body may be proved to them, and may be felt by all around you. There is very much talk of the "inner life," the "hidden life of the soul;" but no hidden life is rated very high by these people, who judge by the outward and visible signs, and where these are wanting, pay no further attention to you.

Father Huntington, in his article on "Tenement-House Morality," says: "If any one is disposed to be sceptical, I can only ask him to make investigation on his own account. But let him be thorough. Let him not merely walk through the streets some breezy Monday morning; let him spend days and nights here; let him live, as we have done, in a tenement house; let him visit the people at all hours. Above all, let him spend a public holiday here; let him see the carnival of sin of a Fourth of July or a New Year's night. I do not say that he will even then understand the conditions of tenement-house existence; but I know that his incredulity will give place to a sad, bewildered realization of the horrors of a state of things where manhood is brutalized, woman dishonored, and childhood poisoned at its very source."

Nor would it be enough to take all these dwellers out of their dark, filthy rooms and transport them to model cottages or farms in the outskirts of the cities. If the evil could be cured in this way, New York has philanthropists enough who would grasp at this solution of the problem and give you *carte blanche* to carry it out. But it would not do; the tenement houses, instead of being torn down and replaced by cottages and gardens for single families, would swarm almost miraculously with new tenants as undesirable as the old, and so on, *ad infinitum.* What must be done is to take the people as they are and where they are, and begin the purification in their own hearts and homes, and this has already been done in New York City as well as others by the Salvation Army, in a way that has been described in a previous chapter.

We look forward to a time when we can do for this city where we work and which we have learned to love what has been done in the large cities of the Old World.

This work, which began in simple house visiting, has developed in many directions; Rescue Homes for fallen women have been opened in the large cities, and out of the 2497 girls who have been received into them, 2113 have turned out satisfactorily and are now doing well in every sense of the word. There are food and shelter depots, day nurseries and night shelters, and the latest project is a hospital, for which a woman M.D. has already offered her services. The food and shelter depot for the "homeless and starving and unemployed poor" has been established only nine months, but in that short time has supplied 470,000 meals at a cost varying from a cent to two cents each, while 23,500 destitute men have been provided with beds. Scores have been converted and are now in situations. Prisons are regularly visited, and in the colonies where they are most needed, Prison Gate

Brigades are at work, not unappreciated, as the following letter will show :

"POLICE DEPARTMENT, CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
MELBOURNE, June 5, 1885.

"*C. C. Police reports* re *the results of the Prison Gate Brigade movements.*

"SIR: Referring to the conversation which I recently had with you regarding the operations of the Prison Gate Brigade in this city, I beg to state that inquiries which I have made convince me that the organization in question is rendering very good service to the community.

"The Superintendent of Metropolitan Police and the divisional officers under his command are unanimous in their testimony on behalf of the Brigade.

"Among the cases of reformation attributed to the exertions of the Brigade is one of a noted burglar and thief, long experienced in crime, but who was induced by the Brigade officers to change his life, and for a very considerable period he has given evidence that such change is likely to be permanent.

"In another instance a criminal has been induced to confess a robbery, and by his admission aid the cause of justice, though his own conviction and imprisonment were a necessary and obvious result. A thief of many years' practice, and apparently hardened, has been induced to forego his evil courses, and for a year past has rendered good service in the ranks of the Brigade.

"Two young men, who were thieves from boyhood, have also been brought under the influence of this philanthropic organization, and seem likely to remain creditable members of the community. Many other cases of

like nature are known to exist, including many females formerly following disreputable and dishonest pursuits.

"It cannot be denied that in some instances the apparently reformed characters lapse into evil courses, but, making due allowance for cases of the kind, it is beyond doubt that the Brigade succeeds in permanently reclaiming very many persons. From their mode of approaching the persons they wish to succor, and from the circumstance that they have a suitable home into which they can at once receive the persons they wish to benefit, the members of the Brigade are more successful as reclaiming agents than any other society, however well intentioned.

"While many benevolent associations in this city are undoubtedly doing good work among criminals—and one society specially devotes itself, with much success, to the aid of the discharged prisoners—I am of opinion that the Prison Gate Brigade succeeds in reaching a large class of unfortunates whose depravity defies the ordinary measures of the charitably and humanely disposed.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"H. M. CHOMLEY,

"Chief Commissioner of Police."

On every side other avenues of work open before them which they are obliged to leave untouched for want of men, money, and women. The question there as here is not, "How shall we get at the people?" or "What can we do?" We know what to do and how to do it, but our hands are tied for want of the men, money, and women that we mentioned above. We ask, "Who will come personally and help us? or, if that is impossible, who will send a substitute?"

We do not argue or meditate or consult or debate about the cause and the cure of all the misery that we see around us. The cause is sin, and the only cure that ever was or ever will be found is salvation. The social problem has been solved repeatedly, not by political economists, not by expert mathematicians, but by the weak things of this world, "yea, and things that are despised," that God has chosen to confound the mighty. The solution may not have been adopted by legislatures, but once hungry children who are now well-fed know that for them the question has been happily answered. Of the multitude of soldiers enrolled in the Army, it is safe to say that half of them were drunkards. Do we realize what that means? Happy homes instead of the prison or workhouse for a hundred thousand men and their families, lessening the world's burdens and adding the corresponding positive quantity of purity and rectitude.

Nor is this all; we believe, with Emerson, that the good that stays in our hands corrupts; we pass it along, and each one of this multitude is influencing others, not in some building sacredly set apart for God's service, but in his own consecrated room or tenement, living such a life that the people in the next room or tenement recognize in him a true Christ-follower.

If any man had said to General Booth and his wife twenty-five years ago, "Obey God, and you shall bring light and life and immortality to a million souls," they would have trembled at the awfulness of the responsibility. Nevertheless it has been so, and the intermediate agency has been one never before considered available, largely the very outcasts whom every one despised and neglected.

America waits to be permeated from ocean to ocean by the same work. The fields are white to harvest, and

for every one who reads this chapter God has work to do. It is too easy and too common to say that God does not want every one to be a Luther, or a Wesley, or a worker outside of his own home. How do we know that God does not want each one of us just at this moment to do something special? He does not show us His whole programme of our lives, but He asks us to take one step, to learn one lesson, and then another, and before we know it we have powers and faculties and abilities that we never before dreamed of, and we set in motion others, until scores whom we never saw have been made alive by that one little faithfulness that was so hard for us until we sought strength where it may always be found. Souls are rising up to-day, saying, like an American we know, who was converted in the Army while travelling abroad: "But for General Booth's obeying God, *my* soul, I am sure, would never have been saved; I hated and despised most of the church-members that I knew, because of their hypocrisy; I don't think that I ever would have been saved in a church."

To-day there are millions in America waiting for some one whom they know who will *live* Christ, as well as profess and preach Him. There are millions of drunkards in the country for whom there is no remedy but salvation.

We gave, a few pages back, statistics of the consumption of liquor in the United States, showing the average quantity for several years, and the terrible increase. On the other hand, the per capita quantity in Great Britain has decreased wonderfully in the ten years just gone. The expenditure on drink is something like forty or fifty millions of dollars less than it would have been if the people had continued to drink as much in proportion as they did in the ten previous years. The Chancellor of

the Exchequer enlarges on this fact, and shows that it is not due to prices or any trade depression, because the expenditure on useful articles showed a corresponding increase.

No politician in England will deny to the Salvation Army the lion's share of the credit for this, and the statistics of the Army's growth bring tears of joy to the eyes not only of every true Salvationist, but of every true Christian.

The Salvation Army has now 7821 officers, 2630 corps, and 662 outposts, and is established in the following thirty-two countries and colonies, namely: England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Italy, United States, Canada, Newfoundland, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, India, Ceylon, St. Helena, Transvaal, Zululand, Bechuanaland, Cape Colony, Jamaica, New Zealand, Natal, Orange Free State, and South Australia.

During the past year there has been an increase of 1322 officers and 300 corps.

THE FOREIGN WORK.

The Army has now 3650 officers working abroad as foreign missionaries, and so nearly is the work self-supporting that they do not cost the International Headquarters more than $25 each per annum on the average.

THE UNITED STATES.

Number of officers, 922; number of stations, 315; number of outposts, 55; number of people who attend our meetings on Sundays, 79,450; number of people who attend our meetings through the week, 228,130; num-

ber of homes visited in one week, 5324; number of souls saved in our meetings in one month, 1702; number of halls and buildings rented for Salvation Army work, 359.

The seed is indeed sown in tears, but stronger than all sense of suffering is the confidence that what has been done once can be done again, by the same means, relying on the same God, who is everywhere equally powerful, "yesterday, to-day, and forever."

CHAPTER XVI.

DOCTRINES AND DISCIPLINE.

"For out of old fieldes, as men saithe
Cometh all this new corne, fro yere to yere;
And out of old bookes, in good faithe
Cometh al this new science that men lere."

—*Chaucer.*

THAT there is nothing new under the sun has become a proverb; and yet, when all other objections have been answered, the argument is always brought forward as unanswerable, that the Army's measures are without precedent, and its doctrines unorthodox; that we have deliberately cast aside all those things which have been received by the Church in all ages.

Now we cannot attempt in a few pages to prove what we are *not*; to show that we are neither Antinomian nor Christadelphian, nor any of the other thousand and one little sects, or parties, or cliques that have sprung up; but we shall aim to show briefly what we do believe and practice, and refer you for more minute information to our Manuals and other publications.

In the first place, we believe that salvation from sin is obtained through and only through the blood of Jesus Christ, our Atonement, who, being man as well as God, as a human being, suffered instead of all humanity, and made a way for our deliverance from the penalties of sin. Moreover, while we assert absolutely that no man, either before or after conversion, can do anything to merit salvation, yet we impress upon all our audiences and espe-

cially on all penitents, the fact that repentance consists not only in hating and being sorry for sins, but in giving them up, forsaking them, and leading a changed life. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth *and forsaketh them* shall have mercy."

While certain sects laugh at conversion as applied to children, or to those who are apparently blameless in conduct, we have yet to see the first instance of genuine conversion, where the changed life was not recognized by those of the household and later by all. We not only say, "Let him that stole steal no more," but also, "Owe no man anything;" and so we find our converts acknowledging and paying off old debts, as well as forsaking their evil habits.

Our devotion to the Bible as the inspired Word of God is mentioned elsewhere, and we believe that nowhere in the world can be found a people who, as a whole, study their Bibles as constantly and as eagerly as Army officers. We find in it all that is needed both for "correction" and for edification; we read of heaven, hell, and the judgment, and we accept its teachings with reference to all of these.

After conversion, the Army teaches the doctrine of sanctification, which by Army definition is the perfect cleansing of the heart from all that is contrary to the will of God. Holiness, in Army language, does *not* mean sinless perfection, nor does it mean deliverance from temptation; absolutely perfect service of God is impossible to us with our inherited sinful natures, and, with reference to the second point, we say briefly that the holier a man is, the harder Satan works to get him away. "Holiness does not give freedom from temptation, but victory over it" ("Orders and Regulations," p. 118).

Moreover, holiness does not free us from mistakes in

judgment, though it reduces such to a minimum; defined positively, it is full surrender to God's will, constant obedience to conscience, and the love that "never faileth." Possessed of these, self disappears and God is all and in all. After this, and dating from the possession of this blessing, comes the growth in grace of which we hear so much from people who seem to forget that before there can be any growth there must be a root.

Not long ago, one of our best officers was resting in England and visited an old corps for a day or two. While there, a former soldier said to her: "After all, I can't see that you are a bit different; you seem to have gained in experience, and, perhaps, in knowledge, but spiritually, you are just the same," and our Captain's eyes filled with tears as she told it, realizing that the blessing of a clean heart means something actual and definite and practical at the present time, and that one need not look forward to ten or twenty or forty years of struggling before the plant of patience shall produce either flowers or fruit. Her life five years ago was the same kind of life that it is to-day, and that it will be five years hence, only that it is a constant gain in depth and breadth of experience.

It is this practical religion that is urged upon soldiers at the very outset. Read the fifth, sixth, and seventh of their "Articles of War" ("Soldiers' Manual," p. 31).

Fifth. I do here and now declare that I will abstain from the use of all low and profane language; from the taking of the name of God in vain, and from taking part in any unclean conversation, or the reading of any obscene book at any time, in any company, or in any place.

Sixth. I do here declare that I will not allow myself in any falsehood, deceitfulness, misrepresentation, or dishonesty; neither will I practice any fraudulent conduct,

either in my business, my home, or in any other relation in which I may stand to my fellow-men, but that I will deal truthfully, fairly, honorably, and kindly with all those who may employ me, or whom I may myself employ.

Seventh. I do here declare that I will never treat any woman, child, or other person, whose life, comfort, or happiness may be placed within my power, in an oppressive, cruel, or cowardly manner, but that I will protect such from evil and danger so far as I can, and promote to the utmost of my ability their present welfare and eternal salvation.

This same Manual also treats plainly and simply the following subjects: Godliness, in private heart experience; in daily life; on the platform. Soldiership, needed by the world; a channel for holy energy; a bond of union; *real* soldiership; signs of soldiership; last of all, the offices of soldiers toward each other and toward those over them in authority, and a Covenant Service from which we quote one paragraph, as showing the spirit that breathes through all:

"Blessed Jesus, the world depises Thee, but I glory in Thee; the world hates Thee, but I love Thee; for Thy sake I separate myself from the world, from its amusements, from its friendships, from its fashions, and from its aims; and I now promise that I will follow Thee with all my heart, obey Thee with all my strength, cleave to Thee with all my affection, and fight for Thee all my days."

No manual of devotion, either of the Middle Ages or of Tractarian leaders, surpasses it in language and sentiment, or approaches it in energy.

This Manual, by the way, is purely an American product, having been compiled and issued within a few months for the guidance of soldiers in this country.

With reference to its organization, the work in America is naturally not so well developed as in England, where it has had nearly three times the length of service; for instance, the divisions of the work here comprise

1. A Station, under the charge and command of a Captain.

2. A Section, under the charge and command of an Adjutant, subject to the direction of a Major.

3. A District, under the command and charge of a Major.

4. A Division, under the command and charge of a Major or Brigadier.

5. A Territory, under the command and charge of a Commissioner.

In England, the cities and towns classified as Stations are divided into Wards, under the charge of Sergeants, and each Sergeant, assisted by Corporals, is to some extent responsible for all the soldiers in his ward. Each corps has also special sergeants to carry the colors, to deal with penitents, etc.; also a corps Treasurer and a Secretary who keep the duplicate records and accounts of the corps.

General Booth, in case he wishes to issue a special order, wires to the Chief of Staff, the Chief to the various Commissioners, these to their Colonels or Brigadiers, they to their Majors, the Majors to Staff Captains and Adjutants, Adjutants to Captains and their Lieutenants and Cadets, who communicate with their local Sergeants, and these, in turn, deliver the message to the soldiers in their wards, so that, in truth, Salvationists are the only "minute-men" who can fire a shot "heard round the world." Twelve hours will deliver a message from the General to every one of the million soldiers, whether in Hindostan or Manitoba.

This unanimity of action is, moreover, a wonderful bond of heart union.

All over the world, 12:30 is kept as a time of special prayer for the Army work, and if you trace the established corps, you will realize that from East to West, the sun never sets on the Salvationist at prayer. No matter what difficulties an officer is meeting, he knows that somewhere, across the seas, hearts and voices are going up in fervent supplication for all those in the field who are tempted and tried, and the thought encourages him and brings his mind out of present difficulties into quiet calm.

The Soldiers' Guide, being passages in the Bible continuous in thought, arranged for the morning and evening of every day, is also useful in promoting this unity of thought and feeling; in fact, there is no element more apparent than that liturgical worship is combined with that of the greatest freedom and spontaneity. There is method in the order of services, "processional, silent prayer, hymn, prayers, etc.," while at the same time every sentence is unpremeditated.

A very important branch of the work is the accounts, which are kept in the most careful and systematic way, from the local Treasurer's account-book to those at the International Headquarters.

Every year a Balance Sheet is published containing full particulars of all subscriptions, and the total amounts of all moneys contributed toward Headquarters finance, together with the way in which all such moneys have been expended. This Balance Sheet is prepared by a firm of city accountants, and is audited by a notary public of position and reputation.

The moneys raised in the separate corps are appropriated to the payment of the rents of barracks and officers'

quarters, local expenses, such as fuel, lights, printing, and food for officers, except in such places as are prosperous enough to allow officers to take their salaries ($6 per week for a Captain, and $5 for a Lieutenant), in which case the officers pay their house rent and buy their food from this sum. Official telegrams and travelling expenses are also paid from corps funds; the latter, on account of distances, are peculiarly heavy in America, where it is not possible to travel third-class, as officers do in England.

The local Treasurer, *with* one of the officers in charge, counts the collection at every meeting, while both keep account-books, compared weekly; then the Treasurer takes the money until the books are made up and the bills paid, when he pays to the officers such sums as remain, not exceeding the stipulated salaries. Three reports are made up quarterly, one of which is sent to Headquarters at New York, another to the Major of the Division, and the third is kept at the corps, read at a public meeting, and is open to inspection by anybody who desires it.

Under these circumstances the charge of dishonesty or of accumulating money is as foolish as it is false.

From the ledgers at 111 Reade Street, to the latest corps account-book, everything is open to public investigation.

It should also be said here that no officer receiving salary is allowed to accept presents of any appreciable value. In places where the work is very bitterly opposed, and where officers can get barely enough to provide bread and potatoes, we feel very grateful to friends who have taken note of these things, and have provided them with boots or clothing that was necessary for health and comfort. Always in such cases the necessities of life

will be supplied by Headquarters, but, themselves hard-pressed, assistance of this kind in the field will always be gratefully acknowledged. When we forbid presents, it is as a test of true devotion to the work, no less than to avoid ill-feeling and trouble and comparisons. Officers who have honestly agreed to the terms of their acceptance in the field will know that nothing can be more damaging to the work than for them to encumber themselves with superfluous clothing, or to be seen carrying about with them from place to place the very trinkets or luxuries which they profess to despise. Thank God, we number many who steadfastly abide by the terms of their contract, and have avoided the very appearance of evil.

Perhaps the part of our organization that is least understood is the preparation of our officers and the conditions of their acceptance. We quote again from our "Orders and Regulations:"

Part XIII., Chapter I.: "The success in this war depending so much on the character of our officers, makes it most important that the right class of soldiers should be brought forward and trained for this position." For convenience' sake, five of the most important qualifications are briefly stated here:

"1. Godliness, including a straightforward conversion, a clean heart, the spirit of a soldier, a good life at home, a clear assurance of the favor of God, and a soul flooded with His love.

"2. Love for souls; a tender, absorbing concern for the salvation of men, that neither hatred, opposition, scorn, nor death can destroy; a self-and-ease-sacrificing spirit.

"3. Energy of character.

"4. Ability to talk.

"5. Loyalty to the Army."

The last three need no explanation.

Soldiers possessing these qualifications are then recommended by their local officers as candidates for the work, and, until they are summoned to the Training Depot, are specially overlooked and trained in corps work. On entering the Training Home, a candidate becomes a Cadet, and undergoes rigid scrutiny, instruction, and training, spiritually, as well as in the practical duties of leading open-air and indoor meetings, house-to-house visitation, bombardments, and other branches of warfare. Nor is his mental culture neglected; he is required to have within reach a copy of every Army publication, and to read

(*a*) His chapter from his "Salvation Soldiers' Guide" morning and evening, with such other Bible reading as he has opportunity for.

(*b*) The leading articles of every issue of the *War Cry*.

(*c*) The "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers." In addition to these, the other publications of the Army, especially those written by Mrs. General Booth. This same training is followed up when he is sent out into the field as Cadet-Lieutenant, where he is also trained to keep accounts, make out weekly and monthly reports, balance-sheets, and all other duties that will devolve upon him should he become a field Captain.

Reporting for the *War Cry*, taking notes of meetings, writing out testimonies from memory, are also a part of the Lieutenant's preparation for promotion, and no part of a Captain's duty is regarded as of more importance than the training and treatment of his Lieutenant or Cadet. The Captain is regarded as absolutely responsible for every moment of his Lieutenant's time, having complete charge of his affairs, while on the other hand, the Lieutenant must feel that his chief duty is to honor

and uphold his Captain's authority. Efficient service in one rank insures promotion, unless that promotion would entail upon the officer duties to which he would not be equal.

The amount of training that is thus compressed into a few months of time is most wonderful, and it is a noteworthy fact that our methods have attracted the attention of one or two religious denominations, who are planning working auxiliaries on the same lines. In its military character it follows closely the "Army Blue Book," and its organization is equally well developed. The "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers," called, in Army parlance, the "F. O. Book," has the most minute and explicit directions for everything that a soldier or officer in the Army needs to know or to do. From rules for eating and drinking and personal cleanliness, to directions as to behavior under arrest, or on public platforms, nothing is left out. The rawest recruit ever enrolled, with this book in his hand, knows just what to do under all circumstances, and can train himself with its help in such a way that his future success is assured.

There are chapters on Ventilation, Health, Food, Sleep, and the Water Treatment, that ought to set officers free from very much medical treatment; chapters on Military Tactics, Marching, etc , beside the sections on Doctrines, Finance, Construction, and such evident business of Army rule.

It is impossible to quote from it in such a way as to show its character or value, any more than you can take a brick to recommend your house, as the old fable has it.

These few paragraphs will have done their work, if they only lead the reader to investigate for himself our principles and system as described in the publications

mentioned. The "F. O. Book" is an ably written volume of 624 pages, divided as follows:

Part I. The Field Officer, personal, official, social.
" II. " " " with reference to corps.
" III. " " " " " to soldiers.
" IV. Development of Religion.
" V. History, Government, and Construction of the Army.
" VI. Drill.
" VII. Public Meetings.
" VIII. Reports, Forms, Correspondence, etc.
" IX. Discipline.
" X. Disturbances.
" XI. Little Soldiers.
" XII. Village War.
" XIII. Candidates.
" XIV. Field Officers' duties to each other.
" XV. " " " " the unsaved.
" XVI. Directions for special occasions or emergencies.

There are also, included in an Appendix, special services prescribed for weddings, funerals, dedication of children, covenants of consecration, and other special occasions.

Systematic and concise, this book is, nevertheless, complete in its details, and is in itself an evidence that the work and organization it represents are the outcome, not only of human brains and ability, but of Divine origin and direction.

CHAPTER XVII.

SALVATION ARMY LITERATURE.

"Let me make the songs of a people, and you shall make its laws."—*Fletcher of Saltoun.*

"He who sings drives away sorrow."—*Italian Proverb.*

ONE of the strongest friends that the Army has in America was recently speaking of the way in which it first attracted her attention.

Walking her usual way one afternoon she passed a group of boys playing marbles and whistling amicably something not familiar. "What is it?" was her inquiry of a friend with her, who began to hum the same strain, and the reply came with a laugh,

"Don't you know it? Salvation Army?

> **"'Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,**
> **Or you can't go to Heaven when you die.'"**

There was a covert sneer in the tone, but the reply came not from Christian love, for to this Churchwoman a Dissenter of any name was a being from a lower stratum, but from plain common-sense: "Well, the Salvation Army is worth while then; I never saw those boys before when they were not swearing; I consider it a great improvement."

A great improvement it certainly was—not so much to the auditors as to the boys themselves. To take away quarrelling and cursing, and put into their place pure words of truth and harmony—is it not worth while?

If a "Hallelujah bonnet" or a red-banded cap had appeared on the street, the boys would probably have yelled and jeered; but that does not signify; we will gladly take the jeers while we can hear them singing or whistling our tunes, because we believe the old saying that we have put at the head of this chapter.

There is also another old proverb that says, "Studies come out in characters;" instead of "studies" read "songs" and it becomes still more true, for songs are more easily learned and longer remembered than anything else. What is it that brings men to their feet in tremendous enthusiasm, but the songs that represent their native land, or that have been their inspiration in battle? What do the "Burns" societies all over the world mean to Scotchmen, but that they have sung his songs until the man himself is enshrined in their hearts? The "Marseillaise" is said to excite a mob of Frenchmen to such a frenzy that they can only be quieted by music of a melancholy strain, which unconsciously calms their passions and leaves them indeed with throbbing hearts, but without the dangerous fury aroused by their battle-hymn.

But it is not necessary to multiply illustrations, or to dwell on this fact, which has been sung by poets of all ages and climes. The songs our mothers sang, the hymns of home and country, are so entwined with our affections that they are a part of our very nature, and it is this power of music that the Army has grasped and is finding to be one of its strongest weapons.

The whole Gospel of Christianity, condensed into simple choruses, rings from east to west and penetrates the blackest darkness. Our songs will ring in the ears of thousands of dying men and women, and whether we ever know of it or not, will lead many of them to

Christ; remembering how many times this has already happened, we welcome every shout and every verse that is hurled after us in the streets; we wish that every one who sees us would not only whistle, but sing, and sing not only a line, but a whole hymn.

The Greek warriors laughed at the lame schoolmaster whom the oracle sent to lead them in battle, but when the soldiers, aroused by his songs to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, swept the enemy before them, this same lame schoolmaster was the hero of the hour. Why? Because he conquered, and he conquered because he was God-sent. All the tricks of the enemy and the ridicule of his comrades could not prevent it, neither will they to-day.

Our songs are copied freely, a testimony that we accept as a proof of their orthodoxy.

Next to our songs, as a vehicle of glad tidings, comes the *War Cry*, with a total circulation, in all countries, of 31,000,000 annually—the average weekly circulation of the American *Crys* in the United States alone being 45,000.

Every one of these papers means a soul saved or helped, or, in any case, enlightened, while often a copy has set in motion a ball that has touched others and whose impulse will go on and on without limit.

For example, about two years ago, a story appeared in the English *Cry* giving the history of a Roman Catholic girl's struggle into the light of the Gospel. It was graphically told, and we could see her as a child picking blackberries from the brown-leaved thorny hedges in the old country, then in the English kitchen, where she afterward worked. The story was read by an Irish-woman down in the slums of London. The Captain had prayed with her and talked to her again and again with-

out apparently the least impression, until one day she brought her this paper with Bridget's story in it. It reminded her of home and old times, and she read it for "old Ireland's" sake. Through reading it "Nell Kavanagh" was saved, and Mrs. Carleton wrote Nell's story for another *War Cry*. This, too, did its work and broke the heart of a man who lived in the same sin and poverty that Nell had done, and now he is not only saved himself, but is spending his whole life in getting others saved as well.

We would like to trace all the branches of this one root, but are forced to leave it to the logic of the reader.

A Major, who has been a successful soul-winner for years, writes: "The first I knew of the Army was through a *War Cry* which was brought into the club-room, and it was just the thing that people object to that attracted my attention—the talk about 'killed and wounded,' and 'so many prisoners,' etc. I couldn't make it out and determined to go and find out for myself. I was saved in my first meeting."

A woman wrapped her husband's dinner in a *War Cry*, and in his leisure after-dinner moments, when no one was near to see him yield so far, he read it, was convicted, and knew no peace until he got saved.

Again, it is a Chinaman who sends collars and cuffs home in a leaf of the *Cry*, and the woman who has never before seen one reads it, decides to go to a meeting, does so and gets saved.

There are objections sometimes offered to the *Cry* that we cannot but regard as unjust, when we look at all other publications. For instance, the sameness and repetition in corps and divisional reports are no more striking than in parish and diocesan reports in church weeklies. When the circulation covers a large area, and

every corner desires representation, there must be more or less repetition, especially when the work is everywhere of the same nature; but we sincerely believe that in our *War Cry* this objectionable feature is reduced to the minimum.

Apart from this, all is variety and life, as it must be where the stories are all of real happenings and real people. Every experience given is true, every tale is true, and we were long ago aware that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Large sums have been offered for the admission of advertisements of all kinds, but they have been steadfastly refused, and the paper has been carried on as it was begun, admitting nothing not connected with soul-saving work. Any publisher or editor can judge for himself of the difficulty in managing a paper with financial success on such lines as these. In point of language, we do not deny that many magazines are superior to it, and that many newspapers rival it as a source of general or worldly information, but as a religious paper, and above all, as a soul-winner, it is unrivalled, and this last particular is to us the one thing needful.

But the Army has a publication which, we are sure, needs only to be better known in the States to double its present subscription list. Edited by an American, it solicits both contributors and subscribers, and is well worth the dime, which is the price of the monthly *All the World*. Its title explains the territory covered, and perhaps accounts for the limited space that is allowed the United States. Be that as it may, there are thousands who would not like the *War Cry* who do like and thoroughly appreciate *All the World*, and there are many who date their interest in the Army from the first copy of this magazine that came in their way.

Thoroughly imbued with the Army spirit, it yet clothes it in such language that the most critical can find no fault. To many in the higher walks of life, it has been the same agent of salvation that the *War Cry* is among the less well-read. Not all of these report themselves, but frequently the weary editors are refreshed by letters announcing that another soul has been born into the kingdom through reading *All the World.*

A staff-officer's wife in California, who had left mission work to enter the Army, was feeling discouraged, when a copy fell into her hands that had in it some letters from girl-officers in the American field. As she read of their sacrifice and toil, her soul seemed to get new vision, and she made up her mind, once for all, that the Army had room for all the devotion of which her soul was capable. She knelt and promised God that this people should be hers.

Again, from India, comes the story of a student saved by reading Mrs. Beavan's touching poem, "Reaping the Whirlwind," while from the North we hear of a physician saved through reading a copy picked up indifferently from a table in the house of a patient.

A sample copy in South Africa resulted primarily in sixteen new subscribers, and another in London, offered by a milkman to one of his customers, interested her so much that she sent £5 to the Rescue Work.

So the work rolls on that is being accomplished by these silent officers of the Army, and every copy sent on its way with a prayer may mean the acquisition of one who will sooner or later stand in the front of the battle.

Such are already in the ranks, and a little labor in this direction yields a greater harvest than in any other. Through the columns of the American *Crys* forty-five thousand people or families read, mark, learn, and, we

hope, inwardly digest its pure moral and mental food, while *All the World* merits the name given to it by a Bostonian, "Spiritual Liebig."

We cannot omit even the little printed slips of paper which are scattered about cities, offering shelter and homes to the distressed, which often end in the rescue of souls, but for more than a mere mention of these we have no room.

We must pass at once to the books published by the Army, one hundred and twenty-six in number, most of which are the work of General and of Mrs. Booth, and one series of which is widely read outside the Army.

We refer to the books of lectures and addresses published by Mrs. General Booth, under the titles "Aggressive Christianity," "Practical Religion," "Popular Christianity," etc. Any man or woman who is merely a half-hearted professor of religion will go from these books to his knees, and will repent in sackcloth and ashes. The single chapter on "Witnessing for Christ" in "Aggressive Christianity" has brought many a man and woman to their feet in public meetings, to begin a lifelong career of similar witnessing.

Not long ago two clergymen coming out from Boston were agreeing together in condemnation of the Army, when a gentleman, sitting in front of them, turned the seat over, introduced himself as a friend of the Army, and inquired as to their grievances. One said that he had lost two or three parishioners, mentioning their names. "Well," said the Army champion, "but they drank, didn't they? You didn't consider them very creditable members, did you?" "Not exactly," was the reply, "but they might get saved in the Army without going back on their church-membership."

His colleague rather objected to the one-sidedness of

this arrangement, and admitted that it was better that they should be sober Salvationists, than unsaved, not to say drunken church-members. The latter also, in parting, remarked that one thing he could say for the Army, and that was that Mrs. Booth's books were the only ones that ever brought him to his knees.

Whether he realized the full extent of the admission we cannot say, but the remark is given word for word, and all that we can do is thank God that he came in contact with those books. It is enough to say that in themselves they are an entire library, doctrinal and practical, making you, in spite of yourself, face your religious life as it really is in the sight of God, and yet never leaving you without encouraging, helpful words that will show you where the remedy lies. To many a soul they have been a turning-point and an awakening in spiritual life, giving the dry bones of routine and formalism a vigorous shaking up and showing to the truly earnest soul a higher ideal of sacrifice and holy living.

The subjects of the lectures contained in her latest book, "Popular Christianity," show by their ring the straightforward dealing contained in them. Those who "prophesy smooth things" do not label them with such titles as "The Christs of the Nineteenth Century Compared with the Christ of God," "A Mock Salvation and a Real Deliverance from Sin," "Household Gods," or "Cowardly Service *versus* Real Warfare."

Nor are they less valuable for private devotion, differing from ordinary manuals in this respect, that they drive you from your knees, out into family or neighborhood or public life, filled with a determination to live better and work harder, and to be satisfied only with results. We are aware that this last statement will be greeted with delight by those who would like to find

flaws, but, nevertheless, we agree with Professor Drummond in the statement that "the arrangements for the spiritual life are the same as for the natural," and it is surely the exception and not the rule when we work on faithfully without seeing results in due time.

No clergyman reasons in financial matters on any such basis, nor would he be satisfied with any administration of parish affairs that did not show visible improvement, and it is this very same business principle that the Army applies to soul-saving, and that is read between the lines in all their literature.

Every one who has read "Practical Religion" will admit that these business ideas, as applied to religious life, have not in the least detracted from the spiritual element, but that their union is most natural and harmonious.

> "Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
> But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
> We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SALVATION ARMY AS AN EDUCATOR.

"More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."
—*Goldsmith.*

Not long ago we were talking to a young girl not much over twenty years of age, and she made the observation quietly that she had seen seven hundred souls at the penitent form within a year.

"How many are standing?" was the next question, and the answer came, "Nearly a hundred are soldiers in the corps, and there are at least three times as many in the various churches."

Then we began to think the matter over: three hundred souls in all probability who would rise up in the Judgment and point to this girl as the instrument of their salvation.

What was she, that she should be able to do all this?

Her history is very simple: a little country lass, barely able to read, working as nursemaid, gets converted in an Army meeting at fourteen, and soon after goes out into public work. Like thousands of others, conversion sends her to her Bible for daily bread, and she is soon able to read fluently. Writing and accounts come in due time with her Captain's help, perseverance conquers them all, and to-day she will hold her own with any product of grammar schools. She reads eagerly everything that is connected with her work, and is a most successful officer.

Apart from the Army, she would probably have mar-

ried in her native village, and have lived a narrow life, with no opportunity and possibly no desire for anything higher. In her Army life in England, as soldier, cadet, and field officer, she constantly came under the influence of higher and stronger characters and intellects, and absorbed more than she realized, until she was thrown upon her own responsibilities as commanding officer of a corps.

Thus her whole life since her connection with the Army has been a gradual development of mental and moral strength, while contact with all classes of people has given her a knowledge of affairs and of character that a patriarch might envy. She will talk sympathetically and intelligently with either a clergyman or a collier, and deal with one as simply as with the other. Two or three denominations have tried to persuade her that she would be more useful as a trained missionary, and have offered to pay for her education; but her answer is the same to all, "Whatever I am, I owe to the Army, and I have no desire to go elsewhere, even if it were honest."

This is no striking exception or isolated case. There is probably not a single girl of any talent in the Army who has not been repeatedly urged to abandon the organization that trained her, and the temptation is always shrewdly put as affording better opportunities for soul-saving.

An American who taught for a while in the Women's Training Home at Clapton says that no one knows the bliss of teaching who has not had classes of well-saved girls, and she writes as follows with reference to some of the lasses in the Home at the time of her visit: "'I couldn't read or write when I first came to the Home,' said a bright, successful woman officer to me after school

hours one day. 'Where should the likes of me have learned? My mother couldn't read herself, and didn't care for me to. And I went into a factory when I was nine years old. I never wanted to know how until I got saved. I used to spend all my spare time in the public-house with the other factory girls, and liked that better than anything else. There are many not able to read when they come here, but they learn quick. They want to get on in the Lord's work, you see, and it wakes 'em up. I used to get up mornings long before any one else was up, and work away at my writing-book.'

"The Bible is read and explained in classes, at prayers, and, of course, in every public meeting, while the cadets are constantly exhorted to its private study.

"It is not claimed that the officers sent out from the Training Homes are great exegetical or theological scholars. It is not even claimed that they are learned in Old Testament chronology or Oriental geography, but it is claimed that they are people who read, study, and use their Bibles."

To this constant study of the Bible is due much of their purity of diction, a quality often noticed and wondered at.

A young lawyer, a Harvard man, who had seen the Army abroad, said to me: "The most remarkable thing about this Army is the English they use. Really, considering their origin and all that sort of thing, their language is wonderfully pure. How do you account for it?" Seeing that he was in earnest and much interested, we did our best to make plain to him that a people whose constant hand-book was the Word of God could not possibly, as a rule, use objectionable language.

The inspired poetry of David or of Job, the simple narrative of the Evangelists, or the fiery eloquence of

Peter and Paul are unequalled by any poets or prose-writers of any age or country, and why should they not, then, educate their students as well as Homer and Virgil?

Again, a part of their training, by no means to be overlooked, comes from contact with those having the oversight of them in the Homes. The play of a higher nature on a lower is everywhere recognized as the soul of development, and will inevitably raise the lower to something nearer its own level; so these boys and girls, these men and women, with senses all alert to catch whatever will be of service to them in God's work, with hearts clean and free for use, come under the influence of men and women of greater spiritual gifts and experience, and grow perceptibly even to themselves. A month or two is enough to make them look back upon the Training Home as their real home, and its mother as theirs, while the sight of an old comrade calls up smiles and tears and reminiscences such as no four years of college life can equal.

Of course, it is not to be expected that all who leave the Homes will always be found faithful, but the very ex-officers with whose defection the Army is sometimes taunted are those who have become puffed up by promotion or by outside flattery, and not seldom are those for whom the Army has done the most.

Some have gone, lured by high salaries, and others have gone regretfully to meet obligations, such as the care of mothers or brothers and sisters, thrown unexpectedly upon their support, but not one of them has left as he came. Every latent ability or power has been called out by his Army experience, a fact of which even auxiliaries are conscious, and for which they are grateful.

Again the work in foreign countries, for which long preparation has always been thought necessary, is under-

taken and carried out successfully by men and women of no education except what they have gained in the Army. They receive a telegram, "Wanted for India—will you go next week?" and with a prayer for strength, they wire back, "Ready. Anywhere for Jesus." Off they go, in charge of a native generally, spending six or eight hours a day during the voyage in learning by heart hymns, choruses, and Bible verses in the language that they expect to use, as well as the ordinary conversational phrases, so that by the time they arrive they have had a fair start in the language.

We cannot, nor would we fail to ascribe this to God's help, vouchsafed in answer to prayer. His miracles always were and always will be displayed where the necessity and use for them are immediate, and it is so in this case. India, Sweden, France, Holland, Ceylon, or South Africa, it matters not which, will show you lads and lasses speaking the language fluently after a few weeks' study and practice, chiefly the latter, for in this, as in all else, the Army training is that recommended to those who would like to learn to swim—"going and doing it."

Another element of their success is their lack of self-consciousness.

Go into a hall where five or six hundred people have assembled to see a new officer; presently a girl enters and walks swiftly to the platform. Every eye is upon her, and she knows it; every fold of her dress and every feature of her face is being examined and criticised, and she feels it, as you can see by her flushed cheeks, and sometimes by her trembling hands; but a few moments on her knees will bring her before the people realizing only that there are souls before her who ought to be getting ready for judgment. Every particle of self-consciousness is gone, and it is no longer "N or M" that

speaks, but God speaking through her. "Pleading, as Christ's freemen only could, with princes or with powers," it matters not to them who you are or what your circumstances; they are thinking of your soul, and are as free as though there were no such things as society customs or conventional restraints.

This is one of the points in which all girls profit equally.

All, except those who have had professional training, are more or less sensitive and self-conscious in addressing an audience, and though this may not be a glaring defect in the "rising generation," as a rule, it takes much time for either man or woman to become so accustomed to public speaking that he can face an audience at any time and forget himself in his message.

It is not that some women naturally have less timidity, and so are less averse to it, or even have a liking for it; if you were to inquire into the personal experiences of the most powerful women speakers to-day, you will find, I believe, without exception, that they are those who had the greatest natural aversion to it. It is by overcoming this natural fear that they have learned to love it; by bravely taking up the cross, they have come to delight in it.

Listen to the testimony of Mrs. General Booth herself, who is acknowledged to be one of the best public speakers in the world to-day:

"Perhaps some of you would hardly credit that I was one of the most timid and bashful disciples of the Lord Jesus ever saved. For ten years of my Christian life my life was one daily battle with the cross—not because I wilfully rejected, as many do, for that I never dared to do. Oh, no! I used to make up my mind I would, and resolve and intend, and then, when the hour came,

I used to fail for want of courage. I need not have failed. I see now how foolish I was and how wrong. . . . During a season of sickness, one day it seemed as if the Lord revealed it all to me by His Spirit. He seemed to take me back to the time when I was fifteen or sixteen, when I first gave my heart to Him. He seemed to show me, all the bitter way, how this one thing had been the fly in the pot of ointment, the bitter in the cup, and prevented me from realizing what I should otherwise have done. I felt how it had hindered the revelation of Himself to me, and hindered me from growing in grace and learning more of the deep things of God. . . .

"About three months after that I went to the chapel of which my husband was a minister. I felt much more depressed than usual in spirit, and not expecting anything particular; but as the testimonies went on I felt the Spirit come upon me. You alone who have felt it know what it means. It seemed as if a voice said to me, 'Now, if you were to go and testify, you know I would bless it to your own soul as well as to the souls of the people;' and I gasped again, and I said in my soul, 'Yes, Lord, I believe thou wouldst, but I cannot do it.' I had forgotten my vow—it did not occur to me at all.

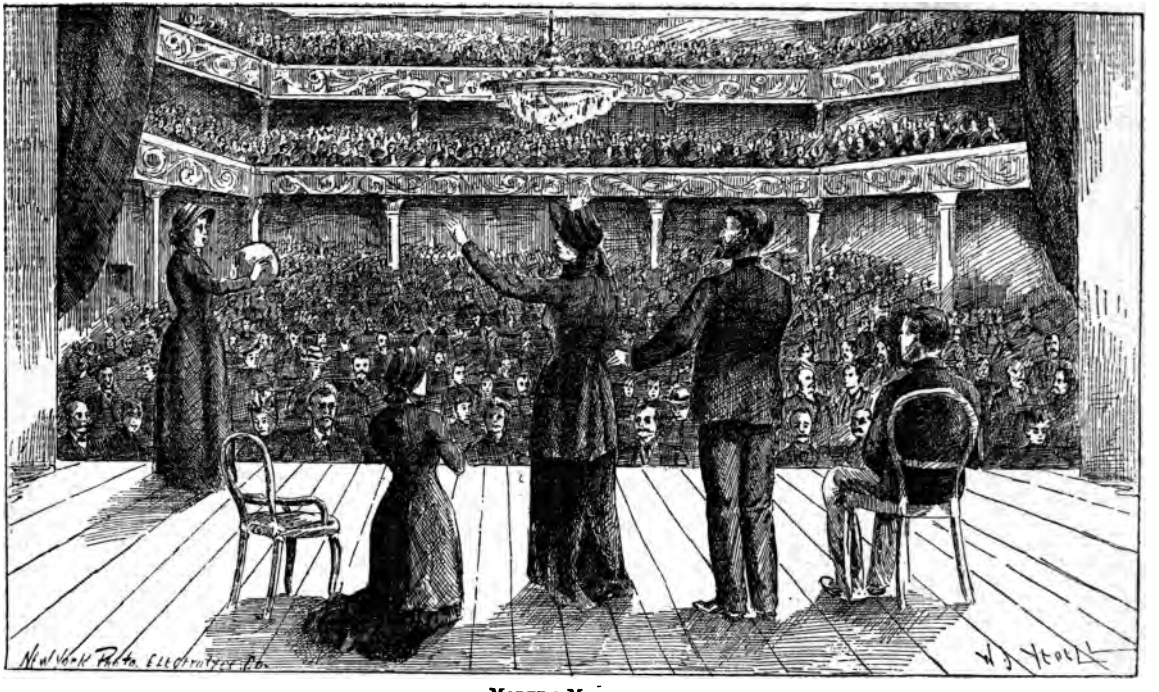
"All in a moment, after I had said that to the Lord, I seemed to see the bedroom where I had lain, and to see myself as though I had been there prostrate before the Lord, promising Him that; and then the voice seemed to say to me, 'Is this consistent with that promise?' and I almost jumped up and said, 'No, Lord, it is the old thing over again, but I cannot do it,' and I felt as though I would sooner die than do it. And then the Devil said, 'Besides, you are not prepared to speak. You will look like a fool, and have nothing to say.' He

made a mistake. He overdid himself for once. It was that word settled it. I said, 'Ah! this is just the point. I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ; now I will be one;' and without stopping another moment I rose up in my seat and walked up the chapel.

"My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years, and they knew my timid, bashful nature. He stepped down to ask me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I said, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise, he could only say, 'My dear wife wants to say a word,' and sat down. He had been trying to persuade me to it for ten years.

"He and a lady in the church only that very week had been trying to persuade me to go and address a little cottage meeting of some twenty working people, but could not. I got up—God only knows how—and if any mortal ever did hang on the arm of Omnipotence, I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm—and yet it was a Divine arm—to hold me. I just got up and told the people how it came about."

This testimony has been given with some fullness on account of the hundreds who have been helped onward by it into a life of greater usefulness not only in spiritual things, but in temporal. She can very rightly be called the "Mother of the Salvation Army," as in every battle and every step that the General has taken in this great movement, she has stood at his side as a pillar of strength, and her indomitable courage has inspired and called into action hundreds of women who would otherwise have remained in the background of uselessness. She has been foremost in the battle for woman in conservative Europe, and has been the means of unsealing the lips of thousands, while she has, in her own family, trained eight children,



MODERN MIRIAMS.

every one of whom has gone out into the world as a champion for Christ.

Surely this should be an answer to all those who complain that public work compels a woman to neglect her children and home duties. For many years an invalid, she has worked on untiringly until within a few months, and now hundreds of thousands watch eagerly for news from her sick-room.

Those who took this step years ago have found the promise true, that seeking first the kingdom of God brings with it the "all these things" that the world itself prizes.

Facility and tact and definiteness in speaking are by no means despised by the world, but, on the other hand, are eagerly sought after. The real cross that it is to a woman to go out into public life and to speak before large audiences is a thousand times compensated by the gain in mental ability, setting aside altogether the far more important spiritual side of the question.

Ruskin says that many mothers think more of the way a daughter enters a room than they do of her being trained in sincerity, courage, truthfulness, or any other elements of character; but the Salvation Army believes that if the heart is made pure, and is "full of grace and truth," God will take care of the "going out and the coming in." Heartfelt kindness will never err in its manifestation.

We have dwelt more particularly on the development of women by the Army, because from the very dawn of Christianity its influence has been most felt by woman. She owes to it the esteem in which she is held to-day and the influence she possesses, and we are not saying too much when we assert that this honorable position is at its best and highest in the Salvation Army, which gives

every woman the privilege of bringing souls into the kingdom of God by public as well as by private work. Men who would resent any sympathy or interest expressed by a fellowman will listen quietly to a woman, and will quickly step in between her and any one who dares molest her.

This power of woman, which Longfellow likens to the cord which, though weaker, bends and draws the bow, we snatch from misuse and put where it will bring blessing.

The persuasive influence of woman to-day urges many a man into extravagant living, and thence into dishonesty and despair ; we believe in using it in the opposite direction, and many a time have men been withheld from suicide or lesser crimes by the tenderness of a woman's words and touch.

As this influence misused is the greatest of evils, so rightly directed it is the most fruitful of blessings.

The human flowers perishing through woman's neglect can only be lifted up and trained into healthy growth by woman's care and tenderness, and the development of these qualities is no less beneficial to the women officers themselves than to those for whom they labor.

In other countries, especially in Sweden and Switzerland, where popular prejudice forbids woman's appearance as a public speaker, Army work has been the means of breaking down much of this feeling and of elevating woman in the esteem of the other sex. In Switzerland, especially, the fighting was hard, and Miss Booth and her helpers were subjected to all the persecution that Government officials and the liquor interest could devise, even to the extent of prohibiting by name "such women as Miss Booth and Mrs. Josephine Butler" from speaking in public. Nevertheless, in spite of prohibitions and

expulsions, here as elsewhere, our ranks are recruited from women as well as men, and their public influence justifies the abolition of old customs. Miss Booth's defence stated the situation concisely: "If we had appeared on the stage to act, you would have rewarded us with applause and bouquets; while, therefore, you allow women on the stage, you can never call it improper for a woman to teach and preach in public from the Word of God."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SALVATION ARMY AS A SOCIAL FACTOR.

"The working-classes, about whose position and future prospects he had been discoursing that day, had become individualized to him in the person of that 'other father,' with a sickly wife and delicate children, on whose ill-regulated life it might be his duty to exercise a more immediate influence than could be hoped from social changes."
—*A York and a Lancaster Rose.*

When one's mind is full of a subject, it is curious to see how everything seems to be connected with it; how, on every side, little circumstances, newspaper items, books that we take up and open casually, chance remarks, and advertisements, all seem to suggest or fall into line with the same train of thought, and very often throw new light upon it.

So the words at the head of this chapter from the little story taken up in a few moments of leisure seemed to condense into few words much of the truth that has forced itself upon our minds with reference to the relations of men.

In that charming story, Professor Ingram had for years lectured on political economy and kindred subjects, had been eager to open working-men's classes, and had done his utmost to make their lives broader and deeper, as well as purer and happier, by opening to them the gates of knowledge.

But all this time there lurks in his mind the fixed idea that these poor men look upon him as a "bloated aristocrat rolling in wealth." There is no consciousness of

the common humanity which ought to lie far below and reach far above accidental circumstances, to say nothing of the oneness in Christ that makes all men brethren. But a child comes and tells the story of another child, who bears her name, and that simple tale touches the heart of the man, and makes him wonder whether it is right and necessary that men should live on so wilfully ignorant of each other's motives and misfortunes.

He had touched a new spring of action when the poor became to him, not a remote body of "all sorts and conditions of men," but *one* man, very like himself in family relations, but crushed by misfortunes until he had lost almost every trace of self-respect. The professor goes to work at that man, led, as Christ prophesied men should be, by a little child, and from that time the poor are no longer "masses," or "lower classes," or "lower strata," but they are his fellow-men, with the same affections, desires, and powers that he has, untrained though they may be.

It is a great step forward in any man's life when he learns that no man or woman who talks of "masses" or "strata," can ever do anything to bridge the gulf that separates man from man; that it is not philanthropy to belong to an association that meets once a year and discusses the probable percentage of frauds among those who have received its bounty.

It is very probable that the beggar at your door, or the man who comes to ask employment, is a fraud, and has come to his present condition through liquor or laziness, but it is also possible that he is a well-meaning fellow, whom circumstances have always seemed to conspire against, and who has had more misfortunes in a year than you have had in a lifetime, without your balancing advantages or blessings.

The intimate knowledge of everybody else's affairs, which has made village life a proverb and a byword in cities, has its strong points as well as its weak ones. The spontaneous flow of sympathy which villagers feel for each other's sorrows is not altogether due to lack of other interests, or to the baser motive of curiosity, but is the natural result of knowing all the details of each other's lives, all the circumstances that make a sorrow heavier or a joy deeper. Human nature is ever the same, and we say with Longfellow:

> "He is the greatest artist, then,
> Whether of pencil or of pen,
> Who follows Nature."

The impression left years ago by the first reading of "Ministering Children" has never been effaced; the memory of the kind, helpful sympathy, expressed oftener by deeds than by words, that was sure to follow whenever trouble or sorrow appeared in any part of the village.

In cities, a perfect circle of sympathetic knowledge is impossible, and to insure help and oversight enough to prevent criminal neglect, "charities" have been organized and systematized until all life and love are lost, and help is given in a mechanical way by authorized agents, a method which robs it of all saving grace and leaves the recipient spiritually poorer than before.

The system of "Associated Charities" ought always to be additional and subordinate to the dispensation of church charities among their own poor. Instead of this mechanism, the same interest in individuals is needed in cities.

A larger population does not necessarily demand a different remedy, but rather more of the same kind, and the difficulty that arises in supplying the need, or rather the difficulty that would arise if an attempt were made

to work in this way, only reveals the small fraction of a community that whole-hearted Christians form.

It takes more tact, more faculty and executive ability to run business on a large scale than on a small one, but yet, not by any means a different tact or ability; so it takes more wisdom to govern a nation of fifty millions than one of three millions, and when our fifty millions have become a hundred, the nation will need a corresponding increase in its moral and mental powers, in order to manage its affairs wisely and well. Human souls and hearts cannot be treated like machines, even if their bodies and minds have been starved, and any one who has ever met them in their own homes knows that what the poor need more than the material loaf, is the bread that does not perish.

As Ruskin says: "They have a right to meat, but the first and highest right that we owe them is the right to purity, holiness, and love, into which they must be trained."

Now, that there is any force but Christianity that will take the trouble to do this, no one will venture to assert; no other religion ever approximated it; the Christian religion stands out alone as the only belief that ever developed into care for the sick and suffering, for women and children, for the poor and degraded.

The only question is, "Will Christians do it?" and we answer for at least one branch when we say that the Salvation Army is capturing individual souls everywhere, and is turning their darkness—physical, mental, and moral—into the purest light.

Readers of history will remember how at every great crisis, some man or woman of the needed character has always appeared, until it has become a proverb that the hour brings the man.

So in this crisis of social schemes, an Army has arisen among the very men who would become most unmanageable under demagogues; it has taken thousands of drunkards in America and made them into sober men, who neither touch, taste nor handle the accursed drink; men who wasted money on tobacco are now spending it on better food and homes, or are putting it away, with that provident spirit that is a good harbinger of permanent home comforts. These are the points where the physical life has been most benefited.

A physician was once asked what was most essential to healthy children, and his reply was, "Choose healthy parents." Take, then, two or three generations of Salvationists, born of fathers who neither drink nor smoke, and of good-tempered mothers, and tell us whether the men and women of that day will not have healthier bodies as well as souls than those of the present generation.

Again, the Army in its manuals shows plainly and says decidedly that cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but comes with it, and a new convert who does not show the utmost personal cleanliness is followed up very closely by the officers who, in many cases, are obliged to be a kind of combination of mother, teacher, and priest; the house comes next to the person, and, as we have shown in the chapter on New York slums, Salvation very soon shows in the home surroundings; the first intimation that any one cared how her house looked, or whether her children's faces were washed, has been to many a woman the beginning of a new life, and no one but God can measure the outcome.

If we carry the convert on farther into life as an Army soldier, the moral nature undergoes the same purification as the physical. The man who is faithfully dealt with at

the penitent form is never allowed to plan to give up drink at once and wait until he is stronger before he gives up tobacco; he gives up everything sinful and filthy, and if he does this simply and honestly, you very soon find him grieving, like Paul, because he does the evil that he would not; some passion of temper or jealousy or evil-speaking, which he cannot but recognize as of the devil, shows him his weakness and brings him again to God, not for forgiveness of past years of sin, but for perfect cleansing from all that soil which will receive germs of evil. "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep me this day without sin," is his prayer, believing not only in the sentiment, but in its literal fulfilment, and a soldier or officer in the Salvation Army who has truly "let God have His own way" is a city set on a hill, a moral power that purifies whatever it touches. The reader may smile, and say that it will take a long time for individual changes like this to produce any visible effect on the nation as a whole, but we remember the tortoise in the fable, and the continual dropping that wears away a stone, and we go on cheerfully working for the future, not the present, and for God, not for ourselves.

The source of our strength and courage is not the Salvation Army, but the Salvation Army's God.

The Crusades linked together in a common interest those who otherwise would have been ranged against each other in mortal enmity; if enthusiasm for an outward sign will do this, what is impossible to those who have been made one in heart through Christ Jesus, who know their God not only as one who decides battles, but as one who notices every little sacrifice, and whose Son set the example of individual work? "Greater works than these shall ye do" was the promise, and it has been more than fulfilled.

We do not attack social problems, except on the same lines on which we work in other matters. When we see and actually know communities whose character has been radically changed by the establishment of an Army corps, or by two Army girls taking a room in their midst and working away until men, women, and children obey their lightest word and imitate them as far as possible, then we say that the Army's greatest work and greatest triumph is not yet, and that God is preparing a people for some great crisis that is coming. "The hour brings the man," it is true, and also true that "no man is born into the world whose work is not born with him."

Take any city or town where the Army has been established, and look up the records of the soldiers' lives; inquire how many of them were drunkards or thieves, and see how many have paid off old debts. You will find them everywhere; and one of the strangest things in all this strange treatment of the Army is the indifference of those who have money in their pockets that they never expected to receive that has been paid by Salvationists.

Occasionally a man or woman says: "I think they must be sincere, for A—— P—— has paid up a debt that I never expected to see a cent of," or "F—— pays his rent regularly now;" but these same butchers and bakers and storekeepers will lend their voices to a popular outcry, and will sign petitions to hamper Army work, so strong is man's weakness and unwillingness to stand out against popular opinion. In the same way there are mothers who would rather see their sons drunkards than wearing a red band on their caps, so deep is the pit into which their cowardice leads them.

While we write, there arises the memory of a young man once a soldier, but driven from the ranks by the ridicule of his brothers and sisters; it was not long before

he had gone back to all his old habits—drinking, smoking, swearing, and refusing to work—and it is now a constant struggle for his parents to raise money to keep him out of prison; yet it is doubtful if, even now, they would be willing for him to bear the outward insignia of Salvationists. They would be glad to have him get saved, of course, but they would want him to go to some church, even if he had been saved in the Army, and so God, who will make His own terms, leaves them to their own devices.

Thank God that in many places men and women are found who will speak what they know.

A Superintendent of Police at Manchester, England, said to the Army Captain in his neighborhood: "Before you leave Manchester I want you to come and take tea with me, that I may talk to you of some of the wonderful results of your work in this district. You have altered the face of the lower orders. We have nothing much to do now, and you have had such an effect upon our whole force that we have not half the swearing and blasphemy that we used to have, and so far from it being any trouble to protect you, there is nothing our men like better than to go to a Salvation Army meeting."

A Scranton, Pa., newspaper says: "We have no hesitation in saying that in this vicinity the Army has done excellent service. There are a dozen instances in our own knowledge where its influence has been felt; as many persons have been changed from drunkards into sober men; as many cruel, improvident husbands into kind and family-caring ones; as many homes have been transformed from a hell to a paradise. Is not this good work? We can point out young men on our streets today who have pride and ambition, who are industrious and saving, and lead good, useful lives, who one year

ago grovelled in the gutters, spent most of their time in saloons, and were as hopeless and miserable a lot of fellows as language can picture. Are not these good results?

"We have in mind several middle-aged women who, through dissipation had neglected their homes and children, and brought sorrow and misery to themselves. These to-day are striving to undo the evil of the past, and bring sunshine to their homes."

The editor proceeds to say further that, instead of ridiculing and placing obstacles in their way, every lover of what is good and upright ought to encourage them—a sentiment which we heartily indorse.

Even in Whitechapel, London, at the present time, Slum Captains are often called upon to part combatants from whom policemen prefer to keep at a respectful distance.

A Captain gives a graphic account of one case: "One night I was awakened by dreadful shrieks just outside. We got up directly and went out, where a crowd of men and women—and even children—were looking on while a man and his wife were fighting. The wife had laid her baby down on the pavement while her husband was doing his best to murder her. One of us snatched up the baby, and the other pulled him away from the woman—only just in time, I believe." Another time, a policeman watched attentively two girls quiet an infuriated couple, one of them putting the children to bed, while the other talked and prayed with the parents; and amusement was uppermost in their minds when he assured them that he should send for them the next time there was a row.

Such a call or visit as this is but the little end of the wedge to Army workers, and is followed up until the

parents get saved. Then, to quote one of their own choruses,

> "Things are changed completely round,
> When you get saved in the great S. A."

Another product of God's work in the Salvation Army goes by the name of "Ready Cash." Out in an Ohio village, one of the worst drunkards living was converted in the Army. Wretchedly poor, he spent nearly all he earned in drink, and all that he had ever been able to buy at the butcher's was ten cents' worth of "scraps;" but two or three days after he had got saved, he paid another visit to the butcher and inquired the price of a large leg of mutton that hung in the window. "Oh, that doesn't concern you;" was the butcher's reply, "what do you want to know that for?" The man made no explanation, but inquired again how much it would cost. Again, the butcher thought it useless to reply, but finally the man said: "If I can afford to pay, why don't you get it down and weigh it?" That brought him to terms, and he very soon told the weight and the price. The man took a handkerchief from his pocket, with the money in it and began to count it out, when the butcher, examining the Army crest in the corner, said: "Blood and Fire! What does that mean?" The poor fellow was not yet on his feet as regarded the meaning and explanation of Army terms, so he hesitated for some time, saying, "Blood and Fire! Let me see?" But it was no use. He couldn't explain; but suddenly, an idea struck him, and bringing his hand down with a thump, he cried out: "Ready Cash! that's what it means."

So much for the leverage upward; but the question naturally arises as to whether there is any power for the other end. We answer, "Yes, with more immediate results."

The employer of many men must necessarily be man of business enough to realize the advantage of sober, industrious employés, and an organization that insures such will be gladly welcomed by him, even if he be not himself a professing Christian. Sometimes there are difficulties when proprietors of manufactories are also financially reponsible for churches and chapels, but generally, when they can be got to view the situation for themselves, the entire absence of sectarianism on the part of the Army, and the real interest called up by the meeting itself insures their neutrality, if not their co-operation.

Where a man's religion is a mere cloak, the effect is, of course, a natural opposition to a religion that denounces shams and hypocrisy of every grade.

While the Army draws its recruits mainly from the lower ranks of life, a good proportion of its officers are from refined surroundings, not a few of its best and stanchest having been drawn from professional life, or from ease and luxury, to work in an organization which puts all on a level, but yet which affords scope for every talent in the work of saving souls. Clergymen have left the Church of England, the Dissenting ministry, law and medicine, and have entered the Training Homes side by side with miners, carpenters, and weavers ; a Girton college girl washes dishes under the direction of a Training Home Sergeant who may have been a housemaid. A Methodist minister from New England, who crossed the ocean for the purpose of going through the Men's Training Home, took his turn at blacking boots, and confessed to doing it with the utmost pleasure.

No "Papal authority," such as is charged to General Booth, would effect such results or bring men of the most remote tastes and training into hearty co-operation and sympathy.

God has, indeed, made of one blood all nations that dwell on the earth, and this blood is not that in our veins, but "the precious blood of Jesus." Washed in that blood, all souls become one in Him, and all social or economic questions are adjusted without difficulty.

The lion and the lamb, power and obedience, shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them. Amen.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN ITS RELATION TO THE CHURCHES.

> "Enough and too much of the sect and the name,
> What matters our label, so truth be our aim?
> The creed may be strange, but the life may be true,
> And hearts beat the same under drab coats or blue."
>
> —*Whittier.*

"The existing forms may disappear, but the truth, the soul of religion, will revive more vigorous than ever."—*A. J. Froude.*

THERE is perhaps no question which needs more thoroughly to be understood and appreciated than the Army's relation to the many Christian denominations who are fighting in different parts of the battle-field, but yet beneath the banner of the cross; and there is no doubt that a very wrong and harmful impression has been created by those who have not understood the movement, to the effect that Salvationists are directly antagonistic, or, at least, far from friendly toward other Christian bodies.

This erroneous idea might possibly arise from the fact that our measures and *modus operandi* are so entirely different from the forms already existing in other Christian bodies. It is quite true that the Army services are conducted very differently from those of other Christians. We do not build fine edifices with spires and steeples, chimes of bells, and other embellishments, but the reasons which we have given in former chapters will show clearly that if in these things we followed the customs and traditions of the churches we should be utterly

defeated in the special work which the Army has undertaken. There are sects and denominations enough. This is an Army, a band of aggressive men and women warriors, whose work of saving and reclaiming the world must be done on entirely new lines to obtain the results, without which they would not dare to consider their work a success. These denominations have tried and have repeatedly confessed that they have failed in gaining the desired result, which has very often been not from want of good intentions, but from inefficacy of measures.

Talking of ordinary religious methods, as compared with those of the Salvation Army, Walsham Howe, the late Bishop of Bedford, said: "Why, what do these poor souls (the drunken masses) know of all this? You might as well talk Greek to them as tell them much of what I have told you. Talk of heavenly affections and love of holiness to men wallowing in the filth of the foulest lusts! Talk of the blessedness of a life of prayer to men who use God's name only for curses! Talk of the power and grace of sacrifices to men who have no conception of anything beyond what their senses tell them of! Talk of the grand old creeds to men who have never realized the very first words, 'I believe in God!' Talk of unselfishness to men who have never acted on any other motive than self! Talk of happiness in religion to men whose only idea of happiness is the indulgence of the passing passions! Oh, my friends, there is something to do before all this. We want to tell these poor souls just the very first and simplest things. We have got to tell them as we would our own little children, of a God who loves them, of a Saviour who died for them that they might live, of a Spirit who will help them to break their fetters and be free."

Again, it is very possible that the fiery zeal, the aggressive spirit, and marked success that are visible in our corps might be taken as reflections upon some quiet, slow-going churches; but the fact that the Army example in that way is condemnatory to others can no more be blameworthy in them than it was in Jesus Christ, when, by His loving zeal for the salvation of publicans and sinners, He brought out in striking contrast the hypocritical lives of Pharisees, whose prayer and religious ordinances proved but a whited sepulchre to their worldly, unbelieving hearts. But the Army's working thus seeming to reflect upon dead and inconsistent parts of the Christian world should only stimulate and encourage the good and devoted of every denomination.

It can hardly be disputed that the Christian churches of the present day are far from what they ought to be. Taking Christ's standard of religion, the zeal for sinners, the seeking of the poor who are moneyless and positionless, the imitating and following of the despised Man of Sorrows, have, to the bitter regret and sorrow of all true-hearted Christians, been acknowledged to be very much lacking in the hearts of many who call themselves by the name of Christ. The Salvation Army, of course, cannot be blind to these facts, but they recognize it as one of the most important principles of their Christian warfare to let charity "abound unto all men," and it is a stringent rule that no Salvation Army officer is allowed to speak against or run down any church or Christian work, but to stand upon a footing of brotherly friendship with every true and sincere follower of Christ. There are faults and flaws undoubtedly that could be picked in some Salvation Army corps, for the organization is as yet struggling and striving for greater perfection; and knowing that there may be some panes of

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

glass in their own house, they would be the last to turn upon others and throw stones. Should anything be said from Salvation Army platforms or in Salvation Army publications regarding the coldness or worldliness or bitterness which can be found in the Christian world of the present day, let it be thoroughly and forever understood that such words would only be uttered generally and in condemnation of false and Christless Christians and as a warning to others; but in no way personally to any church or with the intention of hurting or discouraging the good, true, and earnest who are striving to do the work which God has allotted to them to the utmost of their ability, though possibly in a very different way from the Salvation Army.

I am sorry to say that this rule has not always been adhered to by our critics, who, we can but wish in some instances, had more Christian love toward us and regard for themselves than to publicly and violently denounce us.

We expected bitter opposition to the death from saloon-keepers, infidels, worldlings, and God-haters in general, but I am sorry to have to chronicle the fact that many of the most bitter attacks against the Salvation Army have been hurled from the pulpits or written by the pens of Christians; and it is but natural to feel that it would have been a far more Christian thing if we were thought in the wrong to have come and told us so personally, so that any such wrong could be set right; or to have prayed to the God whom we serve in common that He might guide us out of error into truth. But when such attacks have been made with evident spleen in public, not to an audience of Salvationists, but poured into the ears of godless, unsympathetic listeners, it has been very apparent that the motive was not one of loving ad-

vice or remonstrance, but was prompted by an uncharitable spirit, unless, as we have often tried to believe, it was through misunderstanding or a scanty knowledge, which had proved insufficient to the forming of a correct judgment. But even should it be thus, it is surprising that men of education should feel it necessary to speak in condemnation of any movement of whose methods and principles and successes they had not made a careful study. Through all this the Army maintains its principle of non-interference with other Christians; for, indeed, we believe that the schisms and bickerings and enmities which have, since the Christian era, cropped up in the Church are far more damaging to the cause of Christ than any outside opposition from unbelievers, and therefore we have tried, as far as in us lieth, "to live peaceably with all men."

Of course, some individual soldier or officer in this great organization might break through this rule, or some outsider not under our control might speak in a meeting, and inveigh against some creed or doctrine or religion to which they were opposed; but were it known to the leaders of the Army, it would be instantly condemned, being thoroughly contrary to the doctrines and disciplines.

As we are antagonistic to no special sect, and strive to carry out Jesus Christ's spirit in the treatment of all kinds and conditions of men as one, whether they be Jews or Gentiles, rich or poor, the Army has become known as the friend of all and the teacher and propagator of no new division in the Christian world, but a rallying point for many of the zealous in every branch of God's work and the raiser of the lost.

As has been explained in a previous chapter, the Salvation Army having in one sense not been a man-made

organization, nor evolving from the brain of its leader, but having been wonderfully and strangely led by God from plan to plan, step by step, the former ideas of the General, as years advanced, had to be laid aside, and instead of sending his converts into the different churches and conducting his work simply on revival plans, it became absolutely necessary to gather his converts together round the flag and form an Army. One of the special reasons why his first plan of drafting them off into the churches proved impracticable, was the fact that these young converts, so many of them brought from the very depths of sin, needed to be thoroughly and wholly occupied in God's service; for had they been left without work, the first love and warmth of large numbers would have faded away, and they would have ceased to be any spiritual good to God or man; and it was found in many of the then existing churches that there was a lack in young members and converts not having any such work, hence having to stand idly by without any active employment in God's service. All effort so often has wrongly ceased at the point of conversion, as if that was the ultimatum and end of work, instead of being the real beginning and first step in the Christian life—and with the class with which the Army especially deals this would have been ruinous in the extreme; thus the Army has proved valuable with its methods, which can employ every convert, from the youngest to the oldest, in responsible and active work.

It should be clearly understood, however, that this organization can in no way be regarded as wishing to steal and use those who are already church-members. So much are we opposed to this that even when men and women have been converted in Army meetings, who have come from constant attendance at churches, they have

been told to go back and spread the fire in their own church. The Army has wished to recruit and keep in its ranks only those who formerly belonged to no particular denomination. Of course, this cannot always be done, as there have been some who have persistently refused to return to their churches, feeling that God has called them into the Army work, and they can work there as nowhere else for His glory; but, on the other hand, tens of thousands saved or sanctified while in Army meetings have returned to their churches, carrying the fire, zeal, and love thus gained back to their own people, to help in that sphere to spread the Christian work which before they cared but little about. It is a perfectly erroneous idea to think that the Salvation Army invites or induces or even advises the members of any church to leave their own and enter its ranks, though, on the other hand, many of our people have been taken from us and appropriated by different churches, going greatly to augment their numbers and their zeal.

Last winter in a New England city a certain church had a revival, while among the most active workers were a score of young men and women who were frequenters of Army meetings, several of them having lately been at the Army penitent form seeking the blessing of a clean heart. In the midst of the revival, the pastor, while giving some general instructions, urged them to attend only their own church, and thereby "not spread the fire." This was so evidently aimed at the Army, that a venerable church-member, a true friend of Salvationists, could not let it pass, and told him that they attended Army meetings "not to spread the fire, but to get it."

Not only is this the Army's attitude toward the churches, but taking its work from another point of

view, it can be easily proved that it has been a real benefit to them instead of a hindrance. In almost any town where the Salvation Army has been working for six months or so, it has stirred up fresh interest in religious matters, and it will be found that not only do they gather together large crowds, but the attendance at the churches is greatly increased also, and that the general interest revived in religion can be made of great use and help to any minister who will avail himself of it.

Unquestionably, another advantage that the Army has proved to the churches has been the showing to them the awful need of revival of aggressive work and extraordinary effort to reach the careless, Godless, hitherto unreachable masses.

The Bishop of Durham says on this point: "Shall we be satisfied with going on as hitherto, picking up one here and one there, gathering together a mere select congregation, forgetful meanwhile of the Master's command, 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in'? The Salvation Army has taught us a higher lesson than this. Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled us to this lost ideal of the work of the Church, the universal compulsion of the souls of men."

The Archbishop of York writes: "Even the wild march of the Salvation Army stirs the Church up to recognize her duty, and we would do well to learn many valuable lessons from these holy enthusiasts."

Then it has also shown an example of devotion and zeal. Church-members, from their comfortable pews watching the toil, poverty, and self-sacrificing spirit of devoted Army officers, have felt ashamed of their own sitting at ease in Zion, and have gone forth into God's vineyard—some as missionaries, some into the ministry,

and some to stand by the minister's side and make perfect revolutions in the revival line in their own churches. Many and many a time have we heard from the lips of those whose profession of Christianity benefited only themselves, and not God's lost ones out in the desert, expressions of regret and shame for their want of zeal and love and interest—a confession which has often been followed by a determined seeking for the power, grace, and love which have revolutionized their lives and enabled them to revolutionize the lives of others.

Again, the very methods that have been adopted by the Salvation Army, though at first much criticised and ridiculed, have in time been imitated or adopted by those who were desirous of reaching the classes who they had found by experience could not be reached by the means they had hitherto employed. Oh, what consternation was manifested at a band of Christian workers being called the Salvation Army! What objections and what criticisms as to the military terms, the banners, the street parades, and the using of converts in the place of educated speakers! But since that time all these things have most surely been endorsed and accepted as useful by many different churches, for a great many different Armies have sprung up during the last ten years. The Church of England has its Church Army; the Methodists have an Army and a paper like our *War Cry*, called the *Battle Axe;* then there is the Blue Ribbon Army, the White Ribbon Army, and the Gospel Army; and even those who do not call themselves Armies are still adopting many of the measures employed by our organization. Salvation Army hymns, both words and music, can be found in almost all the revival hymn-books of the present day, though at one time the lively, rousing song-tunes employed by us were considered thoroughly out of

place and decorum. Surely these things should go to show the Christian public that even people who do not publicly sympathize with us thus positively endorse our methods by copying them.

Many of the world's pulpits are at the present day being faithfully filled by men converted in the Salvation Army. Several hundreds of these converted under Mrs. General Booth's administration alone have gone out to engage in public Christian service, and a large number of those already in the ministry have been sanctified and blessed at our Holiness meetings, which are one of the strongest points of the Salvation Army, and one of the principles in which it has most helped and taught churches. Here is the written testimony of an Episcopal clergyman upon the subject:

"What has the Salvation Army done for me? It opened my eyes, took me by the hand and led me into the kingdom of God. After a ministry of seventeen years, I learned first in the Salvation Army, six years ago, to know Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour in a way I had never known him before.

"Through the Salvation Army, as God's chosen instrument, I passed out of an Egyptian bondage of narrow ecclesiasticism into the glorious liberty of the children of God, no longer a servant but a son.

"From a dry and wooden traditionalism—teaching for doctrines the commandments of men—I passed through the simple teaching of the Army into the fresh, life-giving teaching of the Holy Ghost Himself—from preaching *about* Christ to preaching Christ and Him only.

"For years I had believed in and taught the need of conversion. In the Salvation Army, for the first time, I saw men and women converted on the spot—entrieng

the room lost and helpless wrecks in body and soul, leaving the meeting saved and rejoicing in God.

"I had always believed in the Holy Ghost as the Lord and Life-giver. In the meetings of the Salvation Army I first realized in my own soul, and saw realized in others the baptism of the Spirit and what is meant by Heaven opening and the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon the heart, and filling soul and body with a very heaven of joy and peace.

"In one night of prayer, never to be forgotten, I left behind me forever the fear of man and passed into the love and life of God in Christ Jesus.

"From that hour the blessing has grown and deepened with my life, and for these past six years that life has been one sweet song of praise, a strong hallelujah of soul, glad news, which my lips can but feebly express in words.

"The past six years have been by far the richest and happiest of the whole twenty-three since I was ordained, and every hour I live gives proof of the reality and depth of the mighty change wrought in me by God through the Salvation Army.

"May God bless it and all its noble workers more than ever, and make it to many a brother minister what it has certainly been to me—the *greatest spiritual blessing of my life.*

"HENRY WILSON."

Another minister wrote me a few months ago as follows:

"I praise the Lord that through you He gave me so much of that 'greater power' which I longed for and which we prayed for, as seen in our services of yesterday. Last night my inquiry room was well filled, and

the blessed Jesus sanctified the Word. It does me so much good to write you this, and it may cheer your heart to know of it, for I am myself one of your reconsecrated children. When you addressed your audience in Association Hall on the success of your work, you seemed to take a satisfaction in saying that the Army had been the instrument in blessing ministers. The next time you speak and make the statement, you may have the assurance that one more, and that another New York clergyman, received richly of God's grace through the same instrumentality. My whole soul blesses His Holy Name. May He and the Lord Jesus continue to uphold you and your workers in His cause."

The following testimonies are from well-known ministers of different denominations, who, having watched the Salvation Army, have a right to judge of it.

The Rev. Asbury Lowrey, D.D., says: "To say that all the methods of the Salvation Army are according to my taste, would be to utter an untruth; but when I see the absolute need of the adoption of some effectual measures to arrest the attention of the countless multitudes who throng the way of death, I fling my little objection to the winds, under the conviction that the salvation of these perishing masses is not a question of taste, but a question of necessity and haste. It may be a very distasteful truth, but still it remains a truth, that the churches signally fail to reach the lower strata of society and but few of the upper classes. We are standing face to face with the dismal and crushing fact that the churches are a failure so far as reaching the great bulk of sinners is concerned.

"Just how much good has been done by the Salvation Army it is impossible to estimate; but one fact is reduced to history, that this unique agency has been a new

epoch in the methods of reaching the lower and most neglected classes."

Mr. Spurgeon says: "If the Salvation Army were wiped out of London, five thousand extra policemen could not fill its place in the repression of crime and disorder."

Dr. McMurdy says: "The religious world is professedly pacific. The labor world is professedly converted to arbitration and peace. Let us advance a step further and enlist the fighting element to contend for peace, bringing the whole community into martial trim for heroic, enthusiastic demonstrations, and for final victory over the tyrant War.

"We have an agency in the thousands of drilled soldiers of the Salvation Army in America, and their millions scattered over all lands, which is a missionary against war, as against rum, tobacco, and dissipation."

Dr. Talmage said, recently: "It makes but little difference whether the world and the Church like or dislike the Salvation Army. It is evident that the Lord approves it. Witness the multitudes of its converts—the sinful reclaimed, the degraded elevated, the drunkard reformed, and the ever-widening influence for good plainly seen by all those whose eyes have not been closed by bigotry, prejudice, and sin. The combined forces of earth and hell cannot hinder this Evangelical movement."

The Rev. Mr. Goss, of Chicago, says: "I say the Salvation Army is good. I believe it to be a heaven-born organization, for there is a stratum of human life which none but these people are reaching—a stratum which men and women who live in cultured homes should not forget. Jesus Christ looks down weeping upon them. If there is any one who has been out of

sympathy with this movement go home, think about it, pray about it, remember that if a man has a foul cellar, a pestilence-breeding cellar under his dwelling, he should be thankful to any one who would go down and clean it out, no matter how it was done, as long as he reaped the benefit of it. This is what the Salvation Army is doing for us."

The Salvation Army do not court the praise or favor of any man, be he Christian or not; but sympathy and encouragement such as we have just quoted can but be cheering in so arduous a war as ours, and we can but feel that it is only a matter of time ere the good and earnest in every church, as they learn to know the Army, will stretch out to it the hand of fellowship.

"Is not a day coming—yea, unto them who watch for the morning has it not already dawned?—when we shall grow so covetous of good of grace as to turn our swords, too often sharpened against each other's bosoms, into ploughshares, to break up the fallow ground that lies within us and around us—when we shall beat our spears into pruning-hooks to dress the abundant increase of the days—when the sower shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed?—*D. E. Greenwell.*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SALVATION ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

"For a web begun, God sends thread."—*Italian Proverb.*
"The best guarantee of the future is the past."—*Byron.*

We believe with Carlyle that our grand business in life is not to do what lies dimly in the future, but to do what lies clearly at hand; hence we will not in these pages resort to statistics or dwell long on the battles which are yet unfought. We believe in the practical, and this view of the case is eminently practical, and is the carrying out of the still older saying, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Surely the future is what we make it, and however well laid the plan of campaign, every inch of ground gained depends on the present faithfulness of individuals.

We are safe in saying that a great future lies before the Salvation Army, with unlimited possibilities, and surely the past storms and persecutions have been, as ever, only strengthening and refining the true metal. In this process the false coin has been detected and cast away, and the fact that there have been such spurious imitations only proves that there is something real and genuine to be counterfeited. The Salvation Army should not be judged by such people; those who themselves have turned out unsatisfactorily are always the first to turn upon a movement which they have left or from which they have been dismissed, and upon which they afterward endeavor to cast the blame of their own misconduct. Though this may cause doubts and mis-

understandings among those who do not know us, yet the Army does not look upon this as a very serious obstacle, as it has lived to see such enemies come back and on their knees beg forgiveness.

Pamphlets have been written, books circulated, multitudinous lies have been published to tarnish the Army's fair fame, but we do not waste the present in contradictions and vindications, and are willing to let time prove its purity. Its only anxiety is to make its ranks solid and good ; we care not what is without as long as within our ranks we have love, unity, and fidelity to God.

It is the last of these three that we insist on as most essential ; if the Salvation Army were a merely human organization, depending upon party spirit for its continuance, its existence would be as temporary as its enemies could wish ; but it cannot be denied by even the most prejudiced that God is in this movement, and that He has visibly put His seal of blessing upon it. Those who study the movement and predict this or that probability or possibility for its future should never leave this fact out of their calculations. God is almighty and can overrule everything, therefore the limits of man's calculations and suppositions can be far surpassed at any moment through His might. We have accepted those words, "The battle is not yours, but God's," and realize that we do not fight single-handed at God's command, but that He Himself fights with us and for us.

If we allow our thoughts to stray on to the future Army, we see in it a bright hope, the young hearts and lives that have never known what it was to be outside the ranks, but whose every surrounding speaks to them of the mission to which they have been born and trained, and of the aims and interests which are to be theirs through life. Not only is it a principle of Salvationists to dedicate each God-given child unreservedly to His ser-

vice from its earliest infancy, but the whole after training keeps this consecration in view.

Again, the realization of the dim future depending on the seen present makes us feel that the myriad feet of the coming Army will tread in the paths that our feet have worn, and that we are not only doing our own work, but laying the foundation for theirs. As the divers work out of sight beneath the waters, people might ask incredulously, "Where is the sea wall; we see nothing?" But stone by stone it rises until it stands above the water strong enough to resist waves and storms; so the Army through its unknown days laid the foundation of its sea wall beneath the surface, until it is now seen and recognized by all the world. Who can predict the extent of its growth, strength, and usefulness, if stone by stone in the future be added and cemented by the same patient zeal?

That the Army is coming rapidly to the front in social crises was clearly shown in the recent dock strike in London. The practical and much-needed sympathy given by the Army to the poor, starving families of the strikers will never be forgotten. We give the bill of fare as quoted by the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at the time, so that our readers can see the effort made to help at this critical crisis:

For a Child.	d.
Soup, per basin	¼
Soup, with Bread	½
Coffee or Cocoa, per cup	¼
Coffee or Cocoa, with Bread and Jam	½
For Adults.	
Soup, per basin	½
Soup, with Bread	1
Potatoes or Cabbage	½
Haricot Beans	½
Boiled Jam Pudding	½

	d.
Boiled Plum Puddings, each	1
Boiled Rhubarb	1
Baked Jam Roll	½
" Plum Pudding	½
Rice Pudding	½
Meat Pudding and Potatoes	3
Corned Beef and Potatoes	2
Corned Mutton and Potatoes	2
Coffee, Cocoa, or Tea, per cup	½
Coffee, Cocoa, or Tea, per mug	1
Bread and Butter, Jam, or Marmalade, per slice	½

Soup, in own jugs, 1*d*. per quart. Ready at 10 A.M.

The number of meals provided in the first week was 101,051. As the strike processions marched past the Salvation Army Headquarters, ringing cheers expressed their appreciation of General Booth's action, and, as one of the strikers himself said, riots would have been inevitable had not these men and their families had food enough to keep them from starvation.

But, after all, it is not upon the movements of the Army as a whole that its future usefulness chiefly depends, but upon the individual faithfulness that makes united effort possible at the centre. As in early colonial days, at the approach of the enemy or of a suspicious vessel in the bay, word was quickly passed along from neighbor to neighbor that in a few hours all might be ready to defend themselves, so, in the Salvation Army, its success depends under God upon the faithfulness of individual soldiers and officers. They have heeded the warning to escape from the coming destruction, and now it is their duty to warn others. The danger of neglecting God's warnings to repentance is to them as real and present a danger as the enemy is to a besieged city, and whenever a soul comes into the full light and blessing of God, his first and continual impulse is to pass it along. Emerson tells us to beware of any good remaining long in our hands—"It will breed worms and corrupt;" so we feel that among our people we must pass on to others what we ourselves have received, or else lose it. Active circulation in the spiritual as well as in the physical system seems to us an essential to healthy life. This has been done in the past, so that millions through the Army have had passed on to them the glad tidings of a present and personal Saviour, as well as a call to arms.

As, in the days of border warfare, the fiery cross was passed from hand to hand, to every hamlet and hut within

the chieftain's domain, summoning every man to war, so in the Salvation Army the Cross is again a summons to war, and as each soldier accepts it, he passes on the message to those who have not yet risen to arms. Nor is this active, aggressive Christian life incompatible with that deep spiritual peace that some think cannot exist in a life of warfare and active service. On the other hand, it was often among the storms of outside cares and anxieties that the saints and fathers of the Church wrote the meditations to which so many turn for quiet rest. For ourselves, in very truth we can take as our watchword the motto of this book, *Pax paritur bello.*

FINIS.